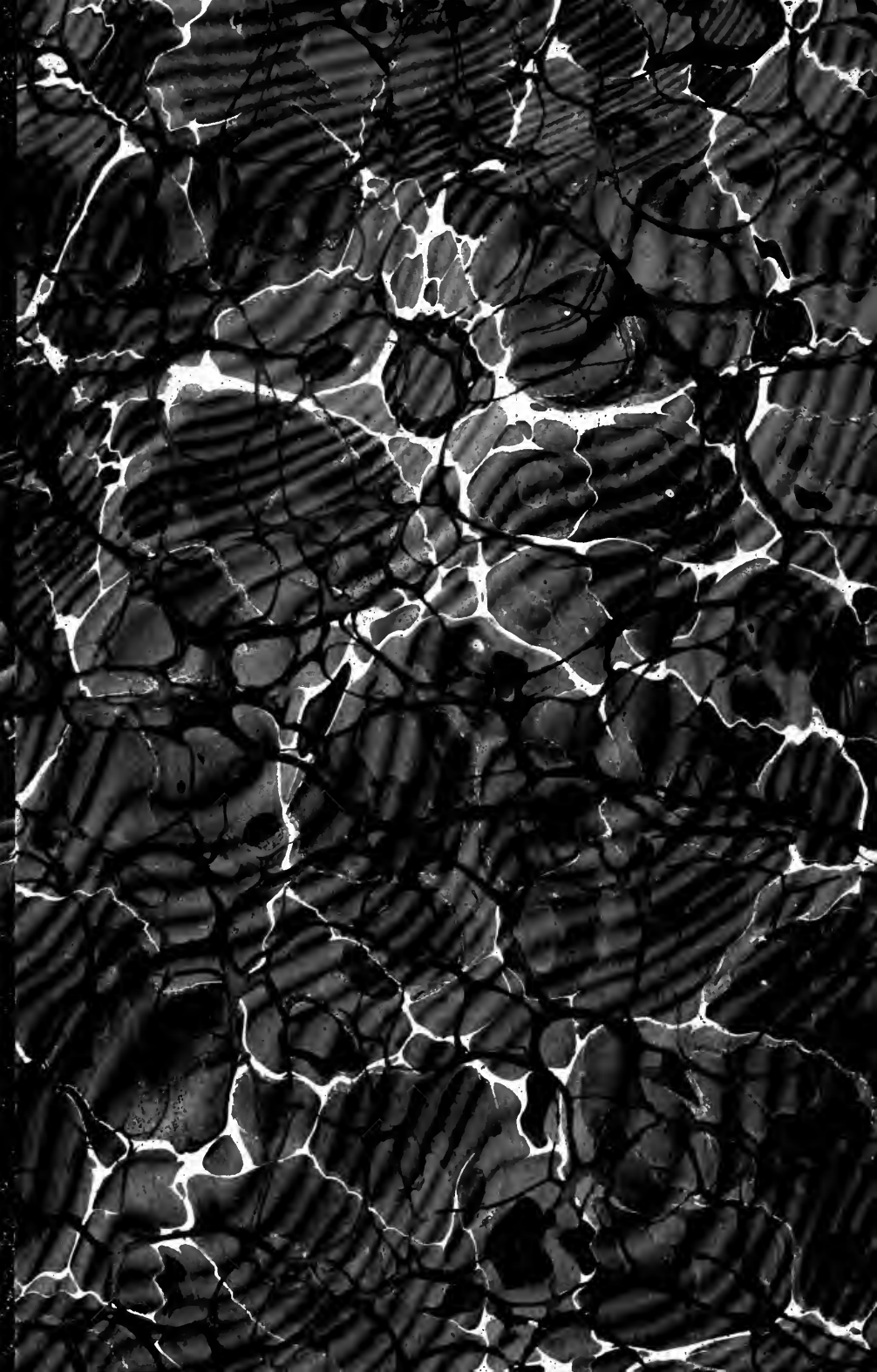

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SECRET MEMOIRS

OF THE

COURTS OF EUROPE

FROM THE

16TH TO THE 19TH CENTURY

* *

VOLUME VI

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Secret Memoirs

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF FRANCE

VOLUME II

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THE ROYAL
FAMILY OF FRANCE

DURING THE REVOLUTION

FROM THE JOURNAL AND LETTERS

OF THE

PRINCESS LAMBALLE

VOL. II

Illustrated

PHILADELPHIA
GEORGE BARRIE & SON PUBLISHERS

CONTENTS TO VOL. II

Chapter XIII

PAGE

Journal continued—The populace enraged at Necker's dismissal—Orleans—Mobs—Bastille destroyed—Grief of the Queen—Blames de Launay—The King and his brothers go to the National Assembly—Scene at the palace—The Queen presents herself to the people with her children—Lamballe called for—She appears—Is threatened by an agent of Orleans in the crowd, and faints—The Queen proposes to go on horseback in uniform to join the army with her husband—Prepares for her departure—Her anguish on learning the King's resolution to go to Paris—He goes thither—Receives the national cockade from Bailly—Returns—The Queen's delight—The Polignacs, d'Artois, Condé, and others emigrate—The troops withdrawn from Paris and Versailles—Recall of Necker—General observations of the Editor on the influence of the Polignacs, and its effect on the public feeling as to the Queen 1

Chapter XIV

Journal resumed—Barnave's penitence—Gives the Queen a list of the Jacobins who had emissaries in France to excite an insurrection—Their Majesties insulted in the royal chapel by those belonging to it appearing in the national uniform—Necker proposes to the Queen

PAGE

the dismissal of the Abbé Vermond—Her strange acquiescence—La Fayette causes the guards of the palace of Versailles to desert and join the National Guard—Their Majesties advised to fly to a place of safety—Their feelings on Necker's recommending the abolition of all privileged distinctions—A courier stopped with dispatches from Prince Kaunitz—Dumourier betrays to the Queen the secret schemes of the Orleans' faction—She peremptorily refuses his proffered services—Loyalty of the officers of the Flanders Regiment—Effect of this on the National Assembly—Dinner given to this regiment by the body-guards—Military public breakfast—Project to remove the King and confine the Queen in a distant part of France—Nefarious famine plot to excite the people against their sovereigns. . 27

CHAPTER XV

Journal continued—March from Paris of a factious mob and the National Guard, with La Fayette at their head—Poissards at the Palace gates of Versailles—Dreadful tumult—attempt to assassinate the Queen—Orleans seen encouraging the regicides—La Fayette suspected, from his not appearing to quell the insurrection—The Queen shows herself at the windows of the Palace, with her children—Her heroic address to the King—The royal family depart with the mob for Paris—Their situation at the Tuileries—Mirabeau, disgusted with Orleans, deserts him—Orleans, impelled by fear, flies to England—The King and Queen requested by a deputation from the National Assembly to appear at the theatre—Conversation between Her Majesty and Count de Fersen on the Queen's refusal—The Queen and the Duchess de Luynes—Dejected state of Her Majesty, who ceases to be seen in society 58

Chapter XVI

PAGE

The Editor relates anecdotes of herself, illustrative of the spirit of the times—Outcry against her at the theatre, on account of the colours of her dress—Refused by the guards admission to the Tuileries, from not having the national ribbon—Spy set upon her by the Queen to try her fidelity 84

Chapter XVII

Editor in continuation—Extraordinary expedients necessary to evade espionage—Anecdote of boxes sent by the Editor from Paris—Curious occurrence respecting Gamin, the King's locksmith—Consternation of the Princess Lamballe when apprized of it—Scheme to avoid the consequences—Kind and interesting conduct of the Queen and royal family 100

Chapter XVIII

Editor in continuation—Mr. Burke—His interest for the Queen and royal cause misrepresented—Proposes various schemes for averting the Revolution—A secret and confidential ambassador being deemed necessary to communicate with the Court of England, the Princess Lamballe thought of for the mission—Personages whom she cultivates when in England—Her mission rendered unavailing, by the troubles in France increasing—Sends the Editor to France for explicit instructions—Distressed by the papers brought back, she prepares for her own return to France—Her account of her reception in England, and what she means to do when in France—*Postscript:* Public occurrences in France during the absence of the Princess—Necker—His administration and final retirement—French clergy—Their heartless conduct. 113

Chapter XIX

PAGE

Narrative continued by the Editor—Various schemes suggested for the escape of the royal family from France —The Queen refuses to go without her family—Pope Pius VI. the only sovereign who offered his aid—Fatal attempt at last to escape—Causes of its failure—Death of Mirabeau 133

Chapter XX

Journal resumed—The Princess Lamballe receives a ring from the Queen, set with her own hair, which had whitened from grief — Letter of the Queen to the Princess Lamballe — Joy of the royal family on the return of her highness to Paris — Meeting with the Queen — Conversation with Her Majesty on the state of the nation, and remedies for its disorders—Deputies attend the drawing-room of the Princess—Barnave and others persuade her to attend the debates of the Assembly — She hears Robespierre denounce the deputies who caused her attendance—Earnestness of the King and Queen in their behalf—Robespierre bribed to suspend the accusation—Fêtes on the acceptance of the constitution — Insults to the royal party — Agony of the Queen on her return—Conversation with M. de Montmorin on the plans necessary to be pursued—Determination for the Queen to go to Vienna . . . 144

Chapter XXI

Journal continued—Effect on the Queen of the death of her brothers, the Emperors Joseph and Leopold—Change in the Queen's household during the absence of the Princess—Causes and consequences—Course pursued by the Princess—Communication from M. Laporte, head

PAGE

of the King's police, of a plot to poison the Queen and royal family — Plans to prevent its accomplishment — Conversations between the Queen and the Princess, and between the King and the Queen upon the subject 169

CHAPTER XXII

Editor in continuation—Consequences of the emigration of the princes and nobility—Princess Lamballe writes to recall the emigrants—The royal family, and the distinguished friends of the Princess, implore her to quit France—Her magnanimous reply—Is prevailed on to go to England on a renewal of her mission—Finds in England a coolness towards France—In consequence of increasing troubles in France, returns thither . . 181

CHAPTER XXIII

Editor in continuation—Attempt, on the 20th of June, to set the apartment of the Princess Lamballe on fire—Conversation between the Princess and the Editor—Interrupted by the rush of the mob into the room—The Editor is wounded and swoons—Sent the next day to Passy—Hurried interview there with the Princess—Unable to suppress her curiosity, leaves Passy for Paris—Singular adventure with the driver of a short stage, who turns out a useful friend—Meeting on the way with mobs in actual battle, returns, being afraid of proceeding—The driver goes to Paris and brings back the Editor's man-servant—His account of what had passed at Paris—Letter of the Princess Lamballe detailing the affair of the 20th of June—The Editor recalled to Paris 193

CHAPTER XXIV

Journal of the Princess resumed and concluded—La Fayette, in consequence of the events of the 20th of June, leaves

PAGE

his army to remonstrate with the Assembly—Remarks —The King refuses to see him—Deputation arrives, to which he was a party, to urge the King and Queen to consign the Dauphin to the protection of the army —The Queen's refusal—Conversation with the King— Disgust of the royal family against La Fayette . . 218

CHAPTER XXV

The Editor attends debates, and executes confidential employments in various disguises—Becomes intimate with a reporter—Adventure with Danton in the Tuileries, disguised as a milliner's apprentice—Horrid scene in the gardens—Consternation of the royal party on seeing her with Danton—She contrives to be taken by him to the palace—Delight of the Princess Lamballe at her return—Conversation with the Princess upon the state of public affairs and hopelessness of the royal cause 230

CHAPTER XXVI

Affecting interview between the Queen, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Lamballe, and the Editor—Princess Lamballe communicates the intention of the Queen to send the Editor on a mission to her royal relations—Receives the cipher of the Italian correspondence—Presents given to the Editor previous to her departure—Instructions from the Princess—Sees her for the last time—Quits France —Contrast between the Duchess of Parma and the Queen of Naples on the receipt of Her Majesty's letters—Conversation of the Queen of Naples with General Acton 246

CHAPTER XXVII

Tenth of August at Paris—Mandat slain—The royal family escape to the hall of Assembly—Transferred to

PAGE

the Tuileries—Imprisoned in the Temple—False information to get the female attendants removed—The Princess Lamballe sees the Queen for the last time—Her examination before the authorities—Is transferred with others to the prison de la Force—Massacre of the prisons—Efforts of the Duke of Penthièvre to preserve the Princess Lamballe, innocently defeated—The Princess questioned by the bloody tribunal—Taken out before the mob—Receives the first stab from a mulatto whom she had brought up—Her head severed from her body and paraded on a pole—The body stripped and exposed to incredible brutality—The head taken by the mob to the Temple—Effect of the circumstance on Her Majesty—A servant maid of the Editor's dies of fright at seeing it—Effect of the procession on the Duke of Orleans and his mistress—Visit of the Editor to the cemetery of La Madeleine some years after 268

CHAPTER XXVIII

The murder of the Princess Lamballe only preparatory to other victims—Death of the King—His character—Santerre—Death of the Queen—Her friendships and character—Death of the Princess Elizabeth—Duke of Orleans—His death—The Dauphin—Anecdote of the Duchess d'Angoulême—Curious particulars of Robespierre, David, and Carrière—Concluding observation . 293

ERRATUM

Vol. II., page 6, line 7

For *moriamo pro nostra regia*, read *moriamur pro nostra regiâ.*

SECRET MEMOIRS

OF THE

ROYAL FAMILY OF FRANCE

CHAPTER XIII

JOURNAL CONTINUED — THE POPULACE ENRAGED AT NECKAR'S DISMISSAL — ORLEANS — MOBS — BASTILLE DESTROYED — GRIEF OF THE QUEEN — BLAMES DE LAUNAY — THE KING AND HIS BROTHERS GO TO THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY — SCENE AT THE PALACE — THE QUEEN PRESENTS HERSELF TO THE PEOPLE WITH HER CHILDREN — LAMBALLE CALLED FOR — SHE APPEARS — IS THREATENED BY AN AGENT OF ORLEANS IN THE CROWD, AND FAINTS — THE QUEEN PROPOSES TO GO ON HORSEBACK, IN UNIFORM, TO JOIN THE ARMY WITH HER HUSBAND — PREPARES FOR HER DEPARTURE — HER ANGUISH ON LEARNING THE KING'S RESOLUTION TO GO TO PARIS — HE GOES THITHER — RECEIVES THE NATIONAL COCKADE FROM BAILLY — RETURNS — THE QUEEN'S DELIGHT — THE POLIGNACS, D'ARTOIS, CONDÉ, AND OTHERS, EMIGRATE — THE TROOPS WITHDRAWN FROM PARIS AND VERSAILLES — RECALL OF NECKAR — GENERAL OBSERVATIONS OF THE EDITOR ON THE INFLUENCE OF THE POLIGNACS, AND ITS EFFECT ON THE PUBLIC FEELING AS TO THE QUEEN

"THE dismissal of M. Neckar irritated the people beyond description. They looked upon

themselves as insulted in their favourite. Mob succeeded mob, each more mischievous and daring than the former. The Duke of Orleans continued busy in his work of secret destruction. In one of the popular risings, a sabre struck his bust, and its head fell, severed from its body. Many of the rioters (for the ignorant are always superstitious) shrunk back at this omen of evil to their idol. His real friends endeavoured to deduce a salutary warning to him from the circumstance. I was by when the Duke de Penthièvre told him, in the presence of his daughter, that he might look upon this accident as prophetic of the fate of his own head, as well as the ruin of his family, if he persisted. He made no answer, but left the room.

"On the 14th of July, and two or three days preceding, the commotions took a definite object. The destruction of the Bastille was the point proposed, and it was achieved. Arms were obtained from the old pensioners at the Hotel des Invalides. Fifty thousand livres were distributed among the chiefs of those who influenced the Invalides to give up the arms.

"The massacre of the Marquis de Launay, commandant of the place, and of M. de Flesselles, and the fall of the citadel itself, were the consequence.

"Her Majesty was greatly affected when she heard of the murder of these officers and the taking of the Bastille. She frequently told me that the horrid circumstance originated in a diabolical Court intrigue, but never explained the particulars of the intrigue. She declared that both the officers and the citadel might have been saved had not the King's orders for the march of the troops from Versailles and the environs of Paris, been disobeyed. She blamed the precipitation of De Launay in ordering up the draw-bridge and directing the few troops on it to fire upon the people. 'There,' she added, 'the Marquis committed himself; as, in case of not succeeding, he could have no retreat, which every commander should take care to secure, before he allows the commencement of a general attack.[1]'

1 Certainly, the French Revolution may date its epoch as far back as the taking of the Bastille; from that moment the troubles progressively continued, till the final extirpation of its illustrious victims.

I was just returning from a mission to England when

"The death of the Dauphin; the horrible Revolution of the 14th of July; the troubles about Neckar; the insults and threats offered to the Count d'Artois and herself; overwhelmed the Queen with the most poignant grief.

"She was most desirous of some understanding being established between the government and the representatives of the people, which she urged upon the King the expediency of personally attempting.

"The King, therefore, at her reiterated remonstrances and requests, presented himself, on

---

the storms began to threaten not only the most violent effects to France itself, but to all the land which was not divided from it by the watery element. The spirit of liberty, as the vine, which produces the most luxurious fruit, when abused becomes the most pernicious poison, was stalking abroad and revelling in blood and massacre. I myself was a witness to the enthusiastic national ball given on the ruins of the Bastille, while it was still stained and reeking with the hot blood of its late keeper, whose head I saw carried in triumph. Such was the effect on me that the Princess Lamballe asked me if I had known the Marquis de Launay. I answered in the negative; but told her from the knowledge I had of the English Revolution, I was fearful of a result similar to what followed the fall of the heads of Buckingham and Stafford. The Princess mentioning my observation to the Duke de Penthièvre, they both burst into tears.

the following day, with his brothers, to the national assembly, to assure them of his firm determination to support the measures of the deputies, in everything conducive to the general good of his subjects. As a proof of his intentions, he said he had commanded the troops to leave Paris and Versailles.

"The King left the assembly, as he had gone thither, on foot, amid the vociferations of '*Vive le roi!*' and it was only through the enthusiasm of the deputies, who thus hailed His Majesty, and followed him in crowds to the palace, that the Count d'Artois escaped the fury of an outrageous mob.

"The people filled every avenue of the palace, which vibrated with cries for the King, the Queen, and the Dauphin to show themselves at the balcony.

"'Send for the Duchess de Polignac to bring the royal children,' cried I to Her Majesty.

"'Not for the world!' exclaimed the Queen. 'She will be assassinated, and my children too, if she make her appearance before this infuriate mob. Let Madame and the Dauphin be brought unaccompanied.'

"The Queen, on this occasion, imitated her imperial mother, Maria Theresa. She took the Dauphin in her arms, and Madame by her side, as that empress had done when she presented herself to the Hungarian magnates; but the reception here was very different. It was not *moriamo pro nostra regia.* Not that they were ill received; but the furious party of the Duke of Orleans often interrupted the cries of '*Vive le roi! Vive la reine!*' &c., with those of '*Vive la nation! Vive d'Orleans!*' and many severe remarks on the family of the Polignacs, which proved that the Queen's caution on this occasion was exceedingly well-judged.

"Not to wound the feelings of the Duchess de Polignac, I kept myself at a distance behind the Queen; but I was loudly called for by the mobility, and, *malgrè moi,* was obliged, at the King and Queen's request, to come forward.

"As I approached the balcony, I perceived one of the well known agents of the Duke of Orleans, whom I had noticed some time before in the throng, menacing me, the moment I made my appearance, with his upreared hand in fury.

I was greatly terrified, but suppressed my agitation, and saluted the populace; but, fearful of exhibiting my weakness in sight of the wretch who had alarmed me, withdrew instantly, and had no sooner re-entered than I sunk motionless in the arms of one of the attendants. Luckily, this did not take place till I left the balcony. Had it been otherwise, the triumph to my declared enemies would have been too great.[1]

"Recovering, I found myself surrounded by the royal family, who were all kindness and concern for my situation; but I could not subdue my tremor and affright. The horrid image of that monster seemed still to threaten me.

"'Come, come!' said the King, 'be not alarmed. I shall order a council of all the ministers and deputies to-morrow, who will soon put an end to these riots![2]'

"We were ere long joined by the Prince de Condé, the Duke de Bourbon, and others, who

1 Heavens! who could have been that angel's enemy!

2 Poor, deluded Prince! How often do we confound our wishes with the logic of circumstances! The horrid riots that succeeded have been so often described as to render it unnecessary to supply the *hiatus* of this journal by repeating the afflicting scenes which were the consequence.

implored the King not to part with the army, but to place himself, with all the Princes of the blood, at its head, as the only means to restore tranquillity to the country, and secure his own safety.

"The Queen was decidedly of the same opinion; and added, that if the army were to depart the King and his family ought to go with it; but the King, on the contrary, said he would not decide upon any measures whatever till he had heard the opinion of the council.

"The Queen, notwithstanding the King's indecision, was occupied, during the rest of the day and the whole of the night, in preparing for her intended journey, as she hoped to persuade the King to follow the advice of the Princes, and not wait the result of the next day's deliberation. Nay, so desirous was she of this, that she threw herself on her knees to the King, imploring him to leave Versailles and head the army, and offering to accompany him herself, on horseback, in uniform; but it was like speaking to a corpse· he never answered.

"The Duchess de Polignac came to Her

Majesty in a state of the greatest agitation, in consequence of M. de Chinon having just apprised her that a most malicious report had been secretly spread among the deputies at Versailles that they were all to be blown up at their next meeting.

"The Queen was as much surprised as the Duchess, and scarcely less agitated. These wretched friends could only, in silence, compare notes of their mutual cruel misfortunes. Both for a time remained speechless at this new calamity. Surely this was not wanting to be added to those by which the Queen was already so bitterly oppressed.

"I was sent for by Her Majesty. Count Fersan accompanied me. He had just communicated to me what the Duchess had already repeated from M. Chinon to the Queen.

"The rumour had been set afloat merely as a new pretext for the continuation of the riots.

"The communication of the report, so likely to produce a disastrous effect, took place while the King was with his ministers deliberating whether he should go to Paris, or save himself and family by joining the army

"His Majesty was called from the council to the Queen's apartment, and was there made acquainted with the circumstance which had so awakened the terror of the royal party. He calmly replied, 'It is some days since this invention has been spread among the deputies; I was aware of it from the first; but from its being utterly impossible to be listened to for a moment by any one, I did not wish to afflict you by the mention of an impotent fabrication, which I myself treated with the contempt it justly merited. Nevertheless, I did not forget, yesterday, in the presence of both my brothers, who accompanied me to the national assembly, there to exculpate myself from an imputation at which my nature revolts; and, from the manner in which it was received, I flatter myself that every honest Frenchman was fully satisfied that my religion will ever be an insurmountable barrier against my harbouring sentiments allied in the slightest degree to such actions.

"The King embraced the Queen, begged she would tranquilize herself, calmed the fears of the two ladies, thanked the gentlemen for the interest

they took in his favour, and returned to the council, who, in his absence, had determined on his going to the Hotel de Ville at Paris, suggesting at the same time the names of several persons likely to be well received, if His Majesty thought proper to allow of their accompanying him.

"During this interval, the Queen, still flattering herself that she should pursue her wished-for journey, ordered the carriages to be prepared and sent off to Rambouillet, where she said she should sleep; but this Her Majesty only stated for the purpose of distracting the attention of her pages and others about her from her real purpose. As it was well known that M. de St. Priest had pointed out Rambouillet as a fit asylum from the mob, she fancied that an understanding on the part of her suite that they were to halt there, and prepare for her reception, would protect her project of proceeding much farther.

"When the council had broken up and the King returned, he said to the Queen, 'It is decided.'

"'To go, I hope?' said Her Majesty.

"'No'—(though in appearance calm, the

words remained on the lips of the King, and he stood for some moments incapable of utterance; but, recovering, added)—'*To Paris!*'

"The Queen, at the word *Paris*, became frantic. She flung herself wildly into the arms of her friends. '*Nous sommes perdus! nous sommes perdus!*' cried she, in a passion of tears. But her dread was not for herself. She felt only for the danger to which the King was now going to expose himself; and she flew to him, and hung on his neck.

"'And what,' exclaimed she, 'is to become of all our faithful friends and attendants!'

"'I advise them all,' answered His Majesty, 'to make the best of their way out of France; and that as soon as possible.'

"By this time, the apartments of the Queen were filled with the attendants and the royal children, anxiously expecting every moment to receive the Queen's command to proceed on their journey, but they were all ordered to retire to whence they came.

"The scene was that of a real tragedy Nothing broke the silence but groans of the

deepest affliction. Our consternation at the counter order cast all into a state of stupefied insensibility.

"The Queen was the only one whose fortitude bore her up proudly under this weight of misfortunes. Recovering from the phrenzy of the first impression, she adjured her friends, by the love and obedience they had ever shown her and the King, to prepare immediately to fulfil his mandate and make themselves ready for the cruel separation!

"The Duchess de Polignac and myself were, for some hours, in a state of agony and delirium.

"When the Queen saw the body-guards drawn up to accompany the King's departure, she ran to the window, threw apart the sash, and was going to speak to them, to recommend the King to their care; but the Count de Fersan prevented it.

"'For God's sake, madam,' exclaimed he, 'do not commit yourself to the suspicion of having any doubts ot the people!'

"When the King entered to take leave of her, and of all his most faithful attendants, he could only articulate, 'Adieu!' But when the Queen saw him accompanied by the Count d'Estaing and

others, whom, from their new principles, she knew to be popular favourites, she had command enough of herself not to shed a tear in their presence.

"No sooner, however, had the King left the room than it was as much as the Count de Fersan, Princess Elizabeth, and all of us could do to recover her from the most violent convulsions. At last, coming to herself, she retired with the Princess, the Duchess, and myself to await the King's return; at the same time requesting the Count de Fersan to follow His Majesty to the Hotel de Ville. Again and again she implored the Count, as she went, in case the King should be detained, to interest himself with all the foreign ministers to interpose for his liberation.

"Versailles, when the King was gone, seemed like a city deserted in consequence of the plague. The palace was completely abandoned. All the attendants were dispersed. No one was seen in the streets. Terror prevailed. It was universally believed that the King would be detained in Paris. The high road from Versailles to Paris was crowded with all ranks of people, as if to catch a last look of their sovereign.

"The Count de Fersan set off instantly, pursuant to the Queen's desire. He saw all that passed, and on his return related to me the history of that horrid day.

"He arrived at Paris just in time to see His Majesty take the national cockade from M. Bailly and place it in his hat. He felt the Hotel de Ville shake with the long-continued cries of '*Vive le roi!*' in consequence, which so affected the King that, for some moments, he was unable to express himself. 'I myself,' added the Count, 'was so moved at the effect on His Majesty, in being thus warmly received by his Parisian subjects, which pourtrayed the paternal emotions of his long-lacerated heart, that every other feeling was paralysed for a moment, in exultation at the apparent unanimity between the sovereign and his people. But it did not,' continued the ambassador, 'paralyse the artful tongue of Bailly, the mayor of Paris. I could have kicked the fellow for his malignant impudence; for, even in the cunning compliment he framed, he studied to humble the afflicted monarch by telling the people it was to them he owed the sovereign authority.

"'But,' pursued the Count, 'considering the situation of Louis XVI. and that of his family, agonised as they must have been during his absence, from the Queen's impression that the Parisians would never again allow him to see Versailles, how great was our rapture when we saw him safely replaced in his carriage, and returning to those who were still lamenting him as lost!

"'When I left Her Majesty in the morning, she was nearly in a state of mental aberration. When I saw her again in the evening, the King by her side, surrounded by her family, the Princess Elizabeth, and yourself, madam,' said the kind Count, 'she appeared to me like a person risen from the dead and restored to life. Her excess of joy at the first moment was beyond description.'

"Count de Fersan might well say *the first moment*, for the pleasure of the Queen was of short duration. Her heart was doomed to bleed afresh, when the thrill of delight, at what she considered the *escape* of her husband, was past, for she had already seen her chosen friend, the Duchess de Polignac, for the last time.[1]

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1 The *last*, indeed! Little did the Princess Lamballe, when she wrote, conceive the full and prophetic extent of

"Her Majesty was but just recovered from the effects of the morning's agitation, when the Duchess, the Duke, his sister, and all his family set off. It was impossible for her to take leave of her friend. The hour was late — about midnight. At the same time departed the Count d'Artois and his family, the Prince of Condé and his, the Prince of Hesse d'Armstadt, and all those who were likely to be suspected by the people.

"Her Majesty desired the Count de Fersan to see the Duchess in her name. When the King heard the request, he exclaimed:

"'What a cruel state for sovereigns, my dear Count! To be compelled to separate our-

her phrase. At that time the Duchess was still living; but a little more than three years afterwards, the Queen, the Princess Lamballe, and the Duchess herself had all perished by untimely death.

The manner of the death of the Duchess speaks friendship — rare, indeed, except in poets' fancies! She was residing at the palace of the Prince Esterhazy, having been fortunate enough to escape from the torrent of blood then bursting over this horrid country, when informed that her friend and sovereign had been beheaded. Though so long prepared, by previous events and previous murders of the royal family, for this fatal news, so great was the shock to her that she gave but one shriek and expired!

selves from our most faithful attendants, and not be allowed, for fear of compromising others or our own lives, to take a last farewell!'

"'Ah!' said the Queen, 'I fear so too. I fear it is a last farewell to all our friends!'

"The Count saw the Duchess a few moments before she left Versailles. Pisani, the Venetian ambassador, and Count Fersan, helped her on the coach box, where she rode disguised.

"What must have been most poignantly mortifying to the fallen favourite was, that, in the course of her journey, she met with her greatest enemy, Neckar, who was returning, triumphant, to Paris, called by the voice of that very nation by whom she and her family were now forced from its territory: Neckar, who himself conceived that she, who now went by him into exile, while he himself returned to the greatest of victories, had thwarted all his former plans of operation, and, from her influence over the Queen, had caused his dismission and temporary banishment.

"For my own part, I cannot but consider this sudden desertion of France by those nearest the throne as ill-judged. Had all the royal family

remained, is it likely that the King and Queen would have been watched with such despotic vigilance? Would not confidence have created confidence, and the breach have been less wide between the King and his people?

"When the father and his family will now be thoroughly reconciled, Heaven alone can tell!"

Note.

I cannot allow this portion of the Journal of the Princess Lamballe to pass from under my hands without offering a few observations upon the intimacy, of which we have now seen the disastrous *dénouement*, between Her Majesty and the Duchess de Polignac. It will not, I trust, be deemed impertinent in me to enlarge a little upon a circumstance so important in its effects upon the Queen's character with the nation, and so instrumental in producing the Revolution itself. I must be understood as substantially describing the impressions of her highness upon these subjects, confirmed by my own observation.

To this intimacy of the Queen with the governess of her children may be referred the first direct blows at the royal dignity. It is a fact which cannot be denied, that however Maria Antoinette might have been beset by partial animadversions, the crown had never yet been shorn of its prerogatives, nor had any attempt been made upon them by democratic innovations, until the period of Her Majesty's connection with the family of the Polignacs. The spirit of national independence certainly made rapid strides from the moment of the arrival of the military from America. The enthusiasm with which all ranks hailed the return of La Fayette

no doubt promulgated the dangerous overthrow of absolute monarchy; but a constitutional one would have been firmly established, had not the primitive steps towards it met with a total opposition, while the Queen herself encouraged the very system against which she protested, by being herself the first innovator, in abolishing the old customs of the Court, and placing the provincial family of the new raised nobility of the Polignacs in the situations of those who, from their ancient stem, considered themselves the exclusive palladium of absolute monarchy. The most powerful in the kingdom became, from that time, indifferent to the King, who showed so little hesitation in weakening his own authority, by humbling the old aristocracy for a new race with no quarterings beyond their own, but that of favouritism. By remaining neutral, when a strong party was forging its thunderbolts, they left the throne exposed. Their united movement might have interposed a shield, which their disgust influenced them not even to attempt to rear. It is therefore evident how hostile the very heart of the Court must have been to the power of a Queen who valued merit above birth. These selfish and short-sighted censors did not consider that the grave they were digging for their royal mistress would be filled up by themselves, and that every blow levelled at Her Majesty or her favourites shook the throne itself.

It may be said that Maria Antoinette should have

steadfastly avoided the dangers that threatened the monarchy; yet when it is considered how much she relied upon the authority of the Abbé Vermond to check, correct, and counsel her inexperience, an authority so often fatal in its silence, her errors will be readily pardoned. They, alone, who had the power of preventing them, should bear the whole weight of the censure resulting from the consequences of their unpardonable apathy; and she will then appear in the eyes of an impartial world, less guilty than her sworn enemies have endeavoured hitherto to represent her. In justice to the Abbé it must be owned that he attempted to check the evil; but never till it had taken too deep a root. He should have *prevented* the extreme intimacy; he knew the character of his royal pupil well enough to be aware, that, once formed, she would have conceived herself to be betraying a want ot steadiness in her friendship to have retracted any of the purposes to which it gave the impulse.

The Duke of Dorset and Count Fersan were perhaps the only persons who could have taken the liberty of counselling Her Majesty at this crisis, without their motives being exposed to misconstruction. Though they both were of the parties that constantly attended the drawing-room of the Duchess, and esteemed her and her family as private individuals, yet they, as well as many other of the Queen's friends, were fully persuaded that the vindictive spirit of all those who

became jealous of her intimacy, and the higher orders of the nobility, who would not condescend to be put on a level with the new raised favourite, besides the other party whom she had been the means of excluding from a distinction which they deemed their due, formed a host of disaffected persons, ready to strike at the heart of those who caused their protracted humiliation.

Crosses and ribbons are necessary in a monarchical government, and most essentially so in that of an absolute despotic one, as, in many cases, they enable the sovereign to pay debts without money; for the cross never crosses the king's treasury, nor is the ribbon taken from his purse strings. No provision of any consequence being added to the baubles, many a dirty crossing is trodden under foot, and many a ribbon tarnished by the rain, before the knight who wears it arrives at the palace gate, to get his shoes blacked by the Court shoe-black. But nothing weakens the sovereign power more than the superfluous aristocracy. Queen Elizabeth was so fully persuaded of this that she was the least lavish in that way of any sovereign that ever reigned. Perhaps to that very wisdom alone she owed the continuation of her unlimited power and masculine strength of government. She knew that energies must be weakened by being scattered.

A sovereign who creates a numerous aristocracy commits two substantial errors. First, he lessens his own dignity. Secondly, he alienates the affections of

the bulk of his subjects. Every lord has his followers. This necessarily reduces the direct influence of the crown. What were even absolute sovereigns under the feudal system ?—subservient to their barons ! so are they since to the aristocracy. The only difference produced by the difference of the ages is that a sovereign now has an army at his own command. But that army forms the smallest part of his subjects. True, they owe their allegiance exclusively to their sovereign. So ought the sovereign to prefer the majority of his people to a circumscribed number, who very often have little more merit than that of their birth, and who constitute the least respectable part of the community. Besides, the aristocracy which has no means of self support is a degradation to the institution, lessens its consequence, and subjects its members to the discretion of its inferiors, who, instead of being respected, often become the ridicule of their own domestics, from the daily shifts resorted to in their economy, to support an empty title; and fall into the power of their own tradesmen, and far below the level of wealthy merchants. The titled gentry, who are obliged to walk on foot for the want of the means of supporting a carriage, are, vulgarly speaking, like a pudding without eggs, and cannot rise above the level.

This vicious condescension, and, I may say, abuse of the royal power, was one of the many causes of the French Revolution. It was, if I may be allowed

the expression, principally that super-numerous plebeian aristocracy, who, jealous of the exclusive prerogatives of the higher classes of nobility, and wishing to humble them and share their immunities, shook the fabric to its foundation, were crushed themselves by its fall, and with it buried the monarchy under the ruins of the nation!

It is only necessary, in proof of the sound policy of this principle respecting the influence of an overflow of the hungry aristocracy, to refer to the primitive factions of the Revolution. These will demonstrate how very few of the ancient nobility were implicated in exciting attacks upon the royal authority, in comparison with the second orders. *One* only maintained, for a short time, a degree of purchased popularity for a change; and he wished only for a change of dynasty, which his father before him had vainly sought to establish in his own family; but the vices of the debauched Court of Louis XV.'s minority were by far too deeply implanted and paramount to excite any serious apprehension of a new order of things; because the very vices of the existing government established its authority: everything was in character; corruption was at its zenith in every branch of the administration; but when, in the Court of Louis XVI. virtue was feebly blended and interwoven with the old-established vices, the former not vigorously enough enforced to support itself and the latter weakened by contrast, when the

two came in contact, the sovereign power was seen to fall—as the rogue who turns honest loses his character even as a rogue, and never can acquire that of an honest man. Hence it is clear that half measures are the worst of measures, and sure to work their own ruin.

To attempt to reform a Court without radically reforming the courtiers was, therefore, an absurdity; the proof of which has been written, in France, in characters of blood.

CHAPTER XIV

JOURNAL RESUMED—BARNAVE'S PENITENCE—GIVES THE QUEEN A LIST OF THE JACOBINS, WHO HAD EMISSARIES IN FRANCE TO EXCITE AN INSURRECTION — THEIR MAJESTIES INSULTED IN THE ROYAL CHAPEL, BY THOSE BELONGING TO IT APPEARING IN THE NATIONAL UNIFORM — NECKER PROPOSES TO THE QUEEN THE DISMISSAL OF THE ABBÉ VERMOND — HER STRANGE ACQUIESCENCE—LA FAYETTE CAUSES THE GUARDS OF THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES TO DESERT AND JOIN THE NATIONAL GUARD—THEIR MAJESTIES ADVISED TO FLY TO A PLACE OF SAFETY—THEIR FEELINGS ON NECKER'S RECOMMENDING THE ABOLITION OF ALL PRIVILEGED DISTINCTIONS—A COURIER STOPPED WITH DISPATCHES FROM PRINCE KAUNITZ — DUMOURIER BETRAYS TO THE QUEEN THE SECRET SCHEMES OF THE ORLEANS FACTION—SHE PEREMPTORILY REFUSES HIS PROFFERED SERVICES—LOYALTY OF THE OFFICERS OF THE FLANDERS REGIMENT—EFFECT OF THIS ON THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY—DINNER GIVEN TO THIS REGIMENT BY THE BODY GUARDS—MILITARY PUBLIC BREAKFAST — PROJECT TO REMOVE THE KING, AND CONFINE THE QUEEN IN A DISTANT PART OF FRANCE — NEFARIOUS FAMINE PLOT TO EXCITE THE PEOPLE AGAINST THEIR SOVEREIGNS

"BARNAVE often lamented his having been betrayed, by a love of notoriety, into many schemes,

of which his impetuosity blinded him to the consequences. With tears in his eyes, he implored me to impress the Queen's mind with the sad truths he inculcated. He said his motives had been uniformly the same, however he might have erred in carrying them into action; but now he relied on my friendship for my royal mistress to give efficacy to his earnest desire to atone for those faults, of which he had become convinced by dear-bought experience. He gave me a list of names[1] for Her Majesty, in which were specified all the Jacobins who had emissaries throughout France, for the purpose of creating on the same day, and at the same hour, an alarm of something like the *Vesparo Siciliano* (a general insurrection to murder all the nobility and burn their palaces, which, in fact, took place in many parts

1 A few hours after one of her interviews with Barnave, the Princess Lamballe gave me this list to copy, without assigning any reason. I made the copy. Her highness then ordered me to take the original to the *Benedictins Anglais*. She told me I should there find, near the tomb of the late *Suards*, a friar, who would be making a drawing of some saint in the church. To this friar the paper was to be delivered. I went to the spot, found the friar, and gave him the paper.

of France), the object of which was to give the assembly, by whom all the regular troops were disbanded, a pretext for arming the people as a national guard, thus creating a perpetual national faction.[1]

"The hordes of every fauxbourg now paraded in this new democratic livery. Even some of them, who were in the actual service of the Court, made no scruple of decorating themselves thus, in the very face of their sovereign. The King complained, but the answer made to him was that the nation commanded.

"The very first time Their Majesties went to the royal chapel, after the embodying of the troops with the national guards, all the persons belonging to it were accoutred in the national uniform. The Queen was highly incensed, and deeply affected at this insult offered to the King's authority by the

1 This horrible operation cost six hundred thousand francs! Mirabeau was the paymaster-general, and Orleans the banker. Thousands of wretches from all parts of France received daily, from five francs to a louis and upwards, for the outrage and plunder of all those opposing the popularity of the Duke, who, while stooping to mix with the lowest class of society, had no other view than that of dethroning the King, and ruling in his stead.

persons employed in the sacred occupations of the Church. 'Such persons,' said Her Majesty, 'would, I had hoped, have been the last to interfere with politics. She was about to order all those who preferred their uniforms to their employments, to be discharged from the King's service; but my advice, coupled with that of Barnave, dissuaded her from executing so dangerous a threat. On being assured that those, perhaps, who might be selected to replace the offenders might refuse the service, if not allowed the same ridiculous prerogatives, and thus expose Their Royal Majesties to double mortification, the Queen seemed satisfied, and no more was said upon the subject, except to an *Italian soprano,* to whom the King signified his displeasure at his singing a *salva regina* in the dress of a grenadier of the new faction. The singer took the hint and never again intruded his uniform into the chapel.

"Necker,[1] notwithstanding the enthusiasm his return produced upon the people, felt mortified in

1 Through inadvertence, this name has been printed in the preceding sheets with an *a* in the second syllable instead of an *e,* and the same mistake has occurred as to the name of Count de Fersen.

having lost the confidence of the King. He came to me, exclaiming that unless Their Majesties distinguished him by some mark of their royal favour his influence must be lost with the national assembly. He perceived, he said, that the councils of the King were more governed by the advice of the Queen's favourite, the Abbé Vermond, than by his (Necker's). He begged I would assure Her Majesty that Vermond was quite as obnoxious to the people as the Duchess de Polignac had ever been; for it was generally known that Her Majesty was completely guided by him, and, therefore, for her own safety and the tranquillity of national affairs, he humbly suggested the prudence of sending him from the Court, at least for a time.

"I was petrified at hearing a minister dare presume thus to dictate the line of conduct which the Queen of France, his sovereign, should pursue with respect to her most private servants. Such was my indignation at this cruel wish to dismiss every object of her choice, especially one from whom, owing to long habits of intimacy since her childhood, a separation would be ren-

dered, by her present situation, peculiarly cruel, that nothing but the circumstances in which the Court then stood could have given me patience to listen to him.

"I made no answer. Upon my silence, Necker subjoined, 'You must perceive, Princess, that I am actuated for the general good of the nation.'

"'And I hope, sir, for the prerogatives of the monarchy also,' replied I.

"'Certainly,' said Necker. 'But if Their Majesties continue to be guided by others, and will not follow my advice, I cannot answer for the consequences.'

"I assured the minister that I would be the faithful bearer of his commission, however unpleasant.

"Knowing the character of the Queen, in not much relishing being dictated to with respect to her conduct in relation to the persons of her household, especially the Abbé Vermond, and aware, at the same time, of her dislike to Necker, who thus undertook to be her director, I felt rather awkward in being the medium of the

minister's suggestions. But what was my surprise, on finding her prepared, and totally indifferent as to the privation.

"'I foresaw,' replied Her Majesty, 'that Vermond would become odious to the present order of things, merely because he had been a faithful servant, and long attached to my interest; but you may tell M. Necker that the Abbé leaves Versailles this very night, by my express order, for Vienna.'

"If the proposal of Necker astonished me, the Queen's reception of it astonished me still more. What a lesson is this for royal favourites! The man who had been her tutor, and who, almost from her childhood, never left her, the constant confidant for fifteen or sixteen years, was now sent off without a seeming regret.

"I doubt not, however, that the Queen had some very powerful secret motive for the sudden change in her conduct towards the Abbé, for she was ever just in all her concerns, even to her avowed enemies; but I was happy that she seemed to express no particular regret at the minister's suggested policy. I presume, from the

result, that I myself had over-rated the influence of the Abbé over the mind of his royal pupil; that he had by no means the sway imputed to him; and that Maria Antoinette merely considered him as the necessary instrument of her private correspondence, which he had wholly managed.[1]

"But a circumstance presently occurred which aroused Her Majesty from this calmness and indifference. The King came in to inform her that La Fayette, during the night, had caused the guards to desert from the palace of Versailles.

"The effect on her of this intelligence was like the lightning which precedes a loud clap of thunder. Everything that followed was perfectly in character, and shook every nerve of the royal authority.

"'Thus,' exclaimed Maria Antoinette, 'thus, sire, have you humiliated yourself, in condescending to go to Paris, without having accomplished the object. You have not regained the confidence

1 The truth is, Her Majesty had already taken leave of the Abbé, in the presence of the King, unknown to the Princess, or more properly the Abbé had taken an affectionate leave of them.

of your subjects. Oh, how bitterly do I deplore the loss of that confidence! It exists no longer. Alas! when will it be restored!'

"The French guards, indeed, had been in open insurrection through the months of June and July, and all that could be done was to preserve one single company of grenadiers, by means of their commander, the Baron de Leval, faithful to their colours. This company had now been influenced by General La Fayette to desert and join their companions, who had enrolled themselves in the Paris national guard.

"Messieurs de Bouillé and Luxemburg being interrogated by the Queen respecting the spirit of the troops under their immediate command, M. de Bouillé answered, 'Madam, I should be very sorry to be compelled to undertake any internal operation with men who have been seduced from their allegiance, and are daily paid by a faction which aims at the overthrow of its legitimate sovereign. I would not answer for a man that has been in the neighbourhood of the seditious national troops, or that has read the inflammatory discussions of the national assembly.

If Your Majesty and the King wish well to the nation—I am sorry to say it—its happiness depends on your quitting immediately the scenes of riot and placing yourselves in a situation to treat with the national assembly on equal terms, whereby the King may be unbiassed and unfettered by a compulsive, overbearing mob; and this can only be achieved by your flying to a place of safety. That you may find such a place, I will answer with my life!'

"'Yes,' said M. de Luxemburg, 'I think we may both safely answer that, in such a case, you will find a few Frenchmen ready to risk a little to save all!' And both concurred that there was no hope of salvation for the King or country but through the resolution they advised.

"'This,' said the Queen, 'will be a very difficult task. His Majesty, I fear, will never consent to leave France.'

"'Then, madam,' replied they, 'we can only regret that we have nothing to offer but our own perseverance in the love and service of our King and his oppressed family, to whom we deplore we can now be useful only with our feeble wishes.'

"'Well, gentlemen,' answered Her Majesty, 'you must not despair of better prospects. I will take an early opportunity of communicating your loyal sentiments to the King, and will hear his opinion on the subject before I give you a definitive answer. I thank you, in the name of His Majesty, as well as on my own account, for your good intentions towards us.'

"Scarcely had these gentlemen left the palace, when a report prevailed that the King, his family, and ministers, were about to withdraw to some fortified situation. It was also industriously rumoured that, as soon as they were in safety, the national assembly would be forcibly dismissed, as the parliament had been by Louis XIV. The reports gained universal belief when it became known that the King had ordered the Flanders regiment to Versailles.

"The national assembly now daily watched the royal power more and more assiduously. New sacrifices of the prerogatives of the nobles were incessantly proposed by them to the King.

"When His Majesty told the Queen that he had been advised by Necker to sanction the

abolition of the privileged nobility, and that all distinctions, except the order of the Holy Ghost to himself and the Dauphin, were also annihilated by the assembly, even to the order of Maria Theresa, which she could no longer wear—'These, sire,' answered she, in extreme anguish, 'are trifles, so far as they regard myself. I do not think I have twice worn the order of Maria Theresa since my arrival in this once happy country. I need it not. The immortal memory of her who gave me being, is engraven on my heart; *that* I shall wear for ever, none can wrest it from me. But what grieves me to the soul is your having sanctioned these decrees of the national assembly upon the mere *ipse dixit* of M. Necker.'

"'I have only given my sanction to such as I thought most necessary to tranquilise the minds of those who doubted my sincerity; but I have withheld it from others, which, for the good of my people, require maturer consideration. On these, in a full council, and in your presence, I shall again deliberate.'

"'Oh,' said the Queen, with tears in her

eyes, 'could but the people hear you, and know, once for all, how to appreciate the goodness of your heart, as I do now, they would cast themselves at your feet, and supplicate your forgiveness for having shown such ingratitude to your paternal interest for their welfare!'

"But this unfortunate refusal to sanction all the decrees sent by the national assembly, though it preceded from the best motives, produced the worst effects. Dupont, Lameth, and Barnave well knew the troubles such a course must create. Of this they forewarned His Majesty, before any measure was laid before him for approval. They cautioned him not to trifle with the deputies. They assured him that half measures would only rouse suspicion. They enforced the necessity of uniform assentation, in order to lull the Mirabeau party, who were canvassing for a majority to set up Orleans, to whose interest Mirabeau and his myrmidons were then devoted. The scheme of Dupont, Lameth, and Barnave was to thwart and weaken the Mirabeau and Orleans faction, by gradually persuading them, in consequence of the King's compliance with whatever the assembly

exacted, that they could do no better than to let him into a share of the executive power: for now nothing was left to His Majesty but responsibility, while the privileges of grace and justice had become merely nominal, with the one dangerous exception of the *veto*, to which he could never have recourse without imminent peril to his cause and to himself.

"Unfortunately for His Majesty's interest, he was too scrupulous to act, even through momentary policy, distinctly against his conscience. When he gave way, it was with reluctance, and often with an avowal, more or less express, that he only complied with necessity against conviction. His very sincerity made him appear the reverse. His adherents consequently dwindled, while the Orleans faction became immeasurably augmented.

"In the midst of these perplexities, an Austrian courier was stopped with despatches from Prince Kaunitz. These, though unsought for on the part of Her Majesty, though they contained a friendly advice to her to submit to the circumstances of the times, and though, luckily, they were couched in terms favourable to the constitution, showed

the mob that there *was* a correspondence with Vienna, carried on by the Queen, and neither Austria nor the Queen were deemed the friends either of the people or of the constitution. To have received the letters was enough for the faction.

"Affairs were now ripening gradually into something like a crisis, when the Flanders regiment arrived. The note of preparation had been sounded. 'Let us go to Versailles, and bring the King away from his evil counsellors,' was already in the mouths of the Parisians.

"In the meantime, Dumourier, who had been leagued with the Orleans faction, became disgusted with it. He knew the deep schemes of treason which were in train against the royal family, and, in disguise, sought the Queen at Versailles, and had an interview with Her Majesty in my presence. He assured her that an abominable insurrection was ripe for explosion among the mobs of the fauxbourgs; gave her the names of the leaders, who had received money to promote its organisation; and warned her that the massacre of the royal family was the object of

the manœuvre, for the purpose of declaring the Duke of Orleans the constitutional King; that he was to be proclaimed by Mirabeau, who had already received a considerable sum in advance, for distribution among the populace, to ensure their support; and that Mirabeau, in return for his co-operation, was to be created a duke, with the office of prime minister and secretary of state, and to have the framing of the constitution, which was to be modelled from that of Great Britain. It was farther concerted that d'Orleans was to show himself in the midst of the confusion, and the crown to be conferred upon him by public acclamation.

"On his knees Dumourier implored Her Majesty to regard his voluntary discovery of this infamous and diabolical plot as a proof of his sincere repentance. He declared he came disinterestedly to offer himself as a sacrifice to save her, the King, and her family from the horrors then threatening their lives, from the violence of an outrageous mob of regicides; he called God to witness that he was actuated by no other wish than to atone for his error, and die in

their defence; he looked for no reward beyond the King's forgiveness of his having joined the Orleans faction; he never had any view in joining that faction but that of aiding the Duke, for the good of his country, in the reform of ministerial abuses, and strengthening the royal authority by the salutary laws of the national assembly; but he no sooner discovered that impure schemes of personal aggrandisement gave the real impulse to these pretended reformers than he forsook their unholy course. He supplicated Her Majesty to lose no time, but to allow him to save her from the destruction to which she would inevitably be exposed; that he was ready to throw himself at the King's feet, to implore his forgiveness also, and to assure him of his profound penitence, and his determination to renounce for ever the factious Orleans party.

"As Her Majesty would not see any of those who offered themselves, except in my presence, I availed myself, in this instance, of the opportunity it gave me by enforcing the arguments of Dumourier. But all I could say, all the earnest representations to be deduced from this critical

crisis could not prevail with her, even so far as to persuade her to temporise with Dumourier, as she had done with many others on similar occasions. She was deaf and inexorable. She treated all he had said as the effusion of an overheated imagination, and told him she had no faith in traitors. Dumourier remained upon his knees while she was replying, as if stupefied; but at the word *traitor* he started and roused himself; and then, in a state almost of madness, seized the Queen's dress, exclaiming, 'Allow yourself to be persuaded before it is too late! Let not your misguided prejudice against me hurry you to your own and your children's destruction: let it not get the better, madam, of your good sense and reason: the fatal moment is near; it is at hand!' Upon this, turning, he addressed himself to me.

"'Oh, Princess,' he cried, 'be her guardian angel, as you have hitherto been her only friend, and use your never-failing influence. I take God once more to witness, that I am sincere in all I have said; that all I have disclosed is true. This will be the last time I shall have it in my

power to be of any essential service to you, madam, and my sovereign. The national assembly will put it out of my power for the future, without becoming a traitor to my country.'

"'Rise, sir,' said the Queen, 'and serve your country better than you have served your King!'

"'Madam, I obey.'——

"When he was about to leave the room, I again, with tears, besought Her Majesty not to let him depart thus, but to give him some hope, that, after reflection, she might perhaps endeavour to soothe the King's anger. But in vain. He withdrew very much affected.[1] I even ventured, after his departure, to intercede for his recall.

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1 I saw him as he left the apartment, but had no idea, at the time, who he was. He was a little, thin man. He wore a high, quaker-like, round, slouched hat. He was covered down to the very shoes by a great coat. This, I imagine, was for the sake of disguise. I saw him put a handkerchief to his eyes. I met him some time after at Hamburg, and I am confident that all his intended operations in the royal cause were given up in consequence of the exasperation he felt at the Queen's rejection of his services, though he continued to correspond with the Princess for a considerable time subsequently to the interview.

"'He has pledged himself,' said I, 'to save you, madam!'

"'My dear Princess,' replied the Queen, 'the goodness of your own heart will not allow you to have sinister ideas of others. This man is like all of the same stamp. They are all traitors; and will only hurry us the sooner, if we suffer ourselves to be deceived by them, to an ignominious death! I seek no safety for myself.'

"'But he offered to serve the King also, madam.'

"'I am not,' answered Her Majesty, 'Henrietta of France. I will never stoop to ask a pension of the murderers of my husband; nor will I leave the King, my son, or my adopted country, or ever meanly owe my existence to wretches who have destroyed the dignity of the crown and trampled under foot the most ancient monarchy in Europe! Under its ruins they will bury their King and myself. To owe our safety to them would be more hateful than any death they can prepare for us.'

"While the Queen was in this state of agitation, a note was presented to me with a list of

the names of the officers of the Flanders regiment, requesting the honour of an audience of the Queen.

"The very idea of seeing the Flanders officers flushed Her Majesty's countenance with an ecstasy of joy.

"She said she would retire to compose herself, and receive them in two hours.

"The Queen saw the officers in her private cabinet, and in my presence. They were presented to her by me. They told Her Majesty that, though they had changed their paymaster, they had not changed their allegiance to their sovereign or herself, but were ready to defend both with their lives. They placed one hand on the hilt of their swords, and, solemnly lifting the other up to Heaven, swore that the weapons should never be wielded but for the defence of the King and Queen, against all foes, whether foreign or domestic.

"This unexpected loyalty burst on us like the beauteous rainbow after a tempest, by the dawn of which we are taught to believe the world is saved from a second deluge.

"The countenance of Her Majesty brightened over the gloom which had oppressed her, like the heavenly sun dispersing threatening clouds, and making the heart of the poor mariner bound with joy. Her eyes spoke her secret rapture. It was evident she felt even unusual dignity in the presence of these noble-hearted warriors, when comparing them with him whom she had just dismissed. She graciously condescended to speak to every one of them, and one and all were enchanted with her affability.

"She said she was no longer the Queen who could compensate loyalty and valour; but the brave soldier found his reward in the fidelity of his service, which formed the glory of his immortality. She assured them she had ever been attached to the army, and would make it her study to recommend every individual, meriting attention, to the King.

"Loud bursts of repeated acclamations and shouts of '*Vive la reine!* instantly followed her remarks. She thanked the officers most graciously; and fearing to commit herself, by saying more, took her leave, attended by me;

but immediately sent me back, to thank them again in her name.

"They departed, shouting as they went, '*Vive la reine! Vive la Princesse! Vive le roi, le Dauphin, et toute la famille royale!*'

"When the national assembly saw the officers going to and coming from the King's palace with such demonstrations of enthusiasm they took alarm, and the regicide faction hastened on the crisis for which it had been longing. It was by no means unusual for the chiefs of regiments, destined to form part of the garrison of a royal residence, to be received by the sovereign on their arrival, and certainly only natural that they should be so; but in times of excitement trifling events have powerful effects.

"But if the national assembly began to tremble for their own safety, and had already taken secret measures to secure it, by conspiring to put an instantaneous end to the King's power, against which they had so long been plotting, when the Flanders regiment arrived, it may be readily conceived what must have been their emotions on the fraternisation of this regiment

with the body-guard, and on the scene to which the dinner, given to the former troops by the latter, so unpremeditatedly led.

"On the day of this fatal dinner I remarked to the Queen, 'What a beautiful sight it must be to behold, in these troublesome times, the happy union of such a meeting!'

"'It must indeed!' replied the King; 'and the pleasure I feel in knowing it would be redoubled had I the privilege of entertaining the Flanders regiment, as the body-guards are doing.'

"'Heaven forbid!' cried Her Majesty; 'Heaven forbid that you should think of such a thing! The assembly would never forgive us!'

"After we had dined, the Queen sent to the Marchioness Tourzel for the Dauphin. When he came, the Queen told him about her having seen the brave officers on their arrival; and how gaily those good officers had left the palace, declaring they would die rather than suffer any harm to come to him, or his papa and mamma; and that at that very time they were all dining at the theatre.

"'Dining in the theatre, mamma?' said the

young Prince. 'I never heard of people dining in a theatre!'

"'No, my dear child,' replied Her Majesty, 'it is not generally allowed; but they are doing so, because the body-guards are giving a dinner to this good Flanders regiment; and the Flanders regiment are so brave that the guards chose the finest place they could think of to entertain them in, to show how much they like them; that is the reason why they are dining in the gay, painted theatre.'

"'Oh, mamma!' exclaimed the Dauphin, whom the Queen adored, 'Oh, papa!' cried he, looking at the King, 'how I should like to see them!'

"'Let us go and satisfy the child!' said the King, instantly starting up from his seat.

"The Queen took the Dauphin by the hand, and they proceeded to the theatre. It was all done in a moment. There was no premeditation on the part of the King or Queen; no invitation on the part of the officers. Had I been asked, I should certainly have followed the Queen; but just as the King rose, I left the room. The

Prince being eager to see the festival, they set off immediately, and when I returned to the apartment they were gone. Not being very well, I remained where I was; but most of the household had already followed Their Majesties.

"On the royal family making their appearance, they were received with the most unequivocal shouts of general enthusiasm by the troops. Intoxicated with the pleasure of seeing Their Majesties among them, and overheated with the juice of the grape, they gave themselves up to every excess of joy, which the circumstances and the situation of Their Majesties were so well calculated to inspire. '*Oh, Richard! oh mon roi!*' was sung, as well as many other loyal songs. The healths of the King, Queen, and Dauphin were drunk, till the regiments were really inebriated with the mingled influence of wine and shouting *vivas!*

"When the royal party retired, they were followed by all the military to the very palace doors, where they sung, danced, embraced each other, and gave way to all the frantic demonstrations of devotedness to the royal cause which

the excitement of the scene and the table could produce. Throngs, of course, collected to get near the royal family. Many persons in the rush were trampled on, and one or two men, it was said, crushed to death. The Dauphin and the King were delighted; but the Queen, in giving the Princess Elizabeth and myself an account of the festival, foresaw the fatal result which would ensue; and deeply deplored the marked enthusiasm with which they had been greeted and followed by the military.

"There was one more military spectacle, a public breakfast, which took place on the second of October. Though none of the royal family appeared at it, it was no less injurious to their interests than the former. The enemies of the crown spread reports all over Paris, that the King and Queen had manœuvred to pervert the minds of the troops so far as to make them declare against the measures of the national assembly. It is not likely that the assembly, or politics, were even spoken of at the breakfast; but the report did as much mischief as the reality would have done. This was quite sufficient to encourage the

Orleans and Mirabeau faction in the assembly to the immediate execution of their long-meditated scheme, of overthrowing the monarchy.

"On the very day following, Dupont, Lameth, and Barnave sent their confidential agent to apprise the Queen that certain deputies had already fully matured a plot to remove the King, nay, to confine Her Majesty from him in a distant part of France, that her influence over his mind might no farther thwart their premeditated establishment of a constitution.[1]

"But others of this body, and the more powerful and subtle portion, had a deeper object, so depraved that, even when forewarned, the Queen could not deem it possible; but of which she was soon convinced by their infernal acts.

"The riotous faction, for the purpose of accelerating this *dénouement*, had contrived, by buying up all the corn and sending it out of the

1 The dinner of the Flanders regiment is generally supposed to have been the immediate cause of the massacres of the 5th and 6th of October. But it is obvious that it was only the immediate pretext. The great alarm seems to have been taken after the first introduction of the officers to the Queen; although the conversation of Dumourier shows that the whole affair was entirely concerted some time before.

country, to reduce the populace to famine, and then to make it appear that the King and Queen had been the monopolisers, and the extravagance of Maria Antoinette and her largesses to Austria and her favourites, the cause. The plot was so deeply laid that the wretches who undertook to effect the diabolical scheme were metamorphosed in the Queen's livery, so that all the odium might fall on her unfortunate Majesty. At the head of the commission of monopolisers was Luckner, who had taken a violent dislike to the Queen, in consequence of his having been refused some preferment, which he attributed to her influence. Mirabeau, who was still in the background, and longing to take a more prominent part, helped it on as much as possible. Pinet, who had been a confidential agent of the Duke of Orleans, himself told the Duke de Penthièvre that Orleans had monopolised all the corn. This communication, and the activity of the Count de Fersen, saved France, and Paris in particular, from perishing for the want of bread. Even at the moment of the abominable masquerade, in which Her Majesty's agents were made to appear

the enemies who were starving the French people, out of revenge for the checks imposed by them on the royal authority, it was well known to all the Court that both Her Majesty and the King were grieved to the soul at their piteous want, and distributed immense sums for the relief of the poor sufferers, as did the Duke de Penthièvre, the Duchess of Orleans, the Prince of Condé, the Duke and Duchess de Bourbon, and others;[1] but these acts were done privately, while he who had created the necessity took to himself the exclusive credit of the relief, and employed thousands daily to propagate reports of his generosity, Mirabeau, then the factotum agent of the operations of the Palais Royal and its demagogues, greatly added to the support of this impression. Indeed, till undeceived afterwards, he believed it to be really the Duke of Orleans who had succoured the people.

"I dispensed two hundred and twenty thousand livres merely to discover the names

1 The Princess should have included her own name, for she was most munificent, though secretly so, on the occasion.

of the agents who had been employed to carry on this nefarious plot to exasperate the people against the throne by starvation imputed to the sovereign.[1] Though money achieved the discovery in time to clear the characters of my royal mistress and the King, the detection only followed the mischief of the crime. But even the rage thus wickedly excited was not enough to carry through the plot. In the fauxbourgs of Paris, where the women became furies, two hundred thousand livres were distributed ere the horror could be completely exposed.

"But it is time for me to enter upon the scenes to which all the intrigues I have detailed were intended to lead—the removal of the royal family from Versailles.

"My heart sickens when I retrace these moments of anguish. The point to which they are to conduct us yet remains one of the mysteries of fate.

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1 Whether the Duke of Orleans had or had not any private motives of rancour against his sister-in-law, the Princess Lamballe, for her attachment to the Queen, he, from this moment, when she so completely unmasked him, never ceased to exercise his vengeance against her.

CHAPTER XV

JOURNAL CONTINUED—MARCH FROM PARIS OF A FACTIOUS MOB AND THE NATIONAL GUARD, WITH LA FAYETTE AT THEIR HEAD—POISSARDS AT THE PALACE GATES OF VERSAILLES — DREADFUL TUMULT — ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE QUEEN — ORLEANS SEEN ENCOURAGING THE REGICIDES—LA FAYETTE SUSPECTED, FROM HIS NOT APPEARING TO QUELL THE INSURRECTION—THE QUEEN SHOWS HERSELF AT THE WINDOWS OF THE PALACE, WITH HER CHILDREN — HER HEROIC ADDRESS TO THE KING—THE ROYAL FAMILY DEPART WITH THE MOB FOR PARIS—THEIR SITUATION AT THE TUILERIES — MIRABEAU DISGUSTED WITH ORLEANS, DESERTS HIM—ORLEANS, IMPELLED BY FEAR, FLIES TO ENGLAND—THE KING AND QUEEN REQUESTED BY A DEPUTATION FROM THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY TO APPEAR AT THE THEATRE—CONVERSATION BETWEEN HER MAJESTY AND COUNT DE FERSEN ON THE QUEEN'S REFUSAL—THE QUEEN AND THE DUCHESS DE LUYNES —DEJECTED STATE OF HER MAJESTY, WHO CEASES TO BE SEEN IN SOCIETY

"HER Majesty had been so thoroughly lulled into security by the enthusiasm of the regiments at Versailles that she treated all the reports from Paris with contempt. Nothing was apprehended

from that quarter, and no preparations were consequently made for resistance or protection. She was at Little Trianon when the news of the approach of the desolating torrent arrived. The King was hunting. I presented to her the commandant of the troops at Versailles, who assured Her Majesty that a murderous faction, too powerful, perhaps, for resistance, was marching principally against her royal person, with La Fayette at their head, and implored her to put herself and valuables in immediate safety; particularly all her correspondence with the princes, emigrants, and foreign Courts, if she had no means of destroying them.

"Though the Queen was somewhat awakened to the truth by this earnest appeal, yet she still considered the extent of the danger as exaggerated, and looked upon the representation as partaking, in a considerable degree, of the nature of all reports in times of popular commotion.

"Presently, however, a more startling omen appeared, in a much milder but ambiguous communication from General La Fayette. He stated that he was on his march from Paris with the

national guard, and part of the people, coming to make remonstrances; but he begged Her Majesty to rest assured that no disorder would take place, and that he himself would vouch that there should be none.

"The King was instantly sent for to the heights of Meudon, while the Queen set off from Little Trianon, with me, for Versailles.

"The first movements were commenced by a few women, or men in women's clothes, at the palace gates of Versailles. The guards refused them entrance, from an order they had received to that effect from La Fayette. The consternation produced by their resentment was a mere prelude to the horrid tragedy that succeeded.

"The information now pouring in from different quarters increased Her Majesty's alarm every moment. The order of La Fayette, not to let the women be admitted, convinced her that there was something in agitation, which his unexplained letter made her sensible was more to be feared than if he had signified the real situation and danger to which she was exposed.

"A messenger was forthwith despatched for

M. la Fayette, and another, by order of the Queen, for M. de St. Priest, to prepare a retreat for the royal family, as the Parisian mob's advance could no longer be doubted. Everything necessary was accordingly got ready.

"La Fayette now arrived at Versailles in obedience to the message, and, in the presence of all the Court and ministers, assured the King that he could answer for the Paris army, at the head of which he intended to march, to prevent disorders; and advised the admission of the women into the palace, who, he said, had nothing to propose but a simple memorial relative to the scarcity of bread.

"The Queen said to him, 'Remember, sir, you have pledged your honour for the King's safety.'

"'And I hope, madam, to be able to redeem it.'

"He then left Versailles to return to his post with the army.

"A limited number of the women were at length admitted; and so completely did they seem satisfied with the reception they met with from

the King, as, in all appearance, to have quieted their riotous companions. The language of menace and remonstrance had changed into shouts of '*Vive le roi!*' The apprehensions of Their Majesties were subdued; and the whole system of operation, which had been previously adopted for the royal family's quitting Versailles, was, in consequence, unfortunately changed.

"But the troops, that had been hitherto under arms for the preservation of order, in going back to their hotel, were assailed and fired at by the mob.

"The return of the body-guards, thus insulted in going to and coming from the palace, caused the Queen and the Court to resume the resolution of instantly retiring from Versailles; but it was now too late. They were stopped by the municipality and the mob of the city, who were animated to excess against the Queen by one of the bass singers of the French opera.[1]

"Every hope of tranquility was now shaken by the hideous howlings which arose from all quarters. Intended flight had become impracti-

1 La Haise.

cable. Atrocious expressions were levelled against the Queen, too shocking for repetition. I shudder when I reflect to what a degree of outrage the *poissardes* of Paris were excited, to express their abominable designs on the life of that most adored of sovereigns.

"Early in the evening Her Majesty came to my apartment, in company with one of her female attendants. She was greatly agitated. She brought all her jewels and a considerable quantity of papers, which she had begun to collect together immediately on her arrival from Trianon, as the commandant had recommended.[1]

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1 Neither Her Majesty nor the Princess ever returned to Versailles, after the sixth of that fatal October! Part of the papers, brought by the Queen to the apartment of the Princess, were tacked by me on two of my petticoats; the under one three fold, one on the other, and outside; and the upper one, three or four fold double on the inside; and thus I left the room with this paper under garment, which put me to no inconvenience. Returning to the Princess, I was ordered to go to Lisle, there take the papers from their hiding place, and deliver them, with others, to the same person who received the box, of which mention will be found in another part of this work. I was not to take any letters, and was to come back immediately.

As I was leaving the apartment Her Majesty said something to her highness which I did not hear. The

"Notwithstanding the fatigue and agitation which the Queen must have suffered during the day, and the continued threats, horrible howlings, and discharge of fire-arms during the night, she had courage enough to visit the bed-chambers of her children and then to retire to rest in her own.

"But her rest was soon fearfully interrupted. Horrid cries at her chamber door of '*Save the Queen! save the Queen! or she will be assassinated!*' aroused her. The faithful guardian who gave the alarm was never heard more. He was murdered in her defence! Her Majesty herself only escaped the poignards of immediate death by flying to the King's apartment, almost in the same state as she lay in bed, not having had time to screen herself with any covering but what was casually thrown over her by the women who assisted her in her

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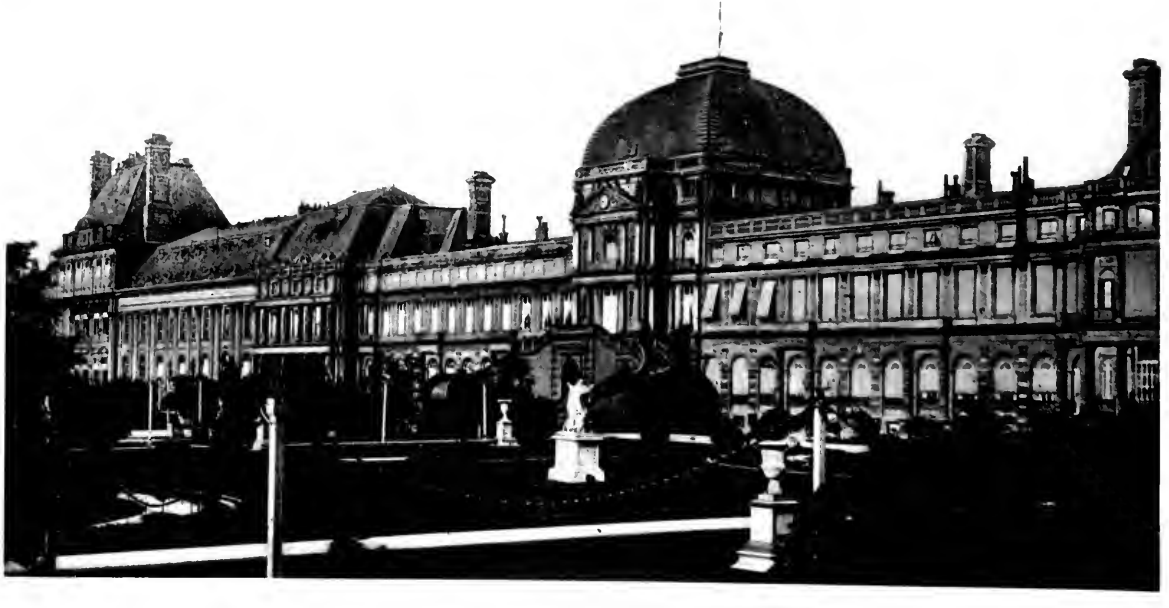
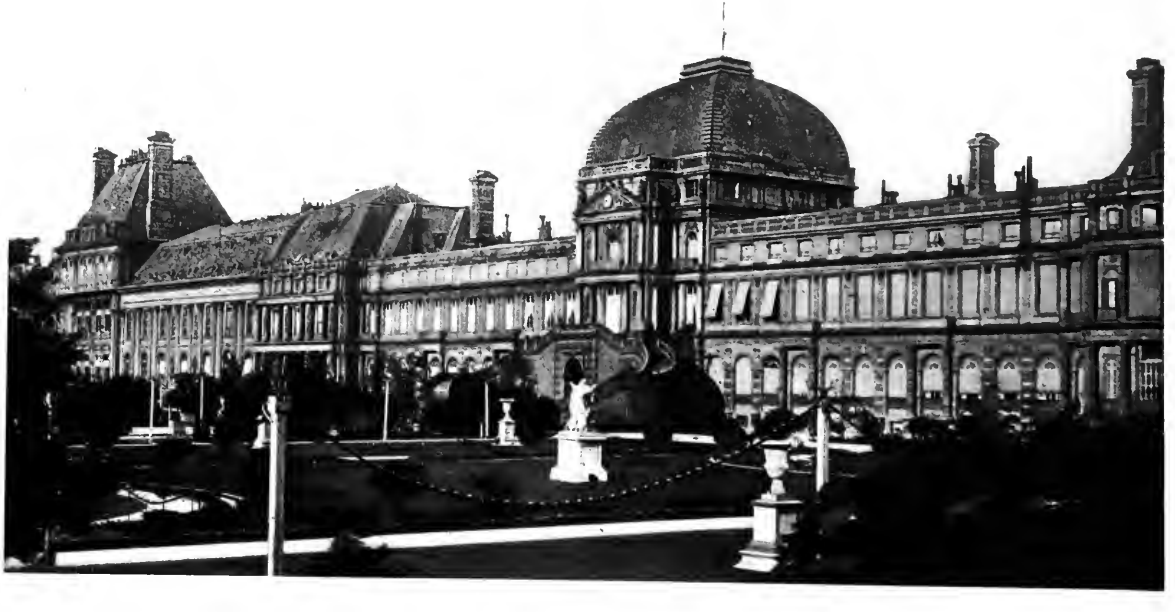
Princess turned round very quickly, and, kissing me on the forehead, said in Italian, *Cara mia Inglesina, per carità guardatevi bene. Io non mi perdonerò giammai se t'arrivasse qualche disgrazia!* "My dear little Englishwoman, for Heaven's sake be careful of yourself, for I should never forgive myself if any misfortune were to befall you."—"Nor I," said Her Majesty.





flight; while one well acquainted with the palace is said to have been seen busily engaged in encouraging the regicides who thus sought her for midnight murder. The faithful guards who defended the entrance to the room of the intended victim of these desperadoes took shelter in the room itself upon her leaving it, and were alike threatened with instant death by the grenadier assassins for having defeated them in their fiend-like purpose; they were, however, saved by the generous interposition and courage of two gentlemen, who, offering themselves as victims in their place, thus brought about a temporary accommodation between the regular troops and the national guard.

"All this time General La Fayette never once appeared. It is presumed that he himself had been deceived as to the horrid designs of the mob, and did not choose to show himself, finding it impossible to check the impetuosity of the horde he had himself brought to action, in concurring to countenance their first movements from Paris. Posterity will decide how far he was justified in pledging himself for the safety of the

royal family, while he was heading a riotous mob, whose atrocities were guaranteed from punishment or check by the sanction of his presence and the faith reposed in his assurance. Was he ignorant, or did he only pretend to be so, of the incalculable mischief inevitable from giving power and a reliance on impunity to such an unreasoning mass? By any military operation, as commander-in-chief, he might have turned the tide. And why did he not avail himself of that authority with which he had been invested by the national assembly, as the delegates of the nation, for the general safety and guardianship of the people? for the people, of whom he was the avowed protector, were themselves in peril: it was only the humanity (or rather, in such a crisis, the imbecility) of Louis XVI. that prevented them from being fired on; and they would inevitably have been sacrificed, and that through the want of policy in their leader, had not this mistaken mercy of the King prevented his guards from offering resistance to the murderers of his brave defenders!

"The cry of '*Queen! Queen!*' now resounded

from the lips of the cannibals stained with the blood of her faithful guards. She appeared, shielded by filial affection, between her two innocent children, the threatened orphans! But the sight of so much innocence and heroic courage paralysed the hands uplifted for their massacre!

"A tiger voice cried out, '*No children!*' The infants were hurried away from the maternal side, only to witness the author of their being offering up herself, eagerly and instantly, to the sacrifice, an ardent and delighted victim to the hoped-for preservation of those, perhaps, *orphans*, dearer to her far than life! Her resignation and firm step in facing the savage cry that was thundering against her, disarmed the ferocious beasts that were hungering and roaring for their prey!

"Mirabeau, whose immense head and gross figure could not be mistaken, is said to have been the first among the mob to have sonorously chanted, '*To Paris!*' His myrmidons echoed and re-echoed the cry upon the signal. He then hastened to the assembly to contravene any measures the King might ask in opposition. The riots increasing, the Queen said to His Majesty:

"'Oh, sire! why am I not animated with the courage of Maria Theresa? Let me go with my children to the national assembly, as she did to the Hungarian Senate, with my imperial brother, Joseph, in her arms and Leopold in her womb, when Charles the Seventh of Bavaria had deprived her of all her German dominions, and she had already written to the Duchess of Lorraine to prepare her an asylum, not knowing where she should be delivered of the precious charge she was then bearing; but I, like the mother of the Gracchi, like Cornelia, more esteemed for my birth than for my marriage, am the wife of the King of France, and I see we shall be murdered in our beds for the want of our own exertions!'

"The King remained as if paralysed and stupefied, and made no answer. The Princess Elizabeth then threw herself at the Queen's feet, imploring her to consent to go to Paris.

"'To Paris!' exclaimed Her Majesty.

"'Yes, madam,' said the King. 'I will put an end to these horrors, and tell the people so.'

"On this, without waiting for the Queen's

answer, he opened the balcony, and told the populace he was ready to depart with his family.

"This sudden change caused a change equally sudden in the rabble mob. All shouted, '*Vive le roi! Vive la nation!*'

"Re-entering the room from the window, the King said, 'It is done. This affair will soon be terminated.'

"'And with it,' said the Queen, 'the monarchy!'

"'Better that, madam, than running the risk, as I did some hours since, of seeing you and my children sacrificed!'

"'That, sire, will be the consequence of our not having left Versailles. Whatever you determine, it is my duty to obey. As to myself, I am resigned to my fate.' On this she burst into a flood of tears. 'I only feel for your humiliated state, and for the safety of our children.'

"The royal family departed without having consulted any of the ministers, military or civil, or the national assembly, by whom they were followed.[1]

1 The cruel procession is not mentioned in this journal. The descriptions of it are so numerous that they

"Scarcely had they arrived at Paris when the Queen recollected that she had taken with her no change of dress, either for herself or her children, and they were obliged to ask permission of the

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must be fresh in the recollection of all readers. To save the trouble of reference, however, I quote a few words from the accounts of Campan and Bertrand de Moleville.

"The (King's) carriage was preceded by the heads of two murdered body-guards, carried upon pikes. It was surrounded by ruffians, who contemplated the royal personages with a brutal curiosity. A few of the body-guards, on foot and unarmed, covered by the ancient French guards, followed dejectedly; and, to complete the climax, after six or seven hours spent in travelling from Versailles to Paris, Their Majesties were led to the Hotel de Ville as if to make the *amende honorable*."—*Campan*, vol. ii., 313.

"The King did not leave Versailles till one o'clock. The hundred deputies in their carriages followed. A detachment of brigands, bearing the heads of two body-guards in triumph, formed the advanced guard, and set out two hours earlier. These cannibals stopped a moment at Serres, and carried their cruelty to the length of forcing an unfortunate hair-dresser to dress the gory heads; the bulk of the Parisian army followed them closely. The King's carriage was preceded by the *poissardes* who had arrived the day before from Paris and a whole rabble of prostitutes, the vile refuse of their sex, still drunk with fury and wine. Several of them rode astride upon cannon, boasting in the most horrible songs, all the crimes they had committed themselves or seen others commit. Those who were nearest the King's carriage sang ballads, the allusions of which by means of their vulgar gestures they

national assembly to allow them to send for their different wardrobes.

"What a situation for an absolute King and Queen, which, but a few hours previous, they had been!

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applied to the Queen. Waggons, full of corn and flour which had been brought into Versailles, formed a train escorted by grenadiers and surrounded by women and bullies, some armed with pikes and some carrying long branches of poplar. At some distance this part of the procession had a most singular effect: it looked like a moving forest, amidst which shone pike heads and gun barrels. In the paroxysms of their brutal joy the women stopped passengers, and, pointing to the King's carriage, howled in their ears: 'Cheer up, friends; we shall no longer be in want of bread: we bring you the baker, the baker's wife, and the little baker boy!' Behind His Majesty's carriage were several of his faithful guards, some on foot and some on horseback, most of them uncovered, all unarmed and worn out with hunger and fatigue; the dragoons, the Flanders regiment, the hundred Swiss of the national guards preceded, accompanied, or followed the file of carriages. I witnessed this heart-rending spectacle; I saw the ominous procession. In the midst of all the tumult, clamour, and singing, interrupted by frequent discharges of musketry, which the hand of a monster or a bungler might so easily render fatal, I saw the Queen preserving the most courageous tranquillity of soul and an air of nobleness and inexpressible dignity, and my eyes were suffused with tears of admiration and grief."—*Bertrand de Moleville.*

With this procession ended the sovreignty of Louis XVI. and Maria Antoinette!

"I now took up my residence with Their Majesties at the Tuileries: that odious Tuileries, which I cannot name but with horror, where the malignant spirit of rebellion has, perhaps, dragged us to an untimely death!

"Monsieur and Madame had another residence. Bailly, the Mayor of Paris, and La Fayette became the royal jailers.

"The Princess Elizabeth and myself could not but deeply deplore, when we saw the predictions of Dumourier so dreadfully confirmed by the result, that Her Majesty should have so slighted his timely information, and scorned his penitence. But delicacy bade us lament in silence; and, while we grieved over her present sufferings, we could not but mourn the loss of a barrier against future aggression, in the rejection of this general's proffered services.

"It will be remembered, that Dumourier in his disclosure declared that the object of this commotion was to place the Duke of Orleans upon the throne, and that Mirabeau, who was a prime mover, was to share in the profits of the usurpation.

"But the heart of the traitor duke failed him at the important crisis. Though he was said to have been recognised through a vulgar disguise, stimulating the assassins to the attempted murder of Her Majesty, yet, when the moment to show himself had arrived, he was nowhere to be found. The most propitious moment for the execution of the foul crime was lost, and with it the confidence of his party. Mirabeau was disgusted. So far from wishing longer to offer him the crown, he struck it for ever from his head, and turned against him. He openly protested he would no longer set up traitors who were cowards.

"Soon after this event, Her Majesty, in tears, came to tell me that the King, having had positive proof of the agency of the Duke of Orleans in the riots of Versailles, had commenced some proceedings, which had given the Duke the alarm, and exiled him to Villers Coteretz. The Queen added, that the King's only object had been to assure the general tranquillity, and especially her own security, against whose life the conspiracy seemed most distinctly levelled.

"'Oh, Princess!' continued Her Majesty, in

a flood of tears, 'the King's love for me, and his wish to restore order to his people, have been our ruin! He should have struck off the head of Orleans, or overlooked his crime![1] Why did he not consult me before he took a step so important? I have lost a friend also in his wife! For, however criminal he may be, she loves him.'

"I assured Her Majesty that I could not think the Duchess of Orleans would be so inconsiderate as to withdraw her affection on that account.

"'She certainly will,' replied Maria Antoinette. 'She is the affectionate mother of his children, and cannot but hate those who have been the cause of his exile. I know it will be laid to my charge, and, added to the hatred the husband has so long borne me, I shall now become the object of the wife's resentment.'

"In the midst of one of the paroxysms of Her Majesty's agonising agitation after leaving

1 The Queen was right. The Duke did not lose sight of his purpose during his stay at Villers Coteretz. He remained active in his designs against the royal authority, and his hostile spirit still prowled there, in darkness, though he himself was apparently inactive.

Versailles, for the past, the present, and the future state of the royal family, when the Princess Elizabeth and myself were in vain endeavouring to calm her, a deputation was announced from the national assembly and the City of Paris, requesting the honour of the appearance of the King and herself at the theatre.

"'Is it possible, my dear Princess,' cried she, on the announcement, 'that I can enjoy any public amusement while I am still chilled with horror at the blood these people have spilled, the blood of the faithful defenders of our lives? I can forgive them, but I cannot so easily forget it.'

"Count de Fersen and the Austrian ambassador now entered, both anxious to know Her Majesty's intentions with regard to visiting the theatre, in order to make a party to ensure her a good reception; but all their persuasions were unavailing. She thanked the deputation for their friendship; but at the same time told them that her mind was still too much agitated from recent scenes to receive any pleasure but in the domestic cares of her family, and that, for a time, she must decline every other amusement.

"At this moment the Spanish and English ambassadors came to pay their respects to Her Majesty on the same subject as the others. As they entered, Count de Fersen observed to the Queen, looking around:

"'Courage, madam! We are as many nations as persons in this room: English, German, Spanish, Italian, Swedish, and French; and all equally ready to form a rampart around you against aggression. All these nations will, I believe, admit that the French (bowing to the Princess Elizabeth) are the most volatile of the six; and Your Majesty may rely on it, that they will love you, now that you are more closely among them, more tenderly than ever.'

"'Let me live to be convinced of that, sir, and my happiness will be concentrated in its demonstration.'

"'Indeed, gentlemen,' said the Princess Elizabeth, 'the Queen has yet had but little reason to love the French.'

"'Where is our ambassador,' said I, 'and the Neapolitan?'

"'I have had the pleasure of seeing them

early this morning,' replied the Queen; 'but I told them, also, that indisposition prevented my going into public. They will be at our card party in your apartment this evening, where I hope to see these gentlemen. The only parties,' continued Her Majesty, addressing herself to the Princess Elizabeth and the ambassadors, 'the only parties I shall visit in future will be those of the Princess Lamballe, my superintendent; as, in so doing, I shall have no occasion to go out of the palace, which, from what has happened, seems to me the only prudent course.'

"'Come, come, madam,' exclaimed the ambassadors; 'do not give way to gloomy ideas. All will yet be well.'

"'I hope so,' answered Her Majesty; 'but till that hope is realized, the wounds I have suffered will make existence a burthen to me!'

"The Duchess de Luynes, like many others, had been a zealous partisan of the new order of things, and had expressed herself with great indiscretion in the presence of the Queen. But the Duchess was brought to her senses, when she saw herself, and all the mad, democratical

nobility, under the overpowering weight of Jacobinism, deprived of every privileged prerogative and levelled and stripped of hereditary distinction.

"She came to me one day, weeping, to beg I would make use of my good offices in her favour with the Queen, whom she was grieved that she had so grossly offended by an unguarded speech.

"'On my knees,' continued the Duchess, 'am I ready to supplicate the pardon of Her Majesty. I cannot live without her forgiveness. One of my servants has opened my eyes, by telling me that the Revolution can make a Duchess a beggar, but cannot make a beggar a Duchess.'

"'Unfortunately,' said I, 'if some of these faithful servants had been listened to, they would still be such, and not now our masters; but I can assure you, Duchess, that the Queen has long since forgiven you. See! Her Majesty comes to tell you so herself.'

"The Duchess fell upon her knees. The Queen, with her usual goodness of heart, clasped her in her arms, and, with tears in her eyes, said:

"'We have all of us need of forgiveness. Our errors and misfortunes are general. Think no more of the past; but let us unite in not sinning for the future.'

"'Heaven knows how many sins I have to atone for,' replied the Duchess, 'from the follies of youth; but now, at an age of discretion and in adversity, oh, how bitterly do I reproach myself for my past levities! But,' continued she, 'has Your Majesty really forgiven me?'

"'As I hope to be forgiven!' exclaimed Maria Antoinette. 'No penitent in the sight of God is more acceptable than the one who makes a voluntary sacrifice by confessing error. Forget and forgive is the language of our Blessed Redeemer. I have adopted it in regard to my enemies, and surely my friends have a right tc claim it. Come, Duchess, I will conduct you to the King and Elizabeth, who will rejoice in the recovery of one of our lost sheep; for we sorely feel the diminution of the flock that once sur rounded us!"

"At this token of kindness, the Duchess was so much overcome that she fell at the Queen's

feet motionless, and it was some time before she recovered.[1]

"From the moment of Her Majesty's arrival at Paris from Versailles, she solely occupied herself with the education of her children; excepting when she resorted to my parties, the only ones, as she had at first determined, which she ever honoured with her attendance. In order to discover, as far as possible, the sentiments of certain persons, I gave almost general invitations, whereby, from her amiable manners and gracious condescension, she became very popular. By these means I hoped to replace Her Majesty in the good estimation of her numerous visitors; but, notwithstanding every exertion, she could not succeed in dispelling the gloom with which the Revolution had overcast all her former gaiety.

1 Ever after, the Duchess remained one of the most sincere friends of that unfortunate Queen. The manner in which Madame Campan speaks of her grief at the murder of Her Majesty proves the sincerity of her professed penitence.

The Princess Lamballe was so uniformly eager in contributing to the peace of mind and happiness of every individual who sought her mediation that she was as well known by the appellation of "the peace-maker" as she was by her title.

Though treated with ceremonious respect, she missed the cordiality to which she had been so long accustomed, and which she so much prized. From the great emigration of the higher classes of the nobility, the societies themselves were no longer what they had been. Madame Necker and Madame de Staël were pretty regular visitors. But the most agreeable company had lost its zest for Maria Antoinette; and she was really become afraid of large assemblies, and scarcely ever saw a group of persons collected together without fearing some plot against the King.

"Indeed, it is a peculiarity which has from the first marked, and still continues to distinguish the whole conduct and distrust of my royal mistress, that it never operates to create any fears for herself but invariably refers to the safety of His Majesty.

"I had enlarged my circle and made my parties extensive, solely to relieve the oppressed spirits of the Queen; but the very circumstance which induced me to make them so general soon rendered them intolerable to her; for the conversations at last became solely confined to the

topics of the Revolution, a subject frequently the more distressing from the presence of the sons of the Duke of Orleans. Though I loved my sister-in-law and my nephews I could not see them without fear, nor could my royal mistress be at ease with them, or in the midst of such distressing indications as perpetually intruded upon her, even beneath my roof, of the spirit which animated the great body of the people for the propagation of anti-monarchical principles.

"My parties were, consequently, broken up; and the Queen ceased to be seen in society. Then commenced the unconquerable power over her of those forebodings which have clung to her with such pertinacity ever since.

"I observed that Her Majesty would often indulge in the most melancholy predictions long before the fatal discussion took place in the assembly respecting the King's abdication. The daily insolence with which she saw His Majesty's authority deprived for ever of the power of accomplishing what he had most at heart for the good of his people gave her more anguish than the outrages so frequently heaped upon herself;

but her misery was wrought up to a pitch altogether unutterable, whenever she saw those around her suffer for their attachment to her in her misfortunes.

"The Princess Elizabeth has been from the beginning an unwavering comforter. She still flatters Maria Antoinette that Heaven will spare her for better times to reward our fidelity and her own agonies. The pious consolations of her highness have never failed to make the most serious impression on our wretched situation. Indeed, each of us strives to pour the balm of comfort into the wounded hearts of the others, while not one of us, in reality, dares to flatter herself with what we all so ardently wish for in regard to our fellow-sufferers. Delusions even sustained by facts, have long since been exhausted. Our only hope on this side of the grave is in our all-merciful Redeemer!"

CHAPTER XVI

THE EDITOR RELATES ANECDOTES OF HERSELF, ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES — OUTCRY AGAINST HER AT THE THEATRE, ON ACCOUNT OF THE COLOURS OF HER DRESS — REFUSED BY THE GUARDS ADMISSION TO THE TUILERIES FROM NOT HAVING THE NATIONAL RIBBON — SPY SET UPON HER BY THE QUEEN TO TRY HER FIDELITY

THE reader will not, I trust, be dissatisfied at reposing for a moment from the sad story of the Princess Lamballe to hear some ridiculous circumstances which occurred to me individually; and which, though they form no part of the history, are sufficiently illustrative of the temper of the times.

I had been sent to England to put some letters into the post-office for the Prince of Condé and had just returned. The fashion then in England was a black dress, Spanish hat, and yellow satin lining, with three ostrich feathers forming the Prince of Wales's crest, and bearing

his inscription, *Ich dien*,[1] "I serve." I also brought with me a white satin cloak, trimmed with white fur.

In this dress, I went to the French opera. Scarcely was I seated in the box, when I heard shouts of, "*En bas les couleurs de l'empereur! En bas!*"

I was very busy talking to a person in the box, and, having been accustomed to hear and see partial riots in the pit, I paid no attention; never dreaming that my poor hat and feathers, and cloak, were the cause of the commotion, till an officer in the national guard very politely knocked at the door of the box, and told me I must either take them off or leave the theatre.

There is nothing I more dislike than the being thought particular, or disposed to attract attention by dress. The moment, therefore, I found myself thus unintentionally the object of a whole theatre's disturbance, in the first impulse of indignation, I impetuously caught off the cloak

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1 This crest and motto date as far back, I believe, as the time of Edward, the Black Prince.

and hat, and flung them into the pit, at the very faces of the rioters.

The theatre instantly rang with applause. The obnoxious articles were carefully folded up and taken to the officer of the guard, who, when I left the box, at the end of the opera, brought them to me and offered to assist me in putting them on; but I refused them with true cavalier-like loftiness, and entered my carriage without either hat or cloak.

There were many of the audience collected round the carriage at the time, who, witnessing my rejection of the insulted colours, again loudly cheered me; but insisted on the officer's placing the hat and cloak in the carriage, which drove off amidst the most violent acclamations.

Another day, as I was going to walk in the Tuileries (which I generally did after riding on horseback), the guards crossed their bayonets at the gate and forbade my entering. I asked them why. They told me no one was allowed to walk there without the national ribbon.

Now, I always had one of these national ribbons about me, from the time they were first

worn; but I kept it in the inside of my riding habit: and on that day, in particular, my supply was unusually ample, for I had on a new riding habit, the petticoat of which was so very long and heavy that I bought a large quantity to tie round my waist, and fasten up the dress, to prevent it from falling about my feet.

However, I was determined to plague the guards for their impudence. My English beau, who was as pale as death, and knew I had the ribbon, kept pinching my arm, and whispering, "Show it, show it; zounds, madam, show it! We shall be sent to prison! show it! show it!" But I took care to keep my interrupters in parley till a sufficient mob was collected, and then I produced my colours.

The soldiers were consequently most gloriously hissed, and would have been maltreated by the mob, and sent to the guard house by their officer, but for my intercession; on which I was again applauded all through the gardens as *La Brave Anglaise*. But my beau declared he would never go out with me again unless I wore the ribbon on the outside of my hat, which I never did and never would do.

"At that time the Queen used to occupy herself much in fancy needle works. Knowing, from arrangements, that I was every day in a certain part of the Tuileries, Her Majesty, when she heard the shout of *La Brave Anglaise!* immediately called the Princess Lamballe to know if she had sent me on any message. Being answered in the negative, one of the pages was despatched to ascertain the meaning of the cry. The royal family lived in so continual a state of alarm that it was apprehended I had got into some scrape; but I had left the Tuileries before the messenger arrived, and was already with the Princess Lamballe, relating the circumstances. The Princess told Her Majesty, who graciously observed, "I am very happy that she got off so well; but caution her to be more prudent for the future. A cause, however bad, is rather aided than weakened by unreasonable displays of contempt for it. These unnecessary excitements of the popular jealousy do us no good."

I was, of course, severely reprimanded by the Princess for my frolic, though she enjoyed it of all things, and afterwards laughed most heartily.

The Princess told me, a few days after these circumstances of the national ribbon and the Austrian colours had taken place at the theatre, that someone belonging to the private correspondence at the palace had been at the French opera on the night the disturbance took place there, and, without knowing the person to whom it related, had told the whole story to the King.

The Queen and the Princesses Elizabeth and Lamballe being present, laughed very heartily. The two latter knew it already from myself, the fountain head, but the Princess Elizabeth said:

"Poor lady! what a fright she must have been in, to have had her things taken away from her at the theatre."

"No fright at all," said the King; "for a young woman who could act thus firmly under such an insolent outrage will always triumph over cowards, unmanly enough to abuse their advantages by insulting her. She was not a Frenchwoman, I'll answer for it."

"Oh, no, sire. She is an Englishwoman," said the Princess Lamballe.

"I am glad of it," exclaimed the King; "for

when she returns to England this will be a good personal specimen for the information of some of her countrymen, who have rejoiced at what they call the regeneration of the French nation; a nation once considered the most polished in Europe, but now become the most uncivil, and I wish I may never have occasion to add, the most barbarous! An insult offered, wantonly, to either sex, at any time, is the result of insubordination; but, when offered to a female, it is a direct violation of civilised hospitality, and an abuse of power which never before tarnished that government now so much the topic of abuse by the enemies of order and legitimate authority. The French Princes, it is true, have been absolute; still *I* never governed despotically, but always by the advice of my counsellors and cabinet ministers. If *they* have erred, *my* conscience is void of reproach. I wish the national assembly may govern for the future with equal prudence, equity and justice; but they have given a poor earnest in pulling down one fabric before they have laid the solid foundation of another. I am very happy that their agents, who, though they call themselves the guardians of

public order have hitherto destroyed its course, have, in the courage of this English lady, met with some resistance to their insolence, in foolishly occupying themselves with petty matters, while those of vital import are totally neglected."

It is almost superfluous to mention that, at the epoch of which I am speaking in the Revolution, the royal family were in so much distrust of everyone about them, and very necessarily and justly so, that none were ever confided in for affairs, however trifling, without first having their fidelity repeatedly put to the test. I was myself under this probation long before I knew that such had ever been imposed.

With the private correspondence I had already been for some time entrusted; and it was only previous to employing me on secret missions of any consequence that I was subject to the severer scrutiny. Even before I was sent abroad, great art was necessary to elude the vigilance of prying eyes in the royal circle; and, in order to render my activity available to important purposes, my connection with the Court was long kept secret. Many stratagems were devised to mislead

the Arguses of the police. To this end, after the disorders of the Revolution began, I never entered the palaces but on an understood signal, for which I have been often obliged to attend many hours in the gardens of Versailles, as I had subsequently done in that of the Tuileries.

To pass the time unnoticed, I used generally to take a book, and seat myself, occupied in reading, sometimes in one spot, sometimes in another; but with my man and maid servant always within call, though never where they could be seen.

On one of these occasions, a person, though not totally masked yet sufficiently disguised to prevent my recognising his features, came behind my seat, and said he wished to speak to me. I turned round and asked his business.

"That's coming to the point!" he answered. "Walk a little way with me, and I will tell you."

Not to excite suspicion, I walked into a more retired part of the garden, after a secret signal to my man servant, who followed me unperceived by the stranger.

"I am commissioned," said my mysterious

companion, "to make you a very handsome present, if you will tell me what you are waiting for."

I laughed, and was turning from him, saying, "Is this all your business?"

"No," he replied.

"Then keep it to yourself. I am not waiting here for anyone or anything; but am merely occupied in reading and killing time to the best advantage."

"Are you a poetess?"

"No."

"And scarcely a female; for your answers are very short."

"Very likely."

"But I have something of importance to communicate"——

"That is impossible."

"But listen to me"——

"You are mistaken in your person."

"But surely you will not be so unreasonable as not to hear what I have to say?"

"I am a stranger in this country, and can have nothing of importance with one I do not know."

"You have quarrelled with your lover and are in an ill-humour."

"Perhaps so. Well! come! I believe you have guessed the cause."

"Ah! it is the fate of us all to get into scrapes! But you will soon make it up; and now let me entreat your attention to what I have to offer."——

I became impatient, and called my servant.

"Madam," resumed the stranger, "I am a gentleman, and mean no harm. But I assure you, you stand in your own light. I know more about you than you think I do."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, madam, you are waiting here for an august personage."

At this last sentence, my lips laughed, while my heart trembled.

"I wish to caution you," continued he, "how you embark in plans of this sort."

"Sir, I repeat, you have taken me for some other person. I will no longer listen to one who is either a maniac or an officious intruder."

Upon this, the stranger bowed and left me;

but I could perceive that he was not displeased with my answers, though I was not a little agitated, and longed to see her highness to relate to her this curious adventure.

In a few hours I did so. The Princess was perfectly satisfied with my manner of proceeding, only she thought it singular, she said, that the stranger should suspect I was there in attendance for some person of rank; and she repeated, three or four times, "I am heartily glad that you did not commit yourself by any decided answer. What sort of a man was he?"

"Very much of the gentleman; above the middle stature; and, from what I could see of his countenance, rather handsome than otherwise."

"Was he a Frenchman?"

"No. I think he spoke good French and English, with an Irish accent."

"Then I know who it is," exclaimed she. "It is Dillon: I know it from some doubts which arose between Her Majesty, Dillon, and myself, respecting sending you upon a confidential mission. Oh, come hither! come hither!" continued

her highness, overwhelming me with kisses. "How glad, how very glad I am, that the Queen will be convinced I was not deceived in what I told Her Majesty respecting you. Take no notice of what I am telling you; but he was sent from the Queen, to tempt you into some imprudence, or to be convinced, by your not falling into the snare, that she might rely on your fidelity."

"What! doubt my fidelity?" said I.

"Oh, my dear, you must excuse Her Majesty. We live in critical times. You will be the more rewarded, and much more esteemed, for this proof of your firmness. Do you think you should know him, if you were to see him again?"

"Certainly, I should, if he were in the same disguise."

"That, I fear, will be rather difficult to accomplish. However, you shall go in your carriage and wait at the door of his sister, the Marchioness of Desmond; where I will send for him to come to me at four o'clock to-morrow. In this way, you will have an opportunity of seeing him on horseback, as he always pays his morning visits riding.

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I would willingly have taken a sleeping draught, and never did I wait more anxiously than for the hour of four.

I left the Princess, and in crossing from the Carousal to go to the Place Vendôme, it rained very fast, and there glanced by me, on horseback, the same military cloak in which the stranger had been wrapped. My carriage was driving so fast that I still remained in doubt as to the wearer's person.

Next day, however, as appointed, I repaired to the place of rendezvous; and I could almost have sworn from the height of the person who alighted from his horse that he was my mysterious questioner.

Still, I was not thoroughly certain. I watched the Princess coming out, and followed her carriage to the Champs Elysées and told her what I thought.

"Well," replied she, "we must think no more about it; nor must it ever be mentioned to him, should you by any chance meet him."

I said I should certainly obey her highness.

A guilty conscience needs no accuser. A few days after I was riding on horseback in the Bois

de Boulogne, when Lord Edward Fitzgerald came up to speak to me. Dillon was passing at the time, and, seeing Lord Edward, stopped, took off his hat, and observed, "A very pleasant day for riding, madam!" Then, looking me full in the face, he added, "I beg your pardon, madam, I mistook you for another lady with whom Lord Edward is often in company."

I said there was no offence; but the moment I heard him speak I was no longer in doubt of his being the identical person.

When I had learnt the ciphering and deciphering, and was to be sent to Italy, the Queen acknowledged to the Princess Lamballe that she was fully persuaded I might be trusted, as she had good reason to know that my fidelity was not to be doubted or shaken.

Dear, hapless Princess! She said to me, in one of her confidential conversations on these matters, "The Queen has been so cruelly deceived and so much watched that she almost fears her own shadow; but it gives me great pleasure that Her Majesty had been herself confirmed by one of her own emissaries in what I never for a moment doubted.

"But do not fancy," continued the Princess, laughing, "that you have had only this spy to encounter. Many others have watched your motions and your conversations, and all concur in saying you are the devil, and they could make nothing of you. But that, *mia cara piccola diavolina*, is just what we want!"

CHAPTER XVII

EDITOR IN CONTINUATION — EXTRAORDINARY EXPEDIENTS NECESSARY TO EVADE ESPIONAGE—ANECDOTE OF BOXES SENT BY THE EDITOR FROM PARIS—CURIOUS OCCURRENCE RESPECTING GAMIN, THE KING'S LOCKSMITH—CONSTERNATION OF THE PRINCESS LAMBALLE WHEN APPRISED OF IT — SCHEME TO AVOID THE CONSEQUENCES—KIND AND INTERESTING CONDUCT OF THE QUEEN AND ROYAL FAMILY

I AM compelled, with reluctance, to continue personally upon the stage, and must do so for the three ensuing chapters, in order to put my readers in possession of circumstances explanatory of the next portion of the Journal of the Princess Lamballe.

Even the particulars I am about to mention can give but a very faint idea of the state of alarm in which the royal family lived, and the perpetual watchfulness and strange and involved expedients that were found necessary for their protection. Their most trifling communications were scrutinized with so much jealousy, that when any of

importance were to be made it required a dexterity almost miraculous to screen them from the ever-watchful eye of espionage.

I was often made instrumental to evading the curiosity of others, without ever receiving any clue to the gratification of my own, even had I been troubled with such impertinence. The anecdote I am about to mention will show how cautious a game it was thought necessary to play; and the result of my half-information will evince that over caution may produce evils almost equal to total carelessness.

Some time previous to the flight of the royal family from Paris, the Princess Lamballe told me she wanted some repairs made to the locks of certain dressing and writing desks; but she would prefer having them done at my apartments, and by a locksmith who lived at a distance from the palace.

When the boxes were repaired, I was sent with one of them to Lisle, where another person took charge of it for the Arch-duchess at Brussels.

There was something which strongly marked

the kind-heartedness of the Princess Lamballe in a part of this transaction. I had left Paris without a passport, and her highness, fearing it might expose me to inconvenience, sent an express after me. The express arrived three hours before I did, and the person to whom I have alluded came out of Brussels in his carriage to meet me and receive the box. At the same time, he gave me a sealed letter, without any address. I asked him from whom he received it, and to whom it was to be delivered. He said he was only instructed to deliver it to the lady with the box, and he showed me the Queen's cipher. I took the letter; and, after partaking of some refreshments, returned with it, according to my orders.

On my arrival at Paris, the Princess Lamballe told me her motive for sending the express, who, she said, informed her, on his return, that I had a letter for the Queen. I said it was more than I knew. "Oh, I suppose that is because the letter bears no address," replied she; "but you were shown the cipher, and that is all which is necessary."

She did not take the letter, and I could not

help remarking how far, in this instance, the rigour of etiquette was kept up, even between these close friends. The Princess, not having herself received the letter, could not take it from my hands to deliver without Her Majesty's express command. This being obtained, she asked me for it, and gave it to Her Majesty. The circumstance convinced me that the Princess exercised much less influence over the Queen, and was much more directed by Her Majesty's authority, than has been imagined.

Two or three days after my arrival at Paris, my servant lost the key of my writing desk, and, to remedy the evil, he brought me the same locksmith I had employed on the repairs just mentioned. As it was necessary I should be present to remove my papers when the lock was taken off, of course I saw the man. While I was busy clearing the desk, with an air of great familiarity he said, "I have had jobs to do here before now, my girl, as your sweetheart there well knows."

I humoured his mistake in taking me for my own maid and my servant's sweetheart, and I pertly answered, "Very likely."

"O yes, I have," said he; "it was I who repaired the Queen's boxes in this very room."

Knowing I had never received anything of the sort from Her Majesty, and utterly unaware that the boxes the Princess sent to my apartments had been the Queen's, I was greatly surprised. Seeing my confusion, he said, "I know the boxes as well as I know myself. I am the King's locksmith, my dear, and I and the King worked together many years. Why, I know every creek and corner of the palace, aye, and I know everything that's going on in them too:—queer doings! Lord, my pretty damsel, I made a secret place in the palace to hide the King's papers, where the devil himself would never find them out, if I or the King didn't tell!"

Though I wished *him* at the devil every moment he detained me from disclosing his information at the palace, yet I played off the soubrette upon him till he became so interested I thought he never would have gone. At last, however, he took his departure, and the moment he disappeared, out of the house I flew.

The agitation and surprise of the Princess at

what I related were extreme. "Wait," cried she, "I must go and inform the Queen instantly." In going out of the room, "*Gran Dio, qual scoperta!* Great God, what a discovery!" exclaimed her highness.

It was not long before she returned. Luckily I was dressed for dinner. She took me by the hand and, unable to speak, led me to the private closet of the Queen.

Her Majesty graciously condescended to thank me for the letter I had taken charge of. She told me that for the future all letters to her would be without any superscription; and desired me, if any should be given to me by persons I had not before seen, and the cipher were shown at the same time, to receive and deliver them myself into her hands, as the production of the cipher would be a sufficient pledge of their authenticity.

Being desired to repeat the conversation with Gamin, "There, Princess!" exclaimed Her Majesty, "*Non son io il corvo delle cative notizie?* am I not the crow of evil forebodings? I trust the King will never again be credulous enough to employ this man. I have long had an ex-

treme aversion to His Majesty's familiarity with him; but he shall hear his impudence himself from your own lips, my good little Englishwoman; and then he will not think it is prepossession or prejudice."

A few evenings elapsed, and I thought no more of the subject, till one night I was ordered to the palace by the Princess, which never happened but on very particular occasions, as she was fearful of exciting suspicion by any appearance of close intimacy with one so much about Paris upon the secret embassies of the Court.

When I entered the apartment, the King, the Queen, and the Princess Elizabeth were, as if by accident, in an adjoining room; but, from what followed, I am certain they all came purposely to hear my deposition. I was presently commanded to present myself to the august party.

The King was in deep conversation with the Princess Elizabeth. I must confess I felt rather embarrassed. I could not form an idea why I was thus honoured. The Princess Lamballe graciously took me by the hand.

"Now tell His Majesty, yourself, what Gamin said to you."

I began to revive, perceiving now wherefore I was summoned. I accordingly related, in the presence of the royal guests assembled, as I had done before Her Majesty and the Princess Lamballe, the scene as it occurred.

When I came to that part where he said, "where the devil himself could never find them out," His Majesty approached from the balcony, at which he had been talking with the Princess Elizabeth, and said, "Well! he is very right—but neither he nor the devil *shall* find them out, for they shall be removed this very night.[1]"

The King, the Queen, and the Princess Elizabeth most graciously said, "*Nous sommes bien obligés, ma petite anglaise!*" and Her Majesty added, "Now, my dear, tell me all the rest about this man, whom I have long suspected for his wickedness."

I said he had been guilty of no hostile indications, and that the chief fault I had to find with him was his exceeding familiarity in men-

1 Which was done; and these are, therefore, no doubt, the papers and portfolio of which Madame Campan speaks, vol. ii., p. 142, as having been entrusted to her care after being taken from their hiding-place by the King himself.

tioning himself before the King, saying, "I and the King."

"Go on," said Her Majesty; "give us the whole as it occurred, and let us form our own conclusions."

"Yes," cried the Princess, "*parlate sciolto*." "*Si, si*," rejoined the Queen, "*parlate tutto*—yes, yes, speak out and tell us all."

I then related the remainder of the conversation, which very much alarmed the royal party, and it was agreed that to avoid suspicion I should next day send for the locksmith and desire him, as an excuse, to look at the locks of my trunks and travelling carriage, and set off in his presence to take up my pretended mistress on the road to Calais, that he might not suspect I had any connexion with anyone about the Court. I was strictly enjoined by Her Majesty to tell him that the man-servant had had the boxes from someone to get them repaired, without either my knowledge or that of my mistress, and, by her pretended orders, to give him a discharge upon the spot for having dared to use her apartments as a workshop for the business of other people.

"Now," said the Princess Lamballe, "*fate la buffona come avete fatta col servo vostro e Gamin*—now play the comic part you acted between your servant and Gamin:" which I did, as well as I could recollect it, and the royal audience were so much amused, that I had the honour to remain in the room and see them play at cards. At length, however, there came three gentle taps at the outer door. "*Ora è tempo perche vene andata*," exclaimed her highness at the sound, having ordered a person to call with this signal to see me out of the palace to the Rue Nicaise, where my carriage was in waiting to conduct me home.

It is not possible for me to describe the gracious condescension of the Queen and the Princess Elizabeth, in expressing their sentiments for the accidental discovery I had made. Amid their assurances of tender interest and concern, they both reproved me mildly for my imprudence in having, when I went to Brussels, hurried from Paris without my passport. They gave me prudential cautions with regard to my future conduct and residence at Paris; and it was principally owing to the united persuasions

and remonstrances of these three angels in human form that I took six or seven different lodgings, where the Princess Lamballe used to meet me by turns; because had I gone often to the palace, as many others did, or waited for her highness regularly in any one spot, I should, infallibly, have been discovered.

"Gracious God!" exclaimed Her Majesty in the course of this conversation, "am I born to be the misfortune of everyone who shows an interest in serving me? Tell my sister, when you return to Brussels again—and do not forget to say I desired you to tell her, our cruel situation! She does not believe that we are surrounded by enemies, even in our most private seclusions! in our prison!—that we are even thrown exclusively upon foreigners in our most confidential affairs; that in France there is scarcely an individual to whom we can look! They betray us for their own safety, which is endangered by any exertions in our favour. Tell her this," repeated the Queen three or four times.

The next day I punctually obeyed my orders. Gamin was sent for to look at the locks, and

received six francs for his opinion. The man-servant was reproved by me on behalf of my supposed mistress, and, in the presence of Gamin, discharged for having brought suspicious things into the house. The man being tutored in his part, begged Gamin to plead for my intercession with our mistress. I remained inexorable, as he knew I should. While Gamin was still by I discharged the bill at the house, got into my carriage, and took the road towards Calais.

At Saint Denis, however, I feigned to be taken ill, and in two days returned to Paris.

Even this simple act required management. I contrived it in the following manner. I walked out on the high road leading to the capital for the purpose of meeting my servant at a place which had been fixed for the meeting before I left Paris. I found him on horseback at his post, with a carriage prepared for my return. As soon as I was out of sight he made the best of his way forward, went to the inn with a note from me, and returned with my carriage and baggage to lodgings I had at Passy.

The joy of the Princess on seeing me safe

again brought tears into her eyes; and when I related the scene I played off before Gamin against my servant, she laughed most heartily. "But surely," said she, "you have not really discharged the poor man?"—"Oh, no," replied I; "he acted his part so well before the locksmith, that I should be very sorry to lose such an apt scholar."

"You must perform this buffa scena," observed her highness, "to the Queen. She has been very anxious to know the result; but her spirits are so depressed that I fear she will not come to my party this evening. However, if she do not, I will see her to-morrow, and you shall make her laugh. It would be a charity, for she has not done so from the heart for many a day!"

CHAPTER XVIII

EDITOR IN CONTINUATION — MR. BURKE — HIS INTEREST FOR THE QUEEN AND ROYAL CAUSE MISREPRESENTED — PROPOSES VARIOUS SCHEMES FOR AVERTING THE REVOLUTION—A SECRET AND CONFIDENTIAL AMBASSADOR BEING DEEMED NECESSARY TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE COURT OF ENGLAND, THE PRINCESS LAMBALLE THOUGHT OF FOR THE MISSION—PERSONAGES WHOM SHE CULTIVATES WHEN IN ENGLAND — HER MISSION RENDERED UNAVAILING BY THE TROUBLES IN FRANCE INCREASING—SENDS THE EDITOR TO FRANCE FOR EXPLICIT INSTRUCTIONS — DISTRESSED BY THE PAPERS BROUGHT BACK, SHE PREPARES FOR HER OWN RETURN TO FRANCE—HER ACCOUNT OF HER RECEPTION IN ENGLAND, AND WHAT SHE MEANS TO DO WHEN IN FRANCE—*POSTSCRIPT:* PUBLIC OCCURRENCES IN FRANCE DURING THE ABSENCE OF THE PRINCESS—NECKER—HIS ADMINISTRATION AND FINAL RETIREMENT — FRENCH CLERGY — THEIR HEARTLESS CONDUCT — TALLEYRAND—BARRAS

EVERYONE who has read at all, is familiar with the immortal panegyric of the great Edmund Burke upon Maria Antoinette. It is known that this illustrious man was not mean enough to

flatter; yet his eloquent praises of her as a princess, a woman, and a beauty, inspiring something beyond what any other woman could excite, have been called flattery by those who never knew her; those who *did*, must feel them to be, if possible, even below the truth. But the admiration of Mr. Burke was set down even to a baser motive, and, like everything else, converted into a source of slander for political purposes, long before that worthy palladium of British liberty had even thought of interesting himself for the welfare of France, which his prophetic eye saw plainly was the common cause of all Europe.

But, keenly as that great statesman looked into futurity, little did he think, when he visited the Queen in all her splendour at Trianon, and spoke so warmly of the cordial reception he had met with at Versailles from the Duke and Duchess de Polignac, that he should have so soon to deplore their tragic fate!

Could his suggestions to Her Majesty, when he was in France, have been put in force, there is scarcely a doubt that the Revolution might have been averted, or crushed. But he did not

limit his friendship to personal advice. It is not generally known that the Queen carried on, through the medium of the Princess Lamballe, a very extensive correspondence with Mr. Burke. He recommended wise and vast plans; and these, if possible, would have been adopted. The substance of some of the leading ones I can recall from the journal of her highness and letters which I have myself frequently deciphered. I shall endeavour, succinctly, to detail such of them as I remember.

Mr. Burke recommended the suppression of all superfluous religious institutions, which had not public seminaries to support. Their lands, he advised, should be divided, without regard to any distinction but that of merit, among such members of the army and other useful classes of society, as, after having served the specified time, should have risen, through their good conduct, to either civil or military preferment. By calculations upon the landed interest, it appeared that every individual under the operation of this bounty would, in the course of twenty years, possess a yearly income of from five to seven hundred francs.

Another of the schemes suggested by Mr. Burke was to purge the kingdom of all the troops which had been corrupted from their allegiance by the intrigues growing out of the first meeting of the Notables. He proposed that they should sail at the same time, or nearly so, to be colonized in the different French islands and Madagascar; and, in their place, a new national guard created, who should be bound to the interest of the legitimate Government by receiving the waste crown lands to be shared among them, from the common soldier to its generals and field-marshals. Thus would the whole mass of rebellious blood have been reformed. To ensure an effectual change, Mr. Burke advised the enrolment, in rotation, of sixty thousand Irish troops,[1] twenty thousand always to remain in

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1 Mr. Burke was too great a statesman not to be the friend of his country's interest. He also saw that from the destruction of the monarchy in France, England had more to fear than to gain. He well knew that the French Revolution was not, like that of the Americans, founded on grievances and urged in support of a great and disinterested principle. He was aware that so restless a people, when they had overthrown the monarchy, would not limit the overthrow to their own country. After Mr.

France, and forty thousand in reversion for the same service. The lynx-eyed statesman saw clearly, from the murders of the Marquis de Launay and M. Flesselles, and from the destruction of the Bastille, and of the ramparts of Paris, that party had not armed itself against Louis, but against the throne. It was therefore necessary to produce a permanent revolution in the army.

Burke's death, Mr. Fox was applied to, and was decidedly of the same opinion. Mr. Sheridan was interrogated, and, at the request of the Princess Lamballe, he presented, for the Queen's inspection, plans nearly equal to those of the above two great statesmen; and what is most singular and scarcely credible is that one and all of the opposition party in England strenuously exerted themselves for the upholding of the monarchy in France. Many circumstances which came to my knowledge before and after the death of Louis XVI. prove that Mr. Pitt himself was averse to the republican principles being organized so near a constitutional monarchy as France was to Great Britain. Though the conduct of the Duke of Orleans was generally reprobated, I firmly believe that if he had possessed sufficient courage to have usurped the crown and re-established the monarchy, he would have been treated with in preference to the republicans. I am the more confirmed in this opinion by a conversation between the Princess Lamballe and Mirabeau, in which he said a republic in France would never thrive.

There was another suggestion to secure troops around the throne of a more loyal temper. It was planned to incorporate all the French soldiers, who had not voluntarily deserted the royal standard, with two thirds of Swiss, German, and Low Country forces, among whom were to be divided, after ten years' service, certain portions of the crown lands, which were to be held by presenting every year a flag of acknowledgment to the King and Queen; with the preference of serving in the civil or military departments, according to the merit or capacity of the respective individuals. Messieurs de Broglio, Bouillé, Luxembourg, and others, were to have been commanders. But this plan, like many others, was foiled in its birth, and, it is said, through the intrigues of Mirabeau.

However, all concurred in the necessity of ridding France, upon the most plausible pretexts, of the fomenters of its ruin. Now arose a fresh difficulty. Transports were wanted, and in considerable numbers.

A navy agent in England was applied to for the supply of these transports. So great was the number required, and so peculiar the circum-

stances, that the agent declined interfering without the sanction of his Government.

A new dilemma succeeded. Might not the King of England place improper constructions on this extensive shipment of troops from the different ports of France for her West India possessions! Might it not be fancied that it involved secret designs on the British settlements in that quarter?

All these circumstances required that some communication should be opened with the Court of St. James's, and the critical posture of affairs exacted that such communication should be less diplomatic than confidential.

It will be recollected, that, at the very commencement of the reign of Louis XVI., there were troubles in Britanny, which the severe governorship of the Duke d'Aiguillon augmented. The Britons took privileges with them, when they became blended with the kingdom of France, by the marriage of Anne of Brittany with Charles VIII., beyond those of any other of its provinces. These privileges they seemed rather disposed to extend than relinquish, and were by no means

reserved in the expression of their resolution. It was considered expedient to place a firm, but conciliatory, governor over them, and the Duke de Penthièvre was appointed to this difficult trust. The Duke was accompanied to his vice-royalty by his daughter-in-law, the Princess Lamballe, who, by her extremely judicious management of the female part of the province, did more for the restoration of order than could have been achieved by armies. The remembrance of this circumstance induced the Queen to regard her highness as a fit person to send secretly to England at this very important crisis; and the purpose was greatly encouraged by a wish to remove her from a scene of such daily increasing peril.

For privacy, it was deemed expedient that her highness should withdraw to Aumale, under the plea of ill-health, and thence proceed to England; and it was also by way of Aumale that she as secretly returned, after the fatal disaster of the stoppage, to discourage the impression of her ever having been out of France.

The mission was even unknown to the French minister at the Court of St. James's.

The Princess was ordered by Her Majesty to cultivate the acquaintance of the late Duchess of Gordon, who was supposed to possess more influence than any woman in England—in order to learn the sentiments of Mr. Pitt relative to the revolutionary troubles. The Duchess, however, was too much of an Englishwoman, and Mr. Pitt too much interested in the ruin of France, to give her the least clue to the truth.

In order to fathom the sentiments of the opposition party the Princess cultivated the society also of the late Duchess of Devonshire, but with as little success. The opposition party foresaw too much risk in bringing anything before the house to alarm the prejudices of the nation.

The French ambassador, too, jealous of the unexplained purpose of the Princess, did all he could to render her expedition fruitless.

Nevertheless, though disappointed in some of her main objects with regard to influence and information, she became so great a favourite at the British Court[1] that she obtained full permis-

1 The Princess visited Bath, Windsor, Brighton, and many other parts of England, and associated with all

sion of the King and Queen of England to signify to her royal mistress and friend that the specific request she came to make would be complied with.

In the meantime, however, the troubles in France were so rapidly increasing from hour to

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parties. She managed her conduct so judiciously that the real object of her visit was never suspected. In all these excursions I had the honour to attend her confidentially. I was the only person entrusted with papers from her highness to Her Majesty. I had many things to copy, of which the originals went to France.

Twice during the term of her highness's residence in England I was sent by Her Majesty with papers communicating the result of the secret mission to the Queen of Naples. On the second of these two trips, being obliged to travel night and day, I could only keep my eyes open by means of the strongest coffee. When I reached my destination I was immediately compelled to decipher the despatches with the Queen of Naples in the office of the Secretary of State. That done, General Acton ordered someone, I know not whom, to conduct me, I know not where, but it was to a place where, after a sound sleep of twenty-four hours, I awoke thoroughly refreshed, and without a vestige of fatigue either of mind or body. On waking, lest anything should transpire, I was desired to quit Naples instantly, without seeing the British minister. To make assurance doubly sure, General Acton sent a person from his office to accompany me out of the city on horseback; and, to screen me from the attack of robbers, this person went on with me as far as the Roman frontier.

hour, that it became impossible for the Government to carry any of their plans into effect. This particular one, on the very eve of its accomplishment, was marred, as it was imagined, by the secret intervention of the friends of Mirabeau. The Government became more and more infirm and wavering in its purposes; the Princess was left without instructions, and under such circumstances as to expose her to the supposition of having trifled with the goodwill of Their Majesties of England.

In this dilemma, I was sent off from England to the Queen of France. I left her highness at Bath, but when I returned she had quitted Bath for Brighton. I am unacquainted with the nature of all the papers she received, but I well remember the agony they seemed to inflict on her. She sent off a packet by express that very night to Windsor.

The Princess immediately began the preparations for her return. Her own journal is explicit on this point of her history, and therefore I shall leave her to speak for herself. I must not, however, omit to mention the remark she made to

me upon the subject of her reception in Great Britain. With these, let me dismiss the present chapter.

"The general cordiality with which I have been received in your country," said her highness, "has made a lasting impression upon my heart. In particular, never shall I forget the kindness of the Queen of England, the Duchess of Devonshire, and her truly virtuous mother, Lady Spencer. It gave me a cruel pang to be obliged to undervalue the obligations with which they overwhelmed me by leaving England as I did, without giving them an opportunity of carrying their good intentions, which I had myself solicited, into effect. But we cannot command fate. Now that the King has determined to accept the constitution (and you know my sentiments upon the article respecting ecclesiastics), I conceive it my duty to follow Their Majesties' example in submitting to the laws of the nation. Be assured, *Inglesina*, it will be my ambition to bring about one of the happiest ages of French history. I shall endeavour to create that confidence so necessary for the restoration to their native land of the Princes of the

blood, and all the emigrants who abandoned the King, their families, and their country, while doubtful whether His Majesty would or would not concede this new charter; but now that the doubt exists no longer, I trust we shall all meet again the happier for the privation to which we have been doomed from absence. As the limation of the monarchy removes every kind of responsibility from the monarch, the Queen will again taste the blissful sweets she once enjoyed during the reign of Louis XV. in the domestic tranquillity of her home at Trianon. Often has she wept those times in which she will again rejoice. Oh, how I long for their return! I fly to greet the coming period of future happiness to us all!"

Postscript.

Although I am not making myself the historian of France, yet it may not be amiss to mention that it was during this absence of her highness that Necker finally retired from power and from France.

The return of this minister had been very much against the consent of Her Majesty and the King. They both feared what actually happened soon afterwards. They foresaw that he would be swept away by the current of popularity from his deference to the royal authority. It was to preserve the favour of the mob that he allowed them to commit the shocking murders of M. de Foulon (who had succeeded him on his first dismission as minister of Louis XVI.) and of Berthier, his son-in-law. The union of Necker with Orleans, on this occasion, added to the cold indifference with which Barnave in one of his speeches expressed himself concerning the shedding of human blood, certainly animated the factious assassins to methodical murder, and frustrated all the efforts of La Fayette to save these victims from the enraged populace, to whom both unfortunately fell a sacrifice.

Necker, like La Fayette, when too late, felt the absurdity of relying upon the idolatry of the populace. The one fancied he could command the Parisian *poissardes* as easily as his own battalions; and the other persuaded himself that the

mob which had been hired to carry about his bust, would as readily promulgate his theories.

But he forgot that the people in their greatest independence are only the puppets of demagogues; and he lost himself by not gaining over that class, which, of all others, possesses most power over the million, I mean the men of the bar, who, arguing more logically than the rest of the world, felt that from the new constitution the long robe was playing a losing game, and therefore discouraged a system which offered nothing to their personal ambition or private emolument. Lawyers, like priests, are never over-ripe for any changes or innovations, except such as tend to their personal interest. The more perplexed the state of public and private affairs, the better for them. Therefore, in revolutions, as a body, they remain neuter, unless it is made for their benefit to act. Individually, they are a set of necessary evils; and, for the sake of the bar, the bench, and the gibbet, require to be humoured. But any legislator who attempts to render laws clear, concise, and explanatory, and to divest them of the quibbles whereby these expounders—or confounders—of

codes, fatten on the credulity of states and the miseries of unfortunate millions, will necessarily encounter opposition, direct or indirect, in every measure at all likely to reduce the influence of this most abominable horde of human depredators. It was Necker's error to have gone so directly to the point with the lawyers that they at once saw his scope; and thus he himself defeated his hopes of their support, the want of which utterly baffled all his speculations.[1]

When Necker undertook to re-establish the finances, and to reform generally the abuses in the Government, he was the most popular minister (Lord Chatham, when the great Pitt, excepted) of any in Europe. Yet his errors were innumerable, though possessing such sound knowledge and judgment, such a superabundance of political contrivance, diplomatic coolness, and mathematical calculation, the result of deep thought aided by great practical experience.

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1 The great Frederick of Prussia, on being told of the numbers of lawyers there were in England, said he wished he had them in his country. "Why?" someone enquired. "To do the greatest benefit in my power to society."—"How so?"—"Why to hang one half as an example to the other!"

But how futile he made all these appear when he declared the national bankruptcy. Could anything be more absurd than the assumption, by the individual, of a personal instead of a national guarantee of part of a national debt? an undertaking too hazardous and by far too ambiguous, even for a monarch who is not backed by his kingdom—how doubly frantic, then, for a subject! Necker imagined that the above declaration and his own Quixotic generosity would have opened the coffers of the great body of rich proprietors, and brought them forward to aid the national crisis. But he was mistaken. The nation then had no interest in his financial system. The effect it produced was the very reverse of what was expected. Every proprietor began to fear the ambition of the minister, who undertook impossibilities. The being bound for the debts of an individual, and justifying bail in a court of law in commercial matters, affords no criterion for judging of, or regulating, the pecuniary difficulties of a nation. Necker's conduct in this case was, in my humble opinion, as impolitic as that of a man who, after telling his friends that he is

ruined past redemption, asks for a loan of money. The conclusion is, it he obtains the loan, that "the fool and his money are soon parted.[1]"

It was during the same interval of her highness's stay in England, that the discontent ran so high between the people and the clergy.

I have frequently heard the Princess Lamballe ascribe the King's not sanctioning the decrees against the clergy to the influence of his aunt, the Carmelite nun, Madame Louise. During the life of her father, Louis XV., she nearly engrossed all the Church benefices by her intrigues. She had her regular conclaves of all orders of the Church. From the bishop to the sexton, all depended on her for preferment; and, till the Revolution, she maintained equal power over the mind of Louis XVI. upon similar matters. The Queen would often express her disapprobation;

1 I prognosticate that all money concerns which may take place in Spain, unless guaranteed by the nation to the nation whose individuals undertake the supply, will end in the ruin of those who may credulously be led, for a momentary advantage, to assist in its promulgation; that, in short, it will terminate, as the French paper did, from the million to one.

but the King was so scrupulous, whenever the discussion fell on the topic of religion, that she made it a point not to contrast her opinion with his, from a conviction that she was unequal to cope with him on that head, upon which he was generally very animated.

It is perfectly certain that the French clergy, by refusing to contribute to the exigencies of the state, created some of the primary horrors of the Revolution. They enjoyed one third of the national revenues, yet they were the first to withhold their assistance from the national wants. I have heard the Princess Lamballe say, "The Princess Elizabeth and myself used our utmost exertions to induce some of the higher orders of the clergy to set the example and obtain for themselves the credit of offering up a part of the revenues, the whole of which we knew must be forfeited if they continued obstinate; but it was impossible to move them."

The characters of some of the leading dignitaries of the time sufficiently explain their selfish and pernicious conduct; when churchmen trifle with the altar, be their motives what they may,

they destroy the faith they profess, and give examples to the flock entrusted to their care, of which no foresight can measure the baleful consequences. Who that is false to his God can be expected to remain faithful to his sovereign? When a man, as a Catholic bishop, marries; and, under the mask of patriotism, becomes the declared tool of all-work to every faction, and is the weathercock, shifting to any quarter according to the wind; such a man can be of no real service to any party: and yet has a man of this kind been by turns the *primum mobile* of them all, even to the present times, and was one of those great Church fomenters of the troubles of which we speak, who disgraced the virtuous reign of Louis XVI.

CHAPTER XIX

NARRATIVE CONTINUED BY THE EDITOR—VARIOUS SCHEMES SUGGESTED FOR THE ESCAPE OF THE ROYAL FAMILY FROM FRANCE—THE QUEEN REFUSES TO GO WITHOUT HER FAMILY — POPE PIUS VI. THE ONLY SOVEREIGN WHO OFFERED HIS AID — FATAL ATTEMPT AT LAST TO ESCAPE — CAUSES OF ITS FAILURE — DEATH OF MIRABEAU

AMIDST the perplexities of the royal family it was perfectly unavoidable that repeated proposals should have been made at various times for them to escape these dangers by flight. The Queen had been frequently and most earnestly entreated to withdraw alone; and the King, the Princess Elizabeth, the Princess Lamballe, the royal children, with their little hands uplifted, and all those attached to Maria Antoinette, after the horrid business at Versailles, united to supplicate her to quit France and shelter herself from the peril

hanging over her existence. Often and often have I heard the Princess Lamballe repeat the words in which Her Majesty uniformly rejected the proposition. "I have no wish," cried the Queen, "for myself. My life or death must be encircled by the arms of my husband and my family. With them, and with them only, will I live or die."

It would have been impossible to have persuaded her to leave France without her children. If any woman on earth could have been justified in so doing, it would have been Maria Antoinette. But she was above such unnatural selfishness, though she had so many examples to encourage her; for, even amongst the members of her own family, self-preservation had been considered paramount to every other consideration.

I have heard the Princess say that Pope Pius VI. was the only one of all the sovereigns who offered the slightest condolence or assistance to Louis XVI. and his family. "The Pope's letter," added she, "when shown to me by the Queen, drew tears from my eyes. It really was in a style of such Christian tenderness and princely feeling as could only be dictated by a pious and

illuminated head of the Christian Church. He implored not only all the family of Louis XVI. but even extended his entreaties to me (the Princess Lamballe) to leave Paris, and save themselves, by taking refuge in his dominions, from the horrors which so cruelly overwhelmed them. The King's aunts were the only ones who profited by the invitation. Madame Elizabeth was to have been of the party, but could not be persuaded to leave the King and Queen."

As the clouds grew more threatening, it is scarcely to be credited how many persons interested themselves for the same purpose, and what numberless schemes were devised to break the fetters which had been imposed on the royal family by their jailers, the assembly.

A party, unknown to the King and Queen, was even forming under the direction of the Princess Elizabeth; but as soon as Their Majesties were apprized of it, it was given up as dangerous to the interests of the royal family, because it thwarted the plans of the Marquis de Bouillé. Indeed, Her Majesty could never be brought to determine on any plan for her own or the King's

safety until their royal aunts, the Princesses Victoria and Adelaide, had left Paris.

The first attempt to fly was made early in the year 1791, at St. Cloud, where the horses had been in preparation nearly a fortnight; but the scheme was abandoned in consequence of having been entrusted to too many persons. This the Queen acknowledged. She had it often in her power to escape alone with her son, but would not consent.

The second attempt was made in the spring of the same year at Paris. The guards shut the gates of the Tuileries, and would not allow the King's carriage to pass. Even though a large sum of money had been expended to form a party to overpower the mutineers, the treacherous mercenaries did not appear. The expedition was, of course, obliged to be relinquished. Many of the royal household were very ill-treated, and some lives unfortunately lost.

At last, the deplorable journey did take place. The intention had been communicated by Her Majesty to the Princess Lamballe before she went abroad, and it was agreed that, whenever it was

carried into effect, the Queen should write to her highness from Montmédi, where the two friends were once more to have been reunited.

Soon after the departure of the Princess, the arrangements for the fatal journey to Varennes were commenced, but with blamable and fatal carelessness.

Mirabeau was the first person who advised the King to withdraw; but he recommended that it should be alone, or, at most, with the Dauphin only. He was of opinion that the overthrow of the constitution could not be achieved while the royal family remained in Paris. His first idea was that the King should go to the sea-coast, where he would have it in his power instantly to escape to England, if the assembly, through his (Mirabeau's) means, did not comply with the royal propositions. Though many of the King's advisers were for a distinct and open rejection of the constitution, it was the decided impression of Mirabeau that he ought to stoop to conquer, and temporize by an instantaneous acceptance, through which he might gain time to put himself in an attitude to make such terms as would at

once neutralize the act and the faction by which it was forced upon him. Others imagined that His Majesty was too conscientious to avail himself of any such subterfuge, and that, having once given his sanction, he would adhere to it rigidly. This third party of the royal counsellors were therefore for a cautious consideration of the document, clause by clause, dreading the consequences of an *ex abrupto* signature in binding the sovereign, not only against his policy, but his will.

In the midst of all these distracting doubts, however, the departure was resolved upon. Mirabeau had many interviews with the Count de Fersen upon the subject. It was his great object to prevent the flight from being encumbered. But the King would not be persuaded to separate himself from the Queen and the rest of the family, and entrusted the project to too many advisers. Had he been guided by Fersen only, he would have succeeded.

The natural consequence of a secret being in so many hands was felt in the result. Those whom it was most important to keep in ignorance

were the first on the alert. The weakness of the Queen in insisting upon taking a remarkable dressing-case with her, and, to get it away unobserved, ordering a fac-simile to be made under the pretext of intending it as a present to her sister at Brussels, awakened the suspicion of a favourite, but false female attendant, then intriguing with the aide-de-camp of La Fayette. The rest is easily to be conceived. The assembly were apprized of all the preparations for the departure a week or more before it occurred. La Fayette himself, it is believed, knew and encouraged it, that he might have the glory of stopping the fugitive himself; but he was over-ruled by the assembly.

When the secretary of the Austrian ambassador came publicly, by arrangement, to ask permission of the Queen to take the model of the dressing-case in question, the very woman to whom I have alluded was in attendance at Her Majesty's toilet. The paramour of the woman was with her, watching the motions of the royal family on the night they passed from their own apartments to those of the Duke de Villequie in

order to get into the carriage; and by this paramour was La Fayette instantly informed of the departure. The traitress discovered that Her Majesty was on the eve of setting off by seeing her diamonds packed up. All these things were fully known to the assembly, of which the Queen herself was afterwards apprized by the Mayor of Paris.[1]

In the suite of the Count de Fersen,[2] there was a young Swede who had an intrigue purposely with one of the Queen's women, from whom he obtained many important disclosures relative to the times. The Swede mentioned this to his patron, who advised Her Majesty to discharge a certain number of these women, among whom was the one who afterwards proved her

1 See Madame Campan's work, p. 146, vol. ii.

2 Alvise de Pisani, the last Venetian ambassador to the King, who was my husband's particular friend, and with whom I was myself long acquainted, and have been ever since to this day, as well as with all his noble family, during my many years' residence at Venice, told me this circumstance while walking with him at his country seat at Strà, which was subsequently taken from him by Napoleon, and made the imperial palace of the viceroy, and is now that of the German reigning prince.

betrayer. It was suggested to dismiss a number at once, that the guilty person might not suspect the exclusion to be levelled against her in particular. Had the Queen allowed herself to be directed in this affair by Fersen, the chain of communication would have been broken, and the royal family would not have been stopped at Varennes, but have got clear out of France, many hours before they could have been perceived by the assembly; but Her Majesty never could believe that she had anything to fear from the quarter against which she was warned.

It is not generally known that a very considerable sum had been given to the head recruiting sergeant, Mirabeau, to enlist such of the constituents as could be won with gold to be ready with a majority in favour of the royal fugitives. But the death of Mirabeau, previous to this event, leaves it doubtful how far he distributed the bribes conscientiously; indeed, it is rather to be questioned whether he did not retain the money, or much of it, in his own hands, since the strongly hoped for and dearly paid majority never gave proof of existence, either before

or after the journey to Varennes. Immense bribes were also given to the Mayor of Paris, which proved equally ineffective.

Had Mirabeau lived till the affair of Varennes, it is not impossible that his genius might have given a different complexion to the result. He had already treated with the Queen and the Princess for a reconciliation; and in the apartments of her highness, disguised in a monk's dress, had frequent evening, and early morning, audiences of the Queen.

It is pretty certain, however, that the recantation of Mirabeau, from avowed democracy to aristocracy and royalty, through the medium of enriching himself by a *salva regina*, made his friends prepare for him that just retribution, which ended in a *de profundis*. At a period when all his vices were called to aid one virtuous action, his thread of vicious life was shortened, and he, no doubt, became the victim of his insatiable avarice. That he was poisoned is not to be disproved; though it was thought necessary to keep it from the knowledge of the people.

I have often heard her highness say, "When

I reflect on the precautions which were taken to keep the interviews with Mirabeau profoundly secret — that he never conversed but with the King, the Queen, and myself—his untimely death must be attributed to his own indiscreet enthusiasm, in having confidentially entrusted the success with which he flattered himself, from the ascendency he had gained over the Court, to someone who betrayed him. His death, so very unexpectedly, and at that crisis, made a deep impression on the mind of the Queen. She really believed him capable of redressing the monarchy, and he certainly was the only one of the turncoat constitutionalists in whom she placed any confidence. Would to Heaven that she had had more in Barnave, and that she had listened to Dumourier! These *I* would have trusted more, far more readily than the mercenary Mirabeau!"

I now return, once more, to the journal of the Princess.

CHAPTER XX

JOURNAL RESUMED—THE PRINCESS LAMBALLE RECEIVES A RING FROM THE QUEEN SET WITH HER OWN HAIR, WHICH HAD WHITENED FROM GRIEF—LETTER OF THE QUEEN TO THE PRINCESS LAMBALLE — JOY OF THE ROYAL FAMILY ON THE RETURN OF HER HIGHNESS TO PARIS — MEETING WITH THE QUEEN — CONVERSATION WITH HER MAJESTY ON THE STATE OF THE NATION AND REMEDIES FOR ITS DISORDERS—DEPUTIES ATTEND THE DRAWING-ROOM OF THE PRINCESS—BARNAVE AND OTHERS PERSUADE HER TO ATTEND THE DEBATES OF THE ASSEMBLY—SHE HEARS ROBESPIERRE DENOUNCE THE DEPUTIES WHO CAUSED HER ATTENDANCE—EARNESTNESS OF THE KING AND QUEEN IN THEIR BEHALF —ROBESPIERRE BRIBED TO SUSPEND THE ACCUSATION —FÊTES ON THE ACCEPTANCE OF THE CONSTITUTION— INSULTS TO THE ROYAL PARTY—AGONY OF THE QUEEN ON HER RETURN—CONVERSATION WITH M. DE MONTMORIN ON PLANS NECESSARY TO BE PURSUED—DETERMINATION FOR THE QUEEN TO GO TO VIENNA

"IN the midst of the perplexing debates upon the course most advisable with regard to the constitution after the unfortunate return from

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Varennes, I sent off my little English amanuensis to Paris to bring me, through the means of another trusty person I had placed about the Queen, the earliest information concerning the situation of affairs. On her return she brought me a ring, which Her Majesty had graciously condescended to send me, set with her own hair, which had whitened like that of a person of eighty, from the anguish the Varennes affair had wrought upon her mind; and bearing the inscription, 'Bleached by sorrow.' This ring was accompanied by the following letter:—

"'My dearest Friend,—

"'The King has made up his mind to the acceptance of the constitution, and it will ere long be proclaimed publicly. A few days ago I was secretly waited upon and closeted in your apartment with many of our faithful friends,—in particular, Alexander Lameth, Duport, Barnave, Montmorin, Bertrand de Moleville, et cætera. The two latter opposed the King's council, the ministers, and the numerous other advisers of an immediate and unscrutinizing acceptance. They were a small minority, and could not prevail with me to exercise my influence with His Majesty in support of their opinion, when all the rest

seemed so confident that a contrary course must re-establish the tranquility of the nation and our own happiness, weaken the party of the Jacobins against us, and greatly increase that of the nation in our favour.

"'Your absence obliged me to call Elizabeth to my aid in managing the coming and going of the deputies to and from the Pavilion of Flora, unperceived by the spies of our enemies. She executed her charge so adroitly, that the visitors were not seen by any of the household. Poor Elizabeth! little did I look for such circumspection in one so unacquainted with the intrigues of Court, or the dangers surrounding us, which they would now fain persuade us no longer exist. God grant it may be so! and that I may once more freely embrace and open my heart to the only friend I have nearest to it. But though this is my most ardent wish, yet, my dear, dearest Lamballe, I leave it to yourself to act as your feelings dictate. Many about us profess to see the future as clear as the sun at noon-day. But, I confess, my vision is still dim. I cannot look into events with the security of others who confound logic with their wishes. The King, Elizabeth, and all of us, are anxious for your return. But it would grieve us sorely for you to come back to such scenes as you have already witnessed. Judge and act from your own impressions. If we do not see you, send me the result of your inter-

view at the precipice.[1] *Vostra cara picciola Inglesina*[2] will deliver you many letters. After looking over the envelopes, you will either send her with them as soon as possible or forward them as addressed, as you may think most advisable at the time you receive them.

"'Ever, ever, and for ever,

"'Your affectionate,

"'MARIE ANTOINETTE.'

"There was another hurried and abrupt note from Her Majesty among these papers, obviously written later than the first. It lamented the cruel privations to which she was doomed at the Tuileries, in consequence of the impeded flight, and declared, that what the royal family were forced to suffer from being totally deprived of every individual of their former friends and attendants to condole with, excepting the equally oppressed and unhappy Princess Elizabeth, was utterly insupportable.

"On the receipt of these much esteemed epistles, I returned, as my duty directed, to the best of Queens, and most sincere of friends. My

1 The name the Queen gave to Mr. Pitt.

2 The appellation by which the Princess and Her Majesty always condescended to distinguish me.

arrival at Paris, though so much wished for, was totally unexpected.

"At our first meeting, the Queen was so agitated that she was utterly at a loss to explain the satisfaction she felt in beholding me once more near her royal person. Seeing the ring on my finger, which she had done me the honour of sending me, she pointed to her hair, once so beautiful, but now, like that of an old woman, not only gray, but deprived of all its softness, quite stiff and dried up.

"Madame Elizabeth, the King, and the rest of our little circle, lavished on me the most endearing caresses. The dear Dauphin said to me, 'You will not go away again, I hope, Princess? Oh, mamma has cried so since you left us!

"I had wept enough before, but this dear little angel brought tears into the eyes of us all.

"When I mentioned to Her Majesty the affectionate sympathy expressed by the King and Queen of England in her sufferings, and their regret at the state of public affairs in France, 'It is most noble and praiseworthy in them to feel thus,' exclaimed Maria Antoinette; 'and the

more so considering the illiberal part imputed to us against those sovereigns in the rebellion of their ultramarine subjects, to which, Heaven knows, I never gave my approbation. Had I done so, how poignant would be my remorse at the retribution of our own sufferings, and the pity of those I had so injured! No. I was, perhaps, the only silent individual amongst millions of infatuated enthusiasts at General La Fayette's return to Paris, nor did I sanction any of the fêtes given to Dr. Franklin, or the American ambassadors at the time. I could not conceive it prudent for the Queen of an absolute monarchy to countenance any of their new-fangled philosophical experiments with my presence. Now, I feel the reward in my own conscience. I exult in my freedom from a self-reproach, which would have been altogether insupportable under the kindness of which you speak.'

"As soon as I was settled in my apartment, which was on the same floor with that of the Queen, she condescended to relate to me every particular of her unfortunate journey. I saw the pain it gave her to retrace the scenes, and begged

her to desist till time should have, in some degree, assuaged the poignancy of her feelings. 'That,' cried she, embracing me, 'can never be! Never, never will that horrid circumstance of my life lose its vividness in my recollection. What agony, to have seen those faithful servants tied before us on the carriage, like common criminals! All, all may be attributed to the King's goodness of heart, which produces want of courage, nay, even timidity, in the most trying scenes. As poor King Charles the First, when he was betrayed in the Isle of Wight, would have saved himself, and perhaps thousands, had he permitted the sacrifice of one traitor, so might Louis XVI. have averted calamities so fearful, that I dare not name, though I distinctly foresee them, had he exerted his authority where he only called up his compassion.'

"'For Heaven's sake,' replied I, 'do not torment yourself by these cruel recollections!'

"'These are gone by,' continued Her Majesty, 'and greater still than even these. How can I describe my grief at what I endured in the assembly, from the studied humiliation to which the King and the royal authority were there reduced

in the face of the national representatives! from seeing the King on his return choked with anguish at the mortifications to which I was doomed to behold the majesty of a French sovereign humbled! These events bespeak clouds, which, like the horrid waterspout at sea, nothing can dispel but cannon! The dignity of the crown, the sovereignty itself, is threatened; and this I shall write this very night to the Emperor. I see no hope of internal tranquility without the powerful aid of foreign force.[1]

1 The only difference of any moment which ever existed between the Queen and the Princess Lamballe as to their sentiments on the Revolution was on this subject. Her highness wished Maria Antoinette to rely on the many persons who had offered and promised to serve the cause of the monarchy with their internal resources, and not depend on the Princes and foreign armies. This salutary advice she never could enforce on the Queen's mind, though she had to that effect been importuned by upwards of two hundred persons, all zealous to show their penitence for former errors by their present devotedness.

"Whenever," observed her highness, "we came to that point, the Queen (upon seriously reflecting that these persons had been active instruments in promoting the first changes in the monarchy, for which she never forgave them from her heart) would hesitate and doubt; and never could I bring Her Majesty definitely to believe the profferers to be sincere. Hence, they were trifled with, till one by one she either lost them, or saw them sacrificed to an attachment, which her own distrust and indecision rendered fruitless."

The King has allowed himself to be too much led to attempt to recover his power through any sort of mediation. Still, the very idea of owing our liberty to a foreign army distracts me for the consequences.'

"My re-instatement in my apartments at the Pavilion of Flora seemed not only to give universal satisfaction to every individual of the royal family, but it was hailed with much enthusiasm by many deputies of the constituent assembly. I was honoured with the respective visits of all who were in any degree well disposed to the royal cause.

"One day, when Barnave and others were present with the Queen, 'Now,' exclaimed one of the deputies, 'now that this good Princess is returned to her adopted country, the active zeal of her highness, coupled with Your Majesty's powerful influence over the mind of the King for the welfare of his subjects, will give fresh vigour to the full execution of the constitution.'

"My visitors were earnest in their invitations for me to go to the assembly to hear an interesting discussion, which was to be brought forward upon

the King's spontaneous acceptance of the constitution.

"I went; and amidst the plaudits for the good King's condescension, how was my heart lacerated to hear Robespierre denounce three of the most distinguished of the members, who had requested my attendance, as traitors to their country!

"This was the first and only assembly discussion I ever attended; and how dearly did I pay for my curiosity! I was accompanied by my *cara Inglesina*, who, always on the alert, exclaimed, 'Let me entreat your highness not to remain any longer in this place. You are too deeply moved to dissemble.'

"I took her judicious advice, and the moment I could leave the assembly unperceived, I hastened back to the Queen to beg her, for God's sake, to be upon her guard; for, from what I had just heard at the assembly, I feared the Jacobins had discovered her plans with Barnave, Lameth, Duport, and others of the royal party. Her countenance, for some minutes, seemed to be the only sensitive part of her. It was perpetually

shifting from a high florid colour to the paleness of death. When her first emotions gave way to nature, she threw herself into my arms, and, for some time, her feelings were so overcome by the dangers which threatened these worthy men, that she could only in the bitterness of her anguish exclaim, 'Oh! this is all on my account!' And I think she was almost as much alarmed for the safety of these faithful men, as she had been for that of the King on the 17th of July, when the Jacobins in the Champ de Mars called out to have the King brought to trial—a day of which the horrors were never effaced from her memory!

"The King and the Princess Elizabeth fortunately came in at the moment; but even our united efforts were unavailable. The grief of Her Majesty at feeling herself the cause of the misfortunes of these faithful adherents, now devoted victims of their earnestness in foiling the machinations against the liberty and life of the King and herself, made her nearly frantic. She too well knew that to be accused was to incur instant death. That she retained her senses under the convulsion of her feelings can only be ascribed to

that wonderful strength of mind, which triumphed over every bodily weakness, and still sustains her under every emergency.

"The King and the Princess Elizabeth, by whom Barnave had been much esteemed ever since the journey from Varennes, were both inconsolable. I really believe the Queen entirely owed her instantaneous recovery from that deadly lethargic state in which she had been thrown by her grief for the destined sacrifice, to the exuberant goodness of the King's heart, who instantly resolved to compromise his own existence, to save those who had forfeited theirs for him and his family.

"Seeing the emotion of the Queen, 'I will go myself to the assembly,' said Louis XVI. 'and declare their innocence!'

"The Queen sprang forward, as if on the wings of an angel, and grasping the King in her arms, cried, 'Will you hasten their deaths by confirming the impression of your keeping up an understanding with them? Gracious Heaven! Oh, that I could recall the acts of attachment they have shown us, since to these they are now

falling victims! I would save them,' continued Her Majesty, 'with my own blood; but, sire, it is useless. We should only expose ourselves to the vindictive spirit of the Jacobins without aiding the cause of our devoted friends.

"'Who,' asked she, 'was the guilty wretch that accused our unfortunate Barnave?"

"'Robespierre.'

"'Robespierre!' echoed Her Majesty. 'Oh God! then he is numbered with the dead! This fellow is too fond of blood to be tempted with money. But you, sire, must not interfere!"

"Notwithstanding these doubts, however, I undertook, at the King and Queen's most earnest desire, to get someone to feel the pulse of Robespierre, for the salvation of these our only palladium to the constitutional monarchy. To the first application, though made through the medium of one of his earliest college intimates, Carrier, the wretch was utterly deaf and insensible. Of this failure I hastened to apprize Her Majesty. 'Was any sum,' asked she, 'named as a compensation for suspending this trial?'—'None,' replied I; 'I had no commands to that effect.'—'Then let

the attempt be renewed, and back it with the argument of a cheque for a hundred thousand livres on M. Laborde. He has saved my life and the King's, and, as far as is in my power, I am determined to save his. Barnave has exposed his life more than any of our unfortunate friends, and if we can but succeed in saving him, he will speedily be enabled to save his colleagues. Should the sum I name be insufficient, my jewels shall be disposed of to make up a larger one. Fly to your agent, dear Princess! Lose not a moment to intercede in behalf of these our only true friends!'

"I did so, and was fortunate enough to gain over to my personal entreaties one who had the courage to propose the business; and a hundred and fifty thousand livres procured them a suspension of accusation. All, however, are still watched with such severity of scrutiny that I tremble, even now, for the result.[1]

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1 And with reason; for all, eventually, were sacrificed upon the scaffold. Carrier was the factotum in all the cool, deliberate, sanguinary operations of Robespierre; when he saw the cheque, he said to the Princess Lamballe: "Madam, though your personal charms and mental virtues had completely influenced all the authority I could exercise

"It was in the midst of such apprehensions, which struck terror into the hearts of the King and Queen, that the Tuileries resounded with cries of multitudes hired to renew those shouts of 'Vive le roi! vive la famille royale!' which were once spontaneous.

"In one of the moments of our deepest affliction, multitudes were thronging the gardens and enjoying the celebration of the acceptance of the constitution. What a contrast to the feelings of the unhappy inmates of the palace! We may well say, that many an aching heart rides in a carriage, while the pedestrian is happy!

"The fêtes on this occasion were very brilliant. The King, the Queen, and the royal family were invited to take part in this first national festival. They did so, by appearing in their carriage through the streets of Paris, and the Champs Elysées, escorted only by the Parisian guard, there being no other at the time. The mob was so great, that the royal carriage could only keep pace with the foot passengers.

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in favour of your *protégé*, without this interesting argument I should not have had courage to have renewed the business with the principal agent of life and death."

"Their Majesties were in general well received. The only exceptions were a few of the Jacobin members of the assembly, who, even on this occasion, sought every means to afflict the hearts, and shock the ears of their Majesties, by causing republican principles to be vociferated at the very doors of their carriage.

"The good sense of the King and Queen prevented them from taking any notice of these insults while in public; but no sooner had they returned to the castle, than the Queen gave way to her grief at the premeditated humiliation she was continually witnessing to the majesty of the constitutional monarchy; an insult less to the King himself than to the nation, which had acknowledged him their sovereign.

"When the royal party entered the apartment, they found M. de Montmorin with me, who had come to talk over these matters, secure that at such a moment we should not be surprised.

"On hearing the Queen's observation, M. de Montmorin made no secret of the necessity there was of Their Majesties dissembling their feelings; the avowal of which, he said, would only tend to

forward the triumph of Jacobinism, 'which,' added he, 'I am sorry to see predominates in the assembly, and keeps in subordination all the public and private clubs.' [1]

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1 I recollect a letter from the Princess Lamballe to the Queen upon the subject of the constitution and its supporters, in which her highness observes that she believed Barnave, Duport, Lameth, and the sixty-two other deputies detached by them from the left side of the assembly, to be the only members who entered *bonâ fide* into the spirit of the times. The Princess was persuaded that they, and they only, were sincerely disposed to uphold the constitutional monarchy; and she earnestly advised Her Majesty to profit by their counsel, and warned her against all the rest, whom she deemed actuated by private motives, personal resentments, or ambition—treacherous conspirators, looking to their own aggrandizement, building *chateaux en Espagne*, or from more criminal motives injuring alike the royal authority and the progress of the constitutional system by disunion among themselves, notwithstanding the immense, the incalculable sums expended by the Court for its promulgation.

One-tenth of the money thus impotently lavished would have been more than sufficient to have secured the assistance of the most effective mercenary military force which, well directed, would have established the national tranquility and the constitutional monarchical authority; but the first rational proposers of limited monarchy were considered so criminal in their ideas by all those who have unfortunately suffered on the scaffold for their folly in rejecting it, that they were not only never listened to, but never forgiven; and had a change taken place in favour of the executive

"'What!' exclaimed the Princess Elizabeth, 'can that be possible, after the King has accepted the constitution?'

"'Yes,' said the Queen; 'these people, my dear Elizabeth, wish for a constitution which sanctions the overthrow of him by whom it has been granted.'

"'In this,' observed M. de Montmorin, 'as on some other points, I perfectly agree with Your Majesty and the King, notwithstanding I have been opposed by the whole council and many other honest constituent members, as well as the

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royal authority no measures would have been observed, and one and all would have been exiled from France. This I have heard repeatedly asserted by the Princess Lamballe, who disapproved of it as a maxim, and often told the Queen so; but it was adopted by all the Princes of the Blood, who uniformly counselled the King to adhere rather to the Jacobin party than to the constitutional, from an idea that they would be much more easily got rid of.

These sentiments were never generally known. They were circumscribed to those immediately concerned. But if we take a retrospective view of the different stages and manœuvres of the Revolution, it will clearly appear, from the total desertion of the royal party, that there must have been well founded circumstances of premeditated vengeance, so thoroughly to have paralyzed every operation they attempted.

cabinet of Vienna. And it is still, as it has ever been, my firm opinion, that the King ought, previous to the acceptance of the constitution, to have been allowed, for the security of its future organization, to have examined it maturely; which, not having been the case, I foresee the dangerous situation in which His Majesty stands, and I foresee, too, the non-promulgation of this charter. Malouet, who is an honest man, is of my opinion. Duport, Lameth, Barnave, and even La Fayette are intimidated at the prevailing spirit of the Jacobins. They were all with the best intentions for Your Majesty's present safety, for the acceptance *in toto*, but without reflecting on the consequences which must follow should the nation be deceived. But I, who am, and ever shall be, attached to royalty, regret the step, though I am clear in my impression as to the only course which ought to succeed it. The throne can now only be made secure by the most unequivocal frankness of proceeding on the part of the crown. It is not enough to have conceded, it is necessary also to show that the concession has some more solid origin than mere expediency. It should be

made with a good grace. Every motive of prudence, as well as of necessity, requires that the monarch himself, and all those most interested for his safety, should, neither in looks, manners, or conversation, seem as if they felt a regret for what has been lost, but rather appear satisfied with what has been bestowed.'

"'In that case,' said the Queen, 'we should lose all the support of the royalists.'

"'Every royalist, madam,' replied he, 'who, at this critical crisis, does not avow the sentiments of a constitutionalist, is a nail in the King's untimely coffin.'

"'Gracious God!' cried the Queen; 'that would destroy the only hope which still flatters our drooping existence. Symptoms of moderation, or any conciliatory measures we might be inclined to show, of our free will, to the constitutionalists, would be immediately considered as a desertion of our supporters, and treachery to ourselves, by the royalists.'

"'It would be placed entirely out of my power, madam,' replied M. de Montmorin, 'to make my attachment to the persons of Your

Majesties available for the maintenance of your rights, did I permit the factious, overbearing party which prevails, to see into my real zeal for the restoration of the royal authority, so necessary for their own future honour, security, and happiness. Could they see this, I should be accused as a national traitor, or even worse, and sent out of the world by a sudden death of ignominy, merely to glut their hatred of monarchy; and it is therefore I dissemble.'

"'I perfectly agree with you,' answered the Queen. 'That cruel moment when I witnessed the humiliating state to which royalty had been reduced by the constituents, when they placed the President of their assembly upon a level with the King; gave a plebeian, exercising his functions *pro tempore*, prerogatives in the face of the nation to trample down hereditary monarchy and legislative authority—that cruel moment discovered the fatal truth. In the anguish of my heart, I told His Majesty that he had outlived his kingly authority.' Here she burst into tears, hiding her face in her handkerchief.

"With the mildness of a saint, the angelic

Princess Elizabeth exclaimed, turning to the King, 'Say something to the Queen, to calm her anguish!'

"'It will be of no avail,' said the King; 'her grief adds to my affliction. I have been the innocent cause of her participating in this total ruin, and as it is only her fortitude which has hitherto supported me, with the same philosophical and religious resignation we must await what fate destines!"

"'Yes,' observed M. de Montmorin; 'but Providence has also given us the rational faculty of opposing imminent danger, and by activity and exertion obviating its consequences.'

"'In what manner, sir?' cried the Queen; 'tell me how this is to be effected, and, with the King's sanction, I am ready to do anything to avert the storm, which so loudly threatens the august head of the French nation.'

"'Vienna, madam,' replied he; 'Vienna! Your Majesty's presence at Vienna would do more for the King's safety and the nation's future tranquility, than the most powerful army.'

"'We have long since suggested,' said the

Princess Elizabeth, 'that Her Majesty should fly from France and take refuge—'

"'Pardon me, Princess,' interrupted M. de Montmorin, 'it is not for refuge solely I would have Her Majesty go thither. It is to give efficacy to the love she bears the King and his family, in being there the powerful advocate to check the fallacious march of a foreign army to invade us for the subjection of the French nation. All these external attempts will prove abortive, and only tend to exasperate the French to crime and madness. Here I coincide with my co-adjutors, Barnave, Duport, Lameth, &c. The principle on which the re-establishment of the order and tranquility of France depends, can only be effected by the non-interference of foreign powers. Let them leave the rational resources of our own internal force to re-establish our real interests, which every honest Frenchman will strive to secure, if not thwarted by the threats and menaces of those who have no right to interfere. Besides, madam, they are too far from us to afford immediate relief from the present dangers, internally surrounding us. These are the points of fearful

import. It is not the threats and menaces of a foreign army which can subdue a nation's internal factions. These only rouse them to prolong disorders. National commotions can only be quelled by national spirit, whose fury, once exhausted on those who have aroused it, leave it free to look within, and work a reform upon itself.'

"M. de Montmorin, after many other prudent exhortations and remarks, and some advice with regard to the King and Queen's household, took his leave. He was no sooner gone than it was decided by the King that Maria Antoinette, accompanied by myself and some other ladies, and the gentlemen of the bedchamber, couriers, &c., should set out forthwith for Vienna.[1]

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1 The Princess Lamballe sent me directions that very evening, some time after midnight, to be at our place of rendezvous early in the morning. I was overjoyed at the style of the note. It was the least mysterious I had ever received from her highness. I inferred that some fortunate event had occurred, with which, knowing how deeply I was interested in the fate of her on whom my own so much depended, she was eager to make me acquainted.

But what was my surprise, on entering the church fixed on for the meeting, to see the Queen's unknown confessor beckoning me to come to him. I approached. He bade me

"To say why this purpose was abandoned is unnecessary. The same fatality, which renders every project unattainable, threw insuperable impediments in the way of this.

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wait till after Mass, when he had something to communicate from the Princess.

This confessor officiated in the place of the one whom Mirabeau had seduced to take the constitutional oath. The Queen and Princess confessed to him in the private apartment of her highness on the ground floor; though it was never known where, or to whom they confessed, after the treachery of the royal confessor. This faithful and worthy successor was only known as "*the unknown.*" I never heard who he was, or what was his name.

The Mass being over, I followed him into the sacristy. He told me that the Princess, by Her Majesty's command, wished me to set off immediately for Strasburg, and there await the arrival of her highness, to be in readiness to follow her and Her Majesty for the copying of the cipher, as they were going to Vienna.

When everything, however, had been settled for their departure, which it was agreed was to take place from the house of Count de Fersen, the resolution was suddenly changed; but I was desired to hold myself in readiness for another journey.

CHAPTER XXI

JOURNAL CONTINUED—EFFECT ON THE QUEEN OF THE DEATH OF HER BROTHERS, THE EMPERORS JOSEPH AND LEOPOLD—CHANGE IN THE QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD DURING THE ABSENCE OF THE PRINCESS—CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES—COURSE PURSUED BY THE PRINCESS —COMMUNICATION FROM M. LAPORTE, HEAD OF THE KING'S POLICE, OF A PLOT TO POISON THE QUEEN AND ROYAL FAMILY—PLANS TO PREVENT ITS ACCOMPLISHMENT — CONVERSATIONS BETWEEN THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCESS, AND BETWEEN THE KING AND THE QUEEN UPON THE SUBJECT

"THE news of the death of the Emperor Leopold, in the midst of the other distresses of Her Majesty, afflicted her very deeply; the more so because she had every reason to think he fell a victim to the active part he took in her favour. Externally, this monarch certainly demonstrated no very great inclination to become a member of the coalition of Pilnitz. He judged, very justly, that his brother Joseph had not only defeated his own purposes by too openly and violently asserting the cause of their unfortunate sister, but had de-

stroyed himself, and, therefore, selected what he deemed the safer and surer course of secret support. But all his caution proved abortive. The assembly knew his manœuvres as well as he himself did. He died an untimely death; and the Queen was assured, from undoubted authority, that both Joseph and Leopold were poisoned in their medicines.

"During my short absence in England, the King's household had undergone a complete change. When the emigration first commenced, a revolution in the officers of the Court took place, but it was of a nature different from this last; and, by destroying itself, left the field open to those who now made the palace so intolerable. The first change to which I refer arose as follows.

"The greater part of the high offices being vacated by the succession of the most distinguished nobility, many places fell to persons who had all their lives occupied very subordinate situations. These, to retain their offices, were indiscreet enough publicly to declare their dissent from all the measures of the assembly; an absurdity, which, at the commencement, was encouraged by the

Court, till the extreme danger of encouraging it was discovered too late; and when once the error had been tolerated, and rewarded, it was found impossible to check it, and stop these fatal tongues. The Queen, who disliked the character of capriciousness, for a long time allowed the injury to go on, by continuing about her those who inflicted it. The error, which arose from delicacy, was imputed to a very different and less honourable feeling, till the clamour became so great, that she was obliged to yield to it, and dismiss those who had acted with so much indiscretion.

"The King and Queen did not dare now to express themselves on the subject of the substitutes who were to succeed. Consequently they became surrounded by persons placed by the assembly as spies. The most conspicuous situations were filled by the meanest persons—not, as in the former case, by such as had risen, though by accident, still regularly to their places—but by myrmidons of the prevailing power, to whom Their Majesties were compelled to submit, because their rulers willed it. All orders of nobility were abolished. All the Court ladies, not attached to

the King and Queen personally, abandoned the Court. No one would be seen at the Queen's card parties, once so crowded, and so much sought after. We were entirely reduced to the family circle. The King, when weary of playing with the Princess Elizabeth and the Queen, would retire to his apartments without uttering a word, not from sullenness, but overcome by silent grief.

"The Queen was occupied continually by the extensive correspondence she had to carry on with the foreign sovereigns, the princes, and the different parties. Her Majesty once gave me nearly thirty letters she had written in the course of two days, which were forwarded by my *cara Inglesina—cara* indeed! for she was of the greatest service.[1]

"Her Majesty slept very little. But her courage never slackened; and neither her health, nor her general amiableness, was in the least

1 I here copy the very words of that angelic victim, not from vanity to myself, but merely to do justice to the goodness of her heart, which at the moment she was so deeply engrossed in matters of such importance, could divert her attention to the remembrance of the little services it was my duty and my good fortune to perform.

affected. Though few females could be more sensible than herself to poignant mortification at seeing her former splendour hourly decrease, yet she never once complained. She was, in this respect, a real stoic.

"The palace was now become, what it still remains, like a police office. It was filled with spies and runners. Every member of the assembly, by some means or other, had his respective emissary. All the ante-chambers were peopled by inveterate Jacobins, by those whose greatest pleasure was to insult the ears and minds of all whom they considered above themselves in birth, or rank, or virtue. So completely were the decencies of life abolished, that common respect was withheld even from the royal family.

"I was determined to persevere in my usual line of conduct, of which the King and Queen very much approved. Without setting up for a person of importance, I saw all who wished for public or private audiences of Their Majesties. I carried on no intrigues, and only discharged the humble duties of my situation to the best of my ability for the general good, and to secure, as far

as possible, the comfort of Their Majesties, who really were to be pitied, utterly friendless and forsaken as they were.

"M. Laporte, the head of the King's private police, came to me one day in great consternation. He had discovered that schemes were on foot to poison all the royal family, and that in a private committee of the assembly considerable pensions had been offered for the perpetration of the crime. Its facility was increased, as far as regarded the Queen, by the habit to which Her Majesty had accustomed herself of always keeping powdered sugar at hand, which, without referring to her attendants, she would herself mix with water and drink as a beverage whenever she was thirsty.

"I entreated M. Laporte not to disclose the conspiracy to the Queen till I had myself had an opportunity of apprizing her of his praiseworthy zeal. He agreed, on condition that precautions should be immediately adopted with respect to the persons who attended the kitchen. This, I assured him, should be done on the instant.

"At the period I mention, all sorts of etiquette had been abolished. The custom which

prevented my appearing before the Queen except at stated hours, had long since been discontinued; and as all the other individuals who came before or after the hours of service were eyed with distrust, and I remained the only one whose access to Their Majesties was free and unsuspected, though it was very early when M. Laporte called, I thought it my duty to hasten immediately to my royal mistress.

"I found her in bed. 'Has Your Majesty breakfasted?' said I.

"'No,' replied she; 'will you breakfast with me?'

"'Most certainly,' said I, 'if Your Majesty will insure me against being poisoned.'

"At the word *poison* Her Majesty started up and looked at me very earnestly, and with a considerable degree of alarm.

"'I am only joking,' continued I; 'I will breakfast with Your Majesty if you will give me tea.'

"Tea was presently brought, 'In this,' said I, 'there is no danger.'

"'What do you mean?' asked Her Majesty.

"'I am ordered,' replied I, taking up a lump of sugar, 'not to drink chocolate, or coffee, or anything with *powdered* sugar. These are times when caution alone can prevent our being sent out of the world with all our sins upon our heads.'

"'I am very glad to hear you say so; for you have reason to be particular, after what you once so cruelly suffered from poison. But what has brought that again into your mind just now?"

"'Well, then, since Your Majesty approves of my circumspection, allow me to say I think it advisable that we should, at a moment like this especially, abstain from all sorts of food by which our existence may be endangered. For my own part, I mean to give up all made dishes, and confine myself to the simplest diet.'

"'Come, come, Princess,' interrupted Her Majesty; 'there is more in this than you wish me to understand. Fear not. I am prepared for anything that may be perpetrated against my own life, but let me preserve from peril my King, my husband, and my children!'

"My feelings prevented me from continuing to

dissemble. I candidly repeated all I had heard from M. Laporte.

"Her Majesty instantly rang for one of her confidential women. 'Go to the King,' said Her Majesty to the attendant, 'and if you find him alone, beg him to come to me at once; but if there are any of the guards or other persons within hearing, merely say that the Princess Lamballe is with me and is desirous of the loan of a newspaper.'

"The King's guard, and indeed most of those about him, were no better than spies, and this caution in the Queen was necessary to prevent any jealousy from being excited by the sudden message.

"When the messenger left us by ourselves, I observed to Her Majesty that it would be imprudent to give the least publicity to the circumstance, for were it really mere suspicion in the head of the police, its disclosure might only put this scheme into some miscreant's head, and tempt him to realize it. The Queen said I was perfectly right, and it should be kept secret.

"Our ambassadress was fortunate enough to

reach the King's apartment unobserved, and to find him unattended, so he received the message forthwith. On leaving the apartment, however, she was noticed and watched. She immediately went out of the Tuileries as if sent to make purchases, and some time afterwards returned with some trifling articles in her hand.[1]

"The moment the King appeared, 'Sire,' exclaimed Her Majesty, 'the assembly, tired of endeavouring to wear us to death by slow tor-

1 This incident will give the reader an idea of the cruel situation in which the first sovereigns of Europe then stood; and how much they appreciated the few subjects who devoted themselves to thwart and mitigate the tyranny practised by the assembly over these illustrious victims. I can speak from my own experience on these matters. From the time I last accompanied the Princess Lamballe to Paris till I left it in 1792, what between milliners, dressmakers, flower girls, fancy toy sellers, perfumers, hawkers of jewellery, purse and gaiter makers, &c., I had myself assumed twenty different characters, besides that of a drummer boy, sometimes blackening my face to enter the palace unnoticed, and often holding conversations analogous to the sentiments of the wretches who were piercing my heart with the remarks circumstances compelled me to encourage. Indeed, I can safely say I was known, in some shape or other, to almost everybody, but to no one in my real character, except the Princess by whom I was so graciously employed.

ment, have devised an expedient to relieve their own anxiety and prevent us from putting them to further inconvenience.'

"'What do you mean?' said the King. I repeated my conversation with M. Laporte. 'Bah! bah!' resumed His Majesty, 'They never will attempt it. They have fixed on other methods of getting rid of us. They have not *policy* enough to allow our deaths to be ascribed to accident. They are too much initiated in great crimes already.'

"'But,' asked the Queen, 'do you not think it highly necessary to make use of every precaution, when we are morally sure of the probability of such a plot?'

"'Most certainly! otherwise we should be, in the eyes of God, almost guilty of suicide. But how prevent it? surrounded as we are by persons, who, being seduced to believe that we are plotting against them, feel justified in the commission of any crime under the false idea of self-defence!"

"'We may prevent it,' replied Her Majesty, 'by abstaining from everything in our diet wherein poison can be introduced; and that we can manage

without making any stir by the least change either in the kitchen arrangements or in our own, except, indeed, *this one*. Luckily, as we are restricted in our attendants, we have a fair excuse for dumb waiters, whereby it will be perfectly easy to choose or discard without exciting suspicion.'

"This, consequently, was the course agreed upon; and every possible means, direct and indirect, was put into action to secure the future safety of the royal family and prevent the accomplishment of the threat of poison.[1]

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1 On my seeing the Princess next morning, her highness condescended to inform me of the danger to which herself and the royal family were exposed. She requested I would send my man-servant to the persons who served me, to fill a moderate-sized hamper with wine, salt, chocolate, biscuits, and liquors, and take it to her apartment, at the Pavilion of Flora, to be used as occasion required. All the fresh bread and butter which was necessary I got made for nearly a fortnight by persons whom I knew at a distance from the palace, whither I always conveyed it myself.

Much greater precautions were adopted by the Queen's confidential woman, Madame Campan, who, in her work, speaks more at large upon the subject.

When the Princess apprized me of the plot, "We have escaped, however," she observed, "the horrid plots of the 20th of June and of the 14th of July. If they do not attempt

another attack on the Tuileries we may possibly still escape assassination—*but this I much doubt.*"

I was greatly affected at hearing this observation from her highness; and especially at the cool and resigned manner in which it was made, as if she considered it a matter of course. I took the liberty of saying, in answer, that whatever might have been the effect of past calamities, I hoped she had no reasons for her melancholy apprehensions of the future.

"*Sia quel ch' Iddio voglia!* Let the will of God be done," cried she. "My religion has hitherto strengthened me; but I have still the most cruel forebodings for the fate of the King, the Queen, and their innocent offspring. May God continue to protect them, as he has hitherto done, against their unnatural enemies! As for myself, I am a foreigner; and if ever a foreign army enters France, I shall be the first to be sacrificed—and I am prepared!"

This heroic resignation resembles what Bertrand de Molleville describes of the martyred Louis XVI. after his escape from the dangers of the 20th of June.

CHAPTER XXII

EDITOR IN CONTINUATION—CONSEQUENCES OF THE EMIGRATION OF THE PRINCES AND NOBILITY—PRINCESS LAMBALLE WRITES TO RECALL THE EMIGRANTS—THE ROYAL FAMILY AND THE DISTINGUISHED FRIENDS OF THE PRINCESS IMPLORE HER TO QUIT FRANCE—HER MAGNANIMOUS REPLY—IS PREVAILED ON TO GO TO ENGLAND ON A RENEWAL OF HER MISSION—FINDS IN ENGLAND A COOLNESS TOWARDS FRANCE—IN CONSEQUENCE OF INCREASING TROUBLES IN FRANCE RETURNS THITHER

I AM again, for this and the following chapter, compelled to resume the pen in my own person, and quit the more agreeable office of a transcriber for my illustrious patroness.

I have already mentioned that the Princess Lamballe, on first returning from England to France, anticipated great advantages from the recall of the emigrants. The desertion of France by so many of the powerful could not but be a death-blow to the prosperity of the monarchy. There was no reason for these flights at the time

they began. The fugitives only set fire to the four quarters of the globe against their country. It was natural enough that the servants whom they had left behind to keep their places should take advantage of their masters' pusillanimity, and make laws to exclude those who had, uncalled for, resigned the sway into bolder and more active hands.

I do not mean to impeach the living for the dead; but when we see those bearing the lofty titles of brothers of kings and princesses, escaping, with their wives and families, from an only brother and sister with helpless infant children, at the hour of danger, we cannot help wishing for a little plebeian disinterestedness in exalted minds.

I have travelled Europe twice, and I have never seen any woman with that indescribable charm of person, manner, and character, which distinguished Maria Antoinette. This is in itself a distinction quite sufficient to detach friends from its possessor through envy. Besides, she was Queen of France; the first female of a most capricious, restless, and libertine nation. The two princesses placed nearest to her, and who were

the first to desert her, though both very much inferior in personal and mental qualifications, no doubt, though not directly, may have entertained some anticipations of her place. Such feelings are not likely to decrease the distaste, which results from comparisons to our own disadvantage. It is, therefore, scarcely to be wondered at, that those nearest to the throne should be least attached to those who fill it. How little do such persons think that the grave they are thus insensibly digging may prove their own! In this case it only did not by a miracle. What the effect of the royal brothers' and the nobility's remaining in France would have been we can only conjecture. That their departure caused great and irreparable evils we know; and we have good reason to think they caused the greatest. Those who abandon their houses on fire, silently give up their claims to the devouring element. Thus the first emigration kindled the French flame, which, though for a while it was got under by a foreign stream, was never completely extinguished till subdued by its native current.

The unfortunate Louis XVI. and Maria Antoinette ceased to be sovereigns from the period they were ignominiously dragged to their jail at the Tuileries. From this moment they were abandoned to the vengeance of miscreants, who were disgracing the nation with unprovoked and useless murders. But from this moment also the zeal of the Princesses Elizabeth and Lamballe became redoubled. Out of one hundred individuals and more, male and female, who had been exclusively occupied about the person of Maria Antoinette, few, excepting this illustrious pair, and the inestimable Clery, remained devoted to the last. The saint-like virtues of these Princesses, malice itself has not been able to tarnish. Their love and unalterable friendship became the shield of their unfortunate sovereigns, and their much injured relatives, till the dart struck their own faithful bosoms. Princes of the earth! here is a lesson of greatness *from* the great.

Scarcely had the Princess Lamballe been reinstated in the Pavilion of Flora at the Tuileries, than, by the special royal command, and in Her Majesty's presence, she wrote to most of the

nobility, entreating their return to France. She urged them, by every argument, that there was no other means of saving them and their country from the horrors impending over them and France, should they persevere in their pernicious absence. In some of these letters, which I copied, there was written on the margin, in the Queen's hand, "I am at her elbow, and repeat the necessity of your returning, if you love your King, your religion, your government, and your country. *Maria Antoinette.* Return! Return! Return!"

Among these letters, I remember a large envelope directed to the Duchess de Brisac, then residing alternately at the baths of Albano and the mineral waters at Valdagno, near Vicenza, in the Venetian states. Her Grace was charged to deliver letters addressed to Her Majesty's royal brothers, the Count de Provence, and the Count d'Artois, who were then residing, I think, at Strà, on the Brenta, in company with Madame Polcatre, Diana Polignac, and others.

A few days after, I took another envelope, addressed to the Count Dufour,[1] who was at

1 The Count Dufour is the father of the gentleman who was the French ambassador at Florence, under the reign of

Turin. It contained letters for M. and Madame de Polignac, M. and Madame de Guiche Grammont, the King's aunts at Rome, and the two Princesses of Piedmont, wives of His Majesty's brothers.

If, therefore, a judgment can be formed from the impressions of the royal family, who certainly must have had ample information with respect to the spirit which predominated at Paris

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Louis XVI. who afterwards married at Padova a lady of my acquaintance, Miss Seymour, niece of the late Lord Cooper, and sister to Mrs. Bennett. During the residence of the late King Louis XVIII. at Verona, I was present at Venice when this gentleman had all his plate sent to the mint at Venice, to be melted down for the use of Louis. The daughters of the late ambassador of whom I speak are now at Paris. They also are acquaintances of mine. One of them married one of my oldest friends, General Bournonville, who was long in prison with General La Fayette and Alexander Lameth, so treacherously given up by Dumourier to the Austrians, who sent them to Olmutz, where they remained till exchanged for her royal highness the present Dauphiness of France.

General Bournonville I had the pleasure to see in the character of ambassador under the government of Bonaparte at Berlin; and some time afterwards in the same capacity in Spain. He was very much attached to the English. He procured passports for Lord Holland's family and myself, to travel through France, at a time when no English subjects were allowed to enter the French territories.

at that period, could the nobility have been prevailed on to have obeyed the mandates of the Queen and prayers and invocations of the Princess, there can be no doubt that much bloodshed would have been spared, and the page of history never have been sullied by the atrocious names which now stand there as beacons of human infamy.

The storms were now so fearfully increasing that the King and Queen, the Duke de Penthièvre, the Count de Fersen, the Princess Elizabeth, the Duchess of Orleans, and all the friends of the Princess Lamballe, once more united in anxious wishes for her to quit France. Even the Pope himself endeavoured to prevail upon her highness to join the royal aunts at Rome. To all these applications she replied, "I have nothing to reproach myself with. If my inviolable duty and unalterable attachment to my sovereigns, who are my relations and my friends; if love for my dear father and for my adopted country are crimes, in the face of God and the world I confess my guilt, and shall die happy if in such a cause!"

The Duke de Penthièvre, who loved her as well as his own child, the Duchess of Orleans,

was too good a man, and too conscientious a prince, not to applaud the disinterested firmness of his beloved daughter-in-law; yet, foreseeing and dreading the fatal consequence which must result from so much virtue, at a time when vice alone predominated, unknown to the Princess Lamballe, interested the Court of France to write to the Court of Sardinia to entreat that the King, as head of her family, would use his good offices in persuading the Princess to leave the scenes of commotion, in which she was so much exposed, and return to her native country. The King of Sardinia, her family, and her particular friend the Princess of Piedmont, supplicated ineffectually. The answer of her highness to the King, at Turin, was as follows:—

"SIRE, AND MOST AUGUST COUSIN,

"I do not recollect that any of our illustrious ancestors of the house of Savoy, before or since the great hero Charles Emanuel, of immortal memory, ever dishonoured or tarnished their illustrious names with cowardice. In leaving the Court of France at this awful crisis, I should be the first. Can Your Majesty pardon my presumption in differing from your royal

counsel? The King, Queen, and every member of the royal family of France, both from the ties of blood and policy of states, demand our united efforts in their defence. I cannot swerve from my determination of never quitting them, especially at a moment when they are abandoned by every one of their former attendants, except myself. In happier days Your Majesty may command my obedience; but, in the present instance, and given up as is the Court of France to their most atrocious persecutors, I must humbly insist on being guided by my own decision. During the most brilliant period of the reign of Maria Antoinette, I was distinguished by the royal favour and bounty. To abandon her in adversity, Sire, would stain my character, and that of my illustrious family, for ages to come, with infamy and cowardice, much more to be dreaded than the most cruel death."

Similar answers were returned to all those of her numerous friends and relatives, who were so eager to shelter her from the dangers threatening her highness and the royal family.

Her highness was persuaded, however, to return once more to England, under the pretext of completing the mission she had so successfully begun; but it is very clear that neither the King or Queen had any serious idea of her succeeding,

and that their only object was to get her away from the theatre of disaster.[1] Circumstances had so completely changed for the worst, that, though her highness was received with great kindness, her mission was no longer listened to. The policy of England shrunk from encouraging twenty thousand French troops to be sent in a body to the West Indies, and France was left to its fate. A conversation with Mr. Burke, in which the disinclination of England to interfere was distinctly owned, created that deep-rooted grief and apprehension in the mind of the Queen, from which Her Majesty never recovered. The Princess Lamballe was the only one in her confidence. It is well known that the King of England greatly respected the personal virtues of Their French Majesties; but upon the point of business, both King and ministers were now become ambiguous and evasive. Her highness, therefore, resolved to

1 The Princess set off from Paris and went to England by the way of Calais, not as has been repeatedly supposed by the way of Dieppe. This may be refuted, even at this distant period, by the heir of the late M. Dessin, M. Quillac, the present proprietor of the hotel at Calais, where the Princess and her suite alighted.

return. It had already been whispered that she had left France, only to save herself, like the rest; and she would no longer remain under so slanderous an imputation. She felt, too, the necessity of her friendship to her royal mistress. Though the Queen of England, by whom her highness was very much esteemed, and many other persons of the first consequence in the British nation, foreseeing the inevitable fate of the royal family, and of all their faithful adherents, anxiously entreated her not to quit England, yet she became insensible to every consideration as to her own situation, and only felt the isolated one of her august sovereign, her friend, and benefactress.

CHAPTER XXIII

EDITOR IN CONTINUATION—ATTEMPT ON THE 20TH OF JUNE TO SET THE APARTMENT OF THE PRINCESS LAMBALLE ON FIRE — CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE PRINCESS AND THE EDITOR—INTERRUPTED BY THE RUSH OF THE MOB INTO THE ROOM—THE EDITOR IS WOUNDED AND SWOONS — SENT THE NEXT DAY TO PASSY — HURRIED INTERVIEW THERE WITH THE PRINCESS — UNABLE TO SUPPRESS HER CURIOSITY, LEAVES PASSY FOR PARIS — SINGULAR ADVENTURE WITH THE DRIVER OF A SHORT STAGE, WHO TURNS OUT A USEFUL FRIEND—MEETING ON THE WAY WITH MOBS IN ACTUAL BATTLE, RETURNS, BEING AFRAID OF PROCEEDING—THE DRIVER GOES TO PARIS, AND BRINGS BACK THE EDITOR'S MAN-SERVANT — HIS ACCOUNT OF WHAT HAD PASSED AT PARIS—LETTER OF THE PRINCESS LAMBALLE, DETAILING THE AFFAIR OF THE 20TH OF JUNE—THE EDITOR RECALLED TO PARIS

EVENTS seemed moulded expressly to produce the state of feeling which marked that disastrous day, the 20th of June, 1792. It frequently happens that nations, like individuals, rush wildly upon the very dangers they apprehend, and select such courses as invite what they are most solicitous

to avoid. So it was with everything preceding this dreadful day.

By a series of singular occurrences I did not witness its horrors, though in some degree their victim. Not to detain my readers unnecessarily, I will proceed directly to the accident which withdrew me from the scene.

The apartment of the Princess Lamballe in the Pavilion of Flora, looked from one side upon the Pont Royal. On the day of which I speak, a considerable quantity of combustibles had been thrown from the bridge into one of her rooms. The Princess, in great alarm, sent instantly for me. She desired to have my English man-servant, if he were not afraid, secreted in her room, while she herself withdrew to another part of the palace, till the extent of the intended mischief could be ascertained. I assured her highness that I was not only ready to answer for my servant, but would myself remain with him, as he always went armed, and I was so certain of his courage and fidelity, that I could not hesitate even to trust my life in his hands.

"For God's sake, *mia cara*," exclaimed the

Princess, "do not risk your own safety, if you have any value for my friendship. I desire you not to go near the Pavilion of Flora. Your servant's going is quite sufficient. Never again let me hear such a proposition. What! after having hitherto conducted yourself so punctually, would you, by one rash act, devote yourself to ruin, and deprive us of your valuable services?"

I begged her highness would pardon the ardour or the dutiful zeal I felt for her in the moment of danger.

"Yes, yes," continued she; "that is all very well; but this is not the first time I have been alarmed at your too great intrepidity; and if ever I hear of your again attempting to commit yourself so wantonly, I will have you sent to Turin immediately, there to remain till you have recovered your senses. I always thought English heads cool; but I suppose your residence in France has changed the national character of your's."

Once more, with tears in my eyes, I begged her forgiveness, and on my knees implored that she would not send me away in the hour of

danger. After having so long enjoyed the honour of her confidence, I trusted she would overlook my fault, particularly as it was the pure emanation of my resentment at any conspiracy against one I so dearly loved; and to whom I had been under so many obligations, that the very idea of my being deprived of such a benefactress drove me frantic.

Her highness burst into tears. "I know your heart," exclaimed she; "but I also know too well our situation, and it is that which makes me tremble for the consequences which must follow your overstepping the bounds so necessary to be observed by all of us at this horrid period." And then she called me again her *cara Inglesina*, and graciously condescended to embrace me, and bathed my face with her tears, in token of her forgiveness, and bade me sit down and compose myself, and weep no more.

Scarcely was I seated, when we were both startled by deafening shouts for the head of *Madame Veto*, the name they gave the poor unfortunate Queen. An immense crowd of cannibals and hired ruffians were already in the Tuileries, brandishing all sorts of murderous weapons, and

howling for blood! My recollections from this moment are very indistinct. I know that in an instant the apartment was filled; that the Queen, the Princess Elizabeth, all the attendants, even the King, I believe, appeared there. I myself received a wound upon my hand in warding a blow from my face; and in the turmoil of the scene, and of the blow, I fainted, and was conveyed by some humane person to a place of safety, in the upper part of the palace.

Thus deprived of my senses for several hours, I was spared the agony of witnessing the scenes of horror which succeeded. For two or three days I remained in a state of so much exhaustion and alarm, that when the Princess came to me I did not know her, nor even where I was.

As soon as I was sufficiently recovered, places were taken for me and another person in one of the common diligences, by which I was conveyed to Passy, where the Princess came to me in the greatest confusion. My companion from the palace was the widow of one of the Swiss guards, who had been murdered on the 6th of October, in defending the Queen's apartment at Versailles.

The poor woman had been herself protected by Her Majesty, and accompanied me by the express order of the Princess Lamballe. What the Princess said to her on departing, I know not, for I only caught the words "general insurrection," on hearing which the afflicted woman fell into a fit. To me, her highness merely exclaimed, "Do not come to Paris till you hear from me;" and immediately set off to return to the Tuileries.

However, as usual, my courage soon got the better of my strength, and of every consideration of personal safety. On the third day, I proposed to the person who took care of me, that we should both walk out together; and, if there appeared no symptoms of immediate danger, it was agreed, that we might as well get into one of the common conveyances, and proceed forthwith to Paris; for I could no longer repress my anxiety to learn what was going on there, and the good creature who was with me was no less impatient.

When we got into a diligence, I felt the dread of another severe lecture like the last, and thought it best not to incur fresh blame by new

imprudence. I therefore told the driver to set us down on the high road near Paris leading to the Bois de Boulogne. But before we got so far, the woods resounded with the howling of mobs, and we heard, "Vive le roi" vociferated, mingled with "Down with the King," "Down with the Queen;" and, what was still more horrible, the two parties were in actual bloody strife, and the ground was strewed with the bodies of dead men, lying like slaughtered sheep.

It was fortunate that we were the only persons in the vehicle The driver, observing our extreme agitation, turned round to us. "Nay, nay," cried he: "do not alarm yourselves. It is only the constitutionalists and the Jacobins fighting against each other. I wish the devil had them both."

It was evident, however, that though the man was desirous of quieting our apprehensions, he was considerably disturbed by his own: for though he acknowledged he had a wife and children in Paris, who he hoped were safe, still he dared not venture to proceed, but said, if we wished to be driven back, he would take us to any place we liked, out of Paris.

Our anxiety to know what was going forward at the Tuileries was now become intolerable; and the more so, from the necessity we felt of restraining our feelings. At last, however, we were in some degree relieved from this agony of reserve.

"God knows," exclaimed the driver, "what will be the consequence of all this bloodshed! The poor King and Queen are greatly to be pitied!"

This ejaculation restored our courage, and we said he might drive us wherever he chose out of the sight of those horrors; and it was at length settled that he should take us to Passy. "Oh," cried he, "if you will allow me, I will take you to my father's house there; for you seem more dead than alive, both of you, and ought to go where you can rest in quiet and safety."

My companion, who was a German, now addressed me in that language.

"German!" exclaimed the driver on hearing her. "German! Why I am a German myself, and served the good King, who is much to be pitied, for many years; and when I was wounded,

the Queen, God bless her! set me up in the world, as I was made an invalid; and I have ever since been enabled to support my family respectably. D—— the assembly! I shall never be a farthing the better for them!"

"Oh," replied I, "then I suppose you are not a Jacobin?"

The driver, with a torrent of curses, then began execrating the very name of Jacobin. This emboldened me to ask him how long he had left Paris. He replied, "Only this very morning," and added, that the assembly had shut the gates of the Tuileries under the pretence of preventing the King and Queen from being assassinated. "But that is all a confounded lie," continued he, "invented to keep out the friends of the royal family. But, God knows, they are now so fallen, they have few such left to be turned away!"

"I am more enraged," pursued he, "at the ingratitude of the nobility than I am at these hordes of bloodthirsty plunderers, for we all know that the nobility owe everything to the King. Why do they not rise *en masse* to shield the royal family from these blood-hounds? Can they

imagine they will be spared if the King should be murdered? I have no patience with them!"

I then asked him our fare. "Two livres is the fare, but you shall not pay anything. I see plainly, ladies, that you are not what you assume to be."

"My good man," replied I, "we are not; and therefore pray take this louis d'or for your trouble."

He caught my hand and pressed it to his lips, exclaiming, "I never in my life knew a man who was faithful to his King, that God did not provide for."

He then took us to Passy, but advised us not to remain at the place where we had been staying; and fortunate enough it was for us that we did not, for the house was set on fire and plundered by a rebel mob very soon after.

I told the driver how much I was obliged to him for his services, and he seemed delighted when I promised to give him proofs of my confidence in his fidelity.

"If," said I, "you can find out my servant whom I left in Paris, I will give you another louis

d'or." I was afraid, at first, to mention where he was to look for him.

"If he be not dead," replied the driver, "I *will* find him out."

"What!" cried I, "even though he should be at the Tuileries?"

"Why, madam, I am one of the national guard. I have only to put on my uniform to be enabled to go to any part of the palace I please. Tell me his name, and where you think it likely he may be found, and depend upon it I will bring him to you."

"Perhaps," continued he, "it is your husband disguised as a servant; but no matter. Give me a clue, and I'll warrant you he shall tell you the rest himself by this time to-morrow."

"Well, then," replied I, "he is in the Pavilion of Flora."

"What, with the Princess Lamballe? Oh, I would go through fire and water for that good Princess! She has done me the honour to stand godmother to one of my children, and allows her a pension."

I took him at his word. We changed our quarters to his father's house, a very neat little

cottage, about a quarter of a mile from the town. He afterwards rendered me many services in going to and fro from Passy to Paris; and, as he promised, brought me my servant.

When the poor fellow arrived, his arm was in a sling. He had been wounded by a musket shot, received in defence of the Princess. The history of his disaster was this.

On the night of the riot, as he was going from the Pont Royal to the apartment of her highness, he detected a group of villains under her windows. Six of them were attempting to enter by a ladder. He fired, and two fell. While he was reloading, the others shot at him. Had he not, in the flurry of the moment, fired both his pistols at the same time, he thinks he should not have been wounded, but might have punished the assailant. One of the men, he said, could have been easily taken by the national guard, who so glaringly encouraged the escape that he could almost swear the guard was a party concerned. The loss of blood had so exhausted him that he could not pursue the offender himself, whom otherwise he could have taken without any difficulty.

As the employing of my servant had only been proposed, and the sudden interruption of my conversation with her highness by the riot had prevented my ever communicating the project to him, I wondered how he got into the business, or ascertained so soon that the apartment of the Princess was in danger. He explained that he never had heard of its being so; but my own coachman having left me at the palace that day, and not hearing of me for some time, had driven home, and, fearing that my not returning arose from something which had happened, advised him to go to the Pont Royal and hear what he could learn, as there was a report of many persons having been murdered and thrown over the bridge.

My man took the advice, and armed himself to be ready in case of attack. It was between one and two o'clock after midnight when he went. The first objects he perceived were these miscreants attempting to scale the palace.

He told me that the Queen had been most grossly insulted; that the gates of the Tuileries had been shut in consequence; that a small part alone remained open to the public, who were kept

at their distance by a national ribbon, which none could pass without being instantly arrested. This had prevented his apprizing the Princess of the attempt which he had accidentally defeated, and which he wished me to communicate to her immediately. I did so by a letter, which my good driver carried to Paris, and delivered safe into the hands of our benefactress.

The surprise of the Princess on hearing from me, and her pleasure at my good fortune in finding by accident such means, baffles all description. Though she was at the time overwhelmed with the imminent dangers which threatened her, yet she still found leisure to show her kindness to those who were doing their best, though in vain, to serve her. The following letter, which she sent me in reply, written amidst all the uneasiness it describes, will speak for her more eloquently than my praises:—

"I can understand your anxiety. It was well for you that you were unconscious of the dreadful scenes which were passing around you on that horrid day. The Princess de Tarente, Madame de Tourzel, Madame de Mockau, and all the other

ladies of the household owed the safety of their lives to one of the national guards having given his national cockade to the Queen. Her Majesty placed it on her head, unperceived by the mob. One of the gentlemen of the King's wardrobe provided the King and the Princess Elizabeth with the same impenetrable shield. Though the cannibals came for murder, I could not but admire the enthusiastic deference that was shown to this symbol of authority, which instantly paralyzed the daggers uplifted for our extermination.

"Merlin de Thionville was the stoic head of this party. The Princess Elizabeth having pointed him out to me, I ventured to address him respecting the dangerous situation to which the royal family were daily exposed. I flattered him upon his influence over the majority of the fauxbourgs, to which only we could look for the extinction of these disorders. He replied, that the despotism of the Court had set a bad example to the people; that he felt for the situation of the royal party as individuals, but he felt much more for the safety of the French nation, who were in still greater danger than Their Majesties had to dread, from

the Austrian faction, by which a foreign army had been encouraged to invade the territory of France, where they were now waiting the opportunity of annihilating French liberty for ever!

"To this Her Majesty replied, 'When the deputies of the assembly have permitted, nay, I may say, encouraged this open violation of the King's asylum, and, by their indifference to the safety of all those who surround us, have sanctioned the daily insults to which we have been, and still are, exposed, it is not to be wondered at, that all sovereigns should consider it their interest to make common cause with us, to crush internal commotions, levelled, not only against the throne, and the persons of the sovereign and his family, but against the very principle of monarchy itself.'

"Here the King, though much intimidated for the situation of the Queen and his family, for whose heads the wretches were at that very moment howling in their ears, took up the conversation.

"'These cruel facts,' said he, 'and the menacing situation you even now witness, fully

justify our not rejecting foreign aid, though God knows how deeply I deplore the necessity of such a cruel resource! But when all internal measures of conciliation have been trodden under foot, and the authorities, who ought to check it and protect us from these cruel outrages, are only occupied in daily fomenting the discord between us and our subjects; though a forlorn hope, what other hope is there of safety? I foresee the drift of all these commotions, and am resigned; but what will become of this misguided nation, when the head of it shall be destroyed?'

"Here the King, nearly choked by his feelings, was compelled to pause for a moment, and he then proceeded.

"'I should not feel it any sacrifice to give up the guardianship of the nation, could I, in so doing, insure its future tranquility: but I foresee that my blood, like that of one of my unhappy brother sovereigns,[1] will only open the floodgates of human misery, the torrent of which, swelled with the best blood of France, will deluge this once peaceful realm.'

1 Charles the First, of England.

"This, as well as I can recollect, is the substance of what passed at the castle on this momentous day. Our situation was extremely doubtful, and the noise and horrid riots were at times so boisterous, that frequently we could not, though so near them, distinguish a word the King and Queen said; and yet, whenever the leaders of these organized ruffians spoke or threatened, the most respectful stillness instantly prevailed.

"I weep in silence for misfortunes, which I fear are inevitable! The King, the Queen, the Princess Elizabeth and myself, with many others under this unhappy roof, have never ventured to undress or sleep in bed, till last night. None of us any longer reside on the ground floor.

"By the very manly exertions of some of the old officers incorporated in the national army, the awful riot I have described was overpowered, and the mob, with difficulty, dispersed. Among these, I should particularize Generals Vomenil,[1] Mandate,

1 This general, the last time I came from Italy to England, on my way through Vienna, I had the pleasure of seeing at the house of a particular friend of mine, Madame Peschie, the wife of a banker of that name. I think, also, I saw him once afterwards in company, at the

and Rôederer. Principally by their means the interior of the Tuileries was at last cleared, though partial mobs, such as you have often witnessed, still subsist.

"I am thus particular in giving you a full account of this last revolutionary commotion, that

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house of the Count de Fries, from whom I received the most marked and cordial attention during my different visits to that truly hospitable city.

While I am on the subject of the hospitalities of this city I must not omit to mention some families in particular, such as the Prince Odescalchi, the family of Baron Arentium, Eskeless, Pierera, and Hanenstein; Gondart, Curzbeck the famous Haydn, Baron Brown, the late Prince Lobkowitz, Count de Sauron, Prince Throumansdorf, the Prince and Princess Colalto Station, and others too numerous to be particularized here, for whose kindness, though not mentioned, I shall ever retain the most lively gratitude.

General de Vomenil was private secretary of the late Queen of Naples, who was the sister of Napoleon, and wife of that ill-fated King of Naples, Murat, and who, it is said, has since become the wife of Marshal Macdonald, and lives retired at Hamburgh, near Vienna. Her brother, the late King of Westphalia, now Prince Rumford, lives also in retirement, at a country seat he purchased from the friend I have just mentioned, Baron Brown. Neither the deposed brother or sister have any but ancient nobility in their suite. The Countess of Athmis, sister to Mrs. Spencer Smith, wife of the late British Ambassador at Constantinople, is one of the ex-queen's ladies of honour.

your prudence may still keep you at a distance from the vortex. Continue where you are, and tell your man-servant how much I am obliged to him, and, at the same time, how much I am grieved at his being wounded! I knew nothing of the affair but from your letter and your faithful messenger. He is an old pensioner of mine, and a good honest fellow. You may depend on him. Serve yourself, through him, in communicating with me. Though he has had a limited education, he is not wanting in intellect. Remember that honesty, in matters of such vital import, is to be trusted before genius.

"My apartment appears like a barrack, like a bear garden, like anything but what it was! Numbers of valuable things have been destroyed, numbers carried off. Still, notwithstanding all the horrors of these last days, it delights me to be able to tell you, that no one in the service of the royal family failed in duty at this dreadful crisis. I think we may firmly rely on the inviolable attachment of all around us. No jealousy, no considerations of etiquette, stood in the way of their exertions to show themselves worthy of the situations they hold. The Queen showed the

greatest intrepidity during the whole of these trying scenes.

"At present, I can say no more. Petion, the Mayor of Paris, has just been announced; and, I believe, he wishes for an audience of Her Majesty, though he never made his appearance during the whole time of the riots in the palace. Adieu, *mia cara Inglesina!*"

The receipt of this letter, however it might have affected me to hear what her highness suffered, in common with the rest of the unfortunate royal inmates of the Tuileries, gave me extreme pleasure from the assurance it contained of the firmness of those nearest to the sufferers. I was also sincerely gratified in reflecting on the probity and disinterested fidelity of this worthy man, which contrasted him, so strikingly and so advantageously to himself, with many persons of birth and education, whose attachment could not stand the test of the trying scenes of the Revolution, which made them abandon and betray, where they had sworn an allegiance, to which they were doubly bound by gratitude.

My man-servant was attended, and taken the

greatest care of. The Princess never missed a day in sending to enquire after his health; and, on his recovery, the Queen herself not only graciously condescended to see him, but, besides making him a valuable present, said many flattering and obliging things of his bravery and disinterestedness.

I should scarcely have deemed these particulars—honourable as they are to the feelings of the illustrious personages from whom they proceeded—worth mentioning in a work of this kind, did they not give indications of character rarely to be met with (and, in their case, how shamefully rewarded!), from having occurred at a crisis when their minds were occupied in affairs of such deep importance, and amidst the appalling dangers which hourly threatened their own existence.

Her Majesty's correspondence with foreign Courts had been so much increased by these scenes of horror, especially her correspondence with her relations in Italy, that, ere long, I was sent for back to Paris.

Why dost thou intrude, O memory, to tear asunder wounds, to cause them to bleed afresh!

It is now thirty long years since I beheld these scenes, yet still my blood curdles in my veins when I recall the heart-rending picture which presented itself on my first return to the Princess's apartment at the Pavilion of Flora from Passy! My pen cannot depict my agony. My readers must imagine what I felt, and they will readily pardon my want of ability to describe those feelings, when I refer them to what met my view—a royal palace nearly razed to the ground, gutted apartments, costly furniture in fragments amidst the ruins, three of the most august personages in Europe standing amidst the wreck, totally unmoved by the surrounding desolation, and solely occupied in fervent prayers, invoking God for the safety of the journey of an insignificant individual like myself! I was thrilled with horror, with pity, with shame at their sufferings. If there be a soul within the human breast, no human eye could look on such a scene and not be moved. Fallen majesty, under any circumstances, must be an object of uncommon sensation to any reflecting mind: but there were distinctions in this case, to give it peculiar

poignancy. A Queen of the brightest prospects, the gentlest and noblest heart, bereaved of her rights, and execrated by her people; a royal virgin, nipped in the bloom of youth; and an illustrious widowed princess, denied kindness from those whom she had fostered, and now seeking relief from the humble whom she had succoured —what an accumulation of misfortune! Human vicissitude! what a school art thou for reflection! what a lesson to the follies of earthly grandeur! But we do not see it, we do not feel it, nor do we even believe it, till the hour of danger, when, alas! it is too late; and we only awake from torpor to be convinced that we are mere mortals, and may not be heedless with impunity.

God forbid I should insinuate that these saint-like, martyred victims, ever in the slightest degree deserved that ignominious, unceasing persecution, of which history presents no parallel. But we are apt to be blind to circumstances, by confounding our calculations with our wishes; and, though death stared them in the face, yet no energy was called up to resist it, till the very last moment, when the earthquake had shaken

the edifice to its foundation, and no human power could prevent their being buried in its ruins. No resource remained. Like lambs, they submitted to the slaughter. The sacrifice was made before it was performed. "I know that my Redeemer liveth" was the only hope to which they clung; and they were dead to the world, long, long before the thread of life was mercifully cut by the bloody hands, which had already despoiled them of all that made life desirable!

CHAPTER XXIV

JOURNAL OF THE PRINCESS RESUMED AND CONCLUDED — LA FAYETTE, IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE EVENTS OF THE 20TH OF JUNE, LEAVES HIS ARMY TO REMONSTRATE WITH THE ASSEMBLY—REMARKS—THE KING REFUSES TO SEE HIM—DEPUTATION ARRIVES, TO WHICH HE WAS A PARTY, TO URGE THE KING AND QUEEN TO CONSIGN THE DAUPHIN TO THE PROTECTION OF THE ARMY—THE QUEEN'S REFUSAL—CONVERSATION WITH THE KING—DISGUST OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AGAINST LA FAYETTE

"THE insurrection of the 20th of June, and the uncertain state of the safety of the royal family, menaced as it was by almost daily riots, induced a number of well-disposed persons to prevail on General La Fayette to leave his army and come to Paris, and there personally remonstrate against these outrages. Had he been sincere, he would have backed the measure by appearing at the head of his army, then well-disposed, as Cromwell did, when he turned out the rogues who were seeking the Lord through the blood of their King, and put the keys in his

pocket. Violent disorders require violent remedies. With an army and a few pieces of cannon at the door of the assembly, whose members were seeking the aid of the devil, for the accomplishment of their horrors, he might, as was done when the same scene occurred in England in 1653, by good management, have averted the deluge of blood. But, by appearing before the assembly isolated, without '*voilà mon droit*,' which the King of Prussia had had engraven on his cannon, he lost the opinion of all parties.[1]

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1 In this instance the general grossly committed himself, in the opinion of every impartial observer of his conduct. He should never have shown himself in the capital, but at the head of his army. France, circumstanced as it was, torn by intestine commotion, was only to be intimidated by the sight of a popular leader at the head of his forces. Usurped authority can only be quashed by the force of legitimate authority. La Fayette being the only individual in France that in reality possessed such an authority, not having availed himself at a crisis like the one in which he was called upon to act, rendered his conduct doubtful, and all his intended operations suspicious to both parties, whether his feelings were really inclined to prop up the fallen kingly authority, or his newly-acquired republican principles prompted him to become the head of the democratical party, for no one can see into the hearts of men; his popularity from that moment ceased to exist.

"La Fayette came to the palace frequently, but the King would never see him. He was obliged to return, with the additional mortification of having been deceived in his expected support from the national guard of Paris, whose pay had been secretly trebled by the national assembly, in order to secure them to itself. His own safety, therefore, required that he should join the troops under his command. He left many persons in whom he thought he could confide; among whom were some who came to me one day requesting I would present them to the Queen without loss of time, as a man condemned to be shot had confessed to his captain that there was a plot laid to murder Her Majesty that very night.

"I hastened to the royal apartment, without mentioning the motive; but some such catastrophe was no more than what we incessantly expected, from the almost hourly changes of the national guard, for the real purpose of giving easy access to all sorts of wretches to the very rooms of the unfortunate Queen, in order to furnish opportunities for committing the crime with impunity.

"After I had seen the Queen, the applicants

were introduced, and, in my presence, a paper was handed by them to Her Majesty. At the moment she received it, I was obliged to leave her for the purpose of watching an opportunity for their departure unobserved. These precautions were necessary with regard to every person who came to us in the palace, otherwise the jealousy of the assembly and its emissaries and the national guard of the interior might have been alarmed, and we should have been placed under express and open surveillance. The confusion created by the constant change of guard, however, stood us in good stead in this emergency. Much passing and repassing took place unheeded in the bustle.

"When the visitors had departed, and Her Majesty at one window of the palace, and I at another, had seen them safe over the Pont Royal, I returned to Her Majesty. She then graciously handed me the paper which they had presented.

"It contained an earnest supplication, signed by many thousand good citizens, that the King and Queen would sanction the plan of sending the Dauphin to the army of La Fayette. They pledged themselves, with the assistance of the

royalists, to rescue the royal family. They urged that if once the King could be persuaded to show himself at the head of his army, without taking any active part, but merely for his own safety and that of his family, everything might be accomplished with the greatest tranquility.

"The Queen exclaimed, 'What! send my child! No! never while I breathe[1]! Yet were I

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1 Little did this unfortunate mother think, that they, who thus pretended to interest themselves for this beautiful, angelic Prince only a few months before, would, when she was in her horrid prison after the butchery of her husband, have required this only comfort to be violently torn from her maternal arms!

Little, indeed, did she think, when her maternal devotedness thus repelled the very thought of his being trusted to myriads of sworn defenders, how soon he would be barbarously consigned by the infamous assembly as the foot-stool of the inhuman savage cobbler, *Simon*, to be the night-boy of the excrements of the vilest of the works of human nature!

Is it possible, that such facts—facts known to all the world!—can be retraced with coolness or in any tone of moderation by one, who, like me, had the honour of knowing this most innocent of all victims.

Unhappy mother! your religious resignation has made you the heroine of all martyrs! My hand refuses its functions, my pen drops from my fingers, and my paper is bathed with useless tears! Memory rests on the wounded mind, which has never been healed, and which bleeds afresh at the recollection!

an independent queen, or the regent of a minority, I feel that I should be inclined to accept the offer, to place myself at the head of the army, as my immortal mother did, who, by that step, transmitted the crown of our ancestors to its legitimate descendants. It is the monarchy itself which now requires to be asserted. Though Orleans is actively engaged in attempting the dethronement of His Majesty, I do not think the nation will submit to such a prince, or to any other monarchical government, if the present be decidedly destroyed.

"'All these plans, my dear princess,' continued she, 'are mere castles in the air. The mischief is too deeply rooted. As they have already frantically declared for the King's abdication, any strong measure now, incompetent as we are to assure its success, would at once arm the advocates of republicanism to proclaim the King's dethronement.

"'The cruel observations of Petion to His Majesty, on our ever memorable return from Varennes, have made a deeper impression than you are aware of. When the King observed to him, "What do the French nation want?"—'A

republic,' replied he. And though he has been the means of already costing us some thousands, to crush this unnatural propensity, yet I firmly believe, that he himself is at the head of all the civil disorders fomented for its attainment. I am the more confirmed in this opinion from a conversation I had with the good old man, M. de Malesherbes, who assured me the great sums we were lavishing on this man were thrown away, for he would be certain, eventually, to betray us: and such an inference could only have been drawn from the lips of the traitor himself. Petion must have given Malesherbes reason to believe this. I am daily more and more convinced it will be the case. Yet, were I to show the least energy or activity in support of the King's authority, I should be accused of undermining it. All France would be up in arms against the danger of female influence. The King would only be lessened in the general opinion of the nation, and the kingly authority still more weakened. Calm submission to His Majesty is, therefore, the only safe course for both of us, and we must wait events.'

"While Her Majesty was thus opening her heart to me, the King and Princess Elizabeth entered, to inform her, that M. Laporte, the head of the private police, had discovered, and caused to be arrested, some of the wretches who had maliciously attempted to fire the palace of the Tuileries.

"'Set them at liberty!' exclaimed Her Majesty; 'or, to clear themselves and their party, they will accuse us of something worse.'

"'Such, too, is my opinion, sire,' observed I; 'for however I abhor their intentions, I have here a letter from one of these miscreants which was found among the combustibles. It cautions us not to inhabit the upper part of the Pavilion. My not having paid the attention which was expected to the letter, has aroused the malice of the writer, and caused a second attempt to be made from the Pont Royal upon my own apartment; in preventing which, a worthy man[1] has been cruelly wounded in the arm.

"'Merciful Heaven!' exclaimed the poor Queen

1 My man-servant, as elsewhere described.

and the Princess Elizabeth, 'not dangerously I hope!'[1]

"'I hope not,' added I; 'but the attempt, and its escaping unpunished, though there were guards all around, is a proof how perilous it will be, while we are so weak, to kindle their rancour by any show of impotent resentment; for I have reason to believe it was to *that*, the want of attention to the letter of which I speak was imputed.'

The Queen took this opportunity of laying before the King the above-mentioned plan. His Majesty, seeing it in the name of La Fayette, took up the paper, and, after he had attentively perused it, tore it in pieces, exclaiming, "What! has not M. La Fayette done mischief enough yet, but must he even expose the names of so many worthy men by committing them to paper at a critical period like this, when he is fully aware that we are in immediate danger of being assailed

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1 Thus were these unfortunate Princesses always more anxious for the safety and welfare of others, than for their own.

by a banditti of inhuman cannibals, who would sacrifice every individual attached to us, if, unfortunately, such a paper should be found? I am determined to have nothing to do with his ruinous plans. Popularity and ambition made him the principal promoter of republicanism. Having failed of becoming a Washington, he is mad to become a Cromwell. I have no faith in these turn-coat constitutionalists."

"I know that the Queen heartily concurred in this sentiment concerning General La Fayette, as soon as she ascertained his real character, and discovered that he considered nothing paramount to public notoriety. To this he had sacrificed the interest of his country, and trampled under foot the throne; but finding he could not succeed in forming a Republican Government in France as he had in America, he, like many others, lost his popularity with the demagogues, and, when too late, came to offer his services, through me, to the Queen, to recruit a monarchy which his vanity had undermined to gratify his chimerical ambition. Her Majesty certainly saw him frequently, but never again would she put herself

in the way of being betrayed by one whom she considered faithless to all."[1]

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1 Thus ended the proffered services of General La Fayette, who then took the command of the national army, served against that of the Prince Condé, and the princes of his native country, and was given up with General Bournonville, Lameth, and others by General Dumourier, on the first defeat of the French, to the Austrians, by whom they were sent to the fortress of Olmutz in Hungary, where they remained till after the death of the wretch Robespierre, when they were exchanged for the Duchess D'Angoulême, now Dauphiness of France.

From the retired life led by General La Fayette on his return to France, there can be but little doubt that he spent a great part of his time in reflecting on the fatal errors of his former conduct, as he did not coincide with any of the revolutionary principles which preceded the short-lived reign of imperialism. But though Napoleon too well knew him to be attached from principle to republicanism—every vestige of which he had long before destroyed —to employ him in any military capacity, still he recalled him from his hiding-place, in order to prevent his doing mischief, as he politically did every other royalist whom he could bring under the banners of his imperialism.

Had Napoleon made use of his general knowledge of mankind in other respects, as he politically did in France over his conquered subjects, in respecting ancient habits, and gradually weaned them from their natural prejudices instead of violently forcing all men to become Frenchmen, all men would have fought for him, and not against him. These were the weapons by which his power became annihilated, and which, in the end, will be the destruction

Here ends the Journal of my lamented benefactress. I have continued the history to the close of her career, and that of the royal family, especially as her highness herself acted so important a part in many of the scenes, which are so strongly illustrated by her conversation and letters. It is only necessary to add that the papers which I have arranged were received from her highness amidst the disasters which were now thickening around her and her royal friends.

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of all potentates who presume to follow his fallacious plan of forming individuals to a system instead of accommodating systems to individuals. The fruits from southern climes have been reared in the north, but without their native virtue or vigour. It is more dangerous to attack the habits of men than their religion.

The British constitution, though a blessing to Englishmen, is very ill-suited to nations not accustomed to the climate and its variations. Every country has peculiarities of thought and manners resulting from the physical influence of its sky and soil. Whenever we lose sight of this truth, we naturally lose the affections of those whose habits we counteract.

CHAPTER XXV

THE EDITOR ATTENDS DEBATES, AND EXECUTES CONFIDENTIAL EMPLOYMENTS IN VARIOUS DISGUISES — BECOMES INTIMATE WITH A REPORTER — ADVENTURE WITH DANTON IN THE TUILERIES, DISGUISED AS A MILLINER'S APPRENTICE — HORRID SCENE IN THE GARDENS — CONSTERNATION OF THE ROYAL PARTY ON SEEING HER WITH DANTON — SHE CONTRIVES TO BE TAKEN BY HIM TO THE PALACE — DELIGHT OF THE PRINCESS LAMBALLE AT HER RETURN — CONVERSATION WITH THE PRINCESS UPON THE STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS AND HOPELESSNESS OF THE ROYAL CAUSE

FROM the time I left Passy till my final departure from Paris for Italy, which took place on the 2nd of August, 1792, my residence was almost exclusively at the capital. The faithful driver, who had given such proofs of probity, continued to be of great service, and was put in perpetual requisition. I was daily about on the business of the Queen and the Princess, always disguised, and most frequently as a drummer-boy; on which occasions the driver and my

man-servant were my companions. My principal occupation was to hear and take down the debates of the assembly,[1] and to convey and receive

1 I was by no means a novice in this species of masquerading, as, I believe, I have mentioned before.

I remember one day, long previous to the time I now allude to, the Princess Lamballe told me the Queen had been informed by Mirabeau that the Abbé Maury was to make a motion in the assembly, which, by a private understanding between the two, Mirabeau was to oppose, for the purpose of the better carrying on the deception of their plans, and thereby ascertaining "*how the land lay*" with respect to some of the deputies, whom Mirabeau had not yet been able to secure to the interest of the monarchy. "I wish," said the Princess, "you would go in boy's clothes with your servant in the gallery to hear the discussions." I said I would most willingly, as I was desirous of seeing Mirabeau's impetuosity contrasted with the phlegmatic propositions of the Abbé Maury. It was on that very day, and in consequence of that very argument, that when the abbé came from the assembly, the mob cried out, "*a la lanterne, M. l'Abbé!*" The abbé, turning round, replied, with the greatest *sang froid*, "Will your hanging me to the lamp-post make you see the clearer?"

A similar story is related of Mr. Pitt. He was once coming across the park from the King's levee, followed by an immense mob, who were pelting his carriage and abusing him most outrageously, till he reached his house, which was in one of the streets leading out of the park. There, seeing them settling in battle array, he turned round in the politest manner, took off his hat, and made

letters from the Queen to the Princess Lamballe, to and from Barnave, Bertrand de Moleville,

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them a low bow. This turned the tide. They instantly became as vehement in their applause as they had been brutally violent in their abuse.

Oh, what a many-headed monster is a plebeian mob! During the French Revolution, how often have I seen this change achieved on most serious occasions, whenever the objects of their malice had courage enough to face their brutal assailants.

A similar circumstance happened to me at my country house near Treviso. I was translating the works of Lady Mary Wortley Montague into Italian. A fellow, after I had accommodated him and his staff with many beds, demanded of me to give up my own bed-room. "Where, then," asked I, "are my husband, my family, and myself to sleep?"—"In the stables," replied he. We had nearly five hundred soldiers on our grounds, all their luggage and many field-pieces, or I would have *stabled* him out of the room. I dared not call my husband as he would have stabled him out of the windows in double-quick time, as he had done before in a case of similar violence. However, I told him my mind in language which caused the coward to draw his sword against me. When I saw this, I rose from my seat, advanced towards him, and said, "Give me that weapon, coward, and I will not threaten you, but use it as your unjustifiable insolence deserves!" I cannot say what my countenance betrayed at the moment, but his became like that of a corpse, and he set off in the night, probably from the fear lest I should put my threat in execution, which, I verily believe, I should have done at the moment had I been mistress of the weapon.

Alexandre de Lameth, Duport de Fertre, Duportail, Montmorin, Turbé, Mandate, the Duke de Brissac, &c., with whom my illustrious patronesses kept up a continued correspondence, to which I believe all of them fell a sacrifice; for, owing to the imprudence of the King in not removing their communications when he removed the rest of his papers from the Tuileries, the exposure of their connection with the Court was necessarily consequent upon the plunder of the palace on the 10th of August, 1792.

In my masquerade visits to the assembly, I got acquainted with an editor of one of the papers; I think he told me his name was Duplessie. Being pleased with the liveliness of my remarks on some of the organized disorders, as I termed them, and with some comments I made upon the meanness of certain disgusting speeches on the patriotic gifts, my new acquaintance suffered me to take copies of his own shorthand remarks and reports. By this means the Queen and the Princess had them before they appeared in print. M. Duplessie was on other occasions of great service to me, especially as a protector in the mobs, for my man-servant

and the honest driver[1] were so much occupied in watching the movements of the various fauxbourg factions, that I was often left entirely unattended.

The horrors of the Tuileries, both by night and day, were now grown appalling beyond description. Almost unendurable as they had been before, they were aggravated by the insults of the national guard to every passenger to and from the palace. I was myself in so much peril, that the Princess thought it necessary to procure a trusty person, of tried courage, to see me through the throngs, with a large band-box of all sorts of fashionable millinery, as the mode of ingress and egress least liable to excite suspicion.

Thus equipped, and guarded by my *cicisbeo*, I one day found myself, on entering the Tuileries, in the midst of an immense mob of regular trained rioters, who, seeing me go towards the palace, directed their attention entirely to me. They took me for someone belonging to the

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1 These were two, amongst the persons in the confidence of the Princess, whose fidelity and attention Madame Campan mentioned to her august mistress, and to which she bears public testimony in her late work.

Queen's milliner, Madame Bertin, who, they said, was fattening upon the public misery, through the Queen's extravagance. The poor Queen herself they called by names so opprobious, that decency will not suffer me to repeat them. With a volley of oaths, pressing upon us, they bore us to another part of the garden, for the purpose of compelling us to behold six or eight of the most infamous outcasts, amusing themselves, in a state of exposure, with their accursed hands and arms tinged with blood up to the elbows. The spot they had chosen for this exhibition of their filthy persons was immediately before the windows of of the apartments of the Queen and the ladies of the Court. Here they paraded up and down, to the great entertainment of a throng of savage rebels, by whom they were applauded and encouraged with shouts of "*Bis! bis!*" signifying in English, "Again! again!"

The demoniac interest excited by this scene withdrew the attention of those who were enjoying it from me, and gave me the opportunity of escaping unperceived, merely with the loss of my band-box. Of that the infuriated mob made

themselves masters; and the hats, caps, bonnets, and other articles of female attire, were placed on the parts of their degraded carcases, which, for the honour of human nature, should have been shot.

Overcome with agony at these insults, I burst from the garden in a flood of tears. On passing the gate, I was accosted by a person, who exclaimed in a tone of great kindness, "Qu'as tu, ma bonne? qu'est ce qui vous afflige?" Knowing the risk I should run in representing the real cause of my concern, I immediately thought of ascribing it to the loss of the property of which I had been plundered. I told him I was a poor milliner, and had been robbed of everything I possessed in the world by the mob. "Come back with me," said he, "and I will have it restored to you." I knew it was of no avail, but policy stimulated me to comply; and I returned with him into the garden toward the palace.

What should I have felt, had I been aware when this man came up, that I was accosted by the villain Danton! The person who was with me knew him, but dared not speak, and watched

a chance of escaping in the crowd for fear of being discovered. When I looked round and found myself alone, I said I had lost my brother in the confusion, which added to my grief.

"Oh, never mind," said Danton; "take hold of my arm; no one shall molest you. We will look for your brother, and try to recover your things;" and on we went together: I, weeping, I may truly say, for my life, stopped at every step, while he related my doleful story to all whose curiosity was excited by my grief.

On my appearing arm in arm with Danton before the windows of the Queen's apartments, we were observed by Her Majesty and the princesses. Their consternation and perplexity, as well as alarm for my safety, may readily be conceived. A signal from the window instantly apprized me that I might enter the palace, to which my return had been for some time impatiently expected.

Finding it could no longer be of any service to carry on the farce of seeking my pretended brother, I begged to be escorted out of the mob to the apartments of the Princess Lamballe.

"Oh," said Danton, "certainly! and if you

had only told the people that you were going to that good princess, I am sure your things would not have been taken from you. But," added he, "are you perfectly certain they were not for that detestable Maria Antoinette?"

"Oh!" I replied, "quite, quite certain!" All this while the mob was at my heels.

"Then," said he, "I will not leave you till you are safe in the apartments of the Princess Lamballe, and I will myself make known to her your loss: she is so good," continued he, "that I am convinced she will make you just compensation."

When we entered the palace, he said to the national guard, "Voilà, mes enfans, une pauvre malheureuse qui a été volée de toutes ses marchandises; mais je vais chez *la Lamballe* moi même avec elle"—but he omitted her title of *Princess*.

I then told him how much I should be obliged by his doing so, as I had been commissioned to deliver the things, and if I was made to pay for them, the loss would be more serious than I could bear.

"Bah! bah!" exclaimed he. "Laissez moi faire! Laissez moi faire!!"

When he came to the inner door, which I pretended to know nothing about, he told the gentleman of the chamber his name, and said he wished to see his mistress.

Her highness came in a few minutes, and from her looks and visible agitation at the sight of Danton, I feared she would have betrayed both herself and me. However, while he was making a long preamble, I made signs, from which she inferred that all was safe.

When Danton had finished telling her the story, she calmly said to me, "Do you recollect, child, the things you have been robbed of?"

I replied, that if I had pen and ink, I could even set down the prices.

"Oh, well, then, child, come in," said her highness, "and we will see what is to be done!"

"There!" exclaimed Danton; "Did I not tell you this before?" Then, giving me a hearty squeeze of the hand, he departed, and thus terminated the millinery speculation, which, I have no doubt, cost her highness a tolerable sum.

As soon as he was gone, the Princess said, "For Heaven's sake, tell me the whole of this

affair candidly; for the Queen has been in the greatest agitation at the bare idea of your knowing Danton, ever since we first saw you walking with him! He is one of our most inveterate enemies."

I said that if they had but witnessed one half of the scenes that I saw, I was sure their feelings would have been shocked beyond description. "We did not see all, but we heard too much for the ears of our sex."

I then related the particulars ot our meeting to her highness, who observed, "This accident, however unpleasant, may still turn out to our advantage. This fellow believes you to be a *marchande de modes*, and the circumstance of his having accompanied you to my apartment, will enable you, in future, to pass to and from the Pavilion unmolested by the national guard."

With tears of joy in her eyes for my safety, she could not, however, help laughing when I told her the farce I kept up respecting the loss of my brother, and my band-box with the millinery, for which I was also soon congratulated most graciously by Her Majesty, who much applauded my spirit and presence of mind, and condescended,

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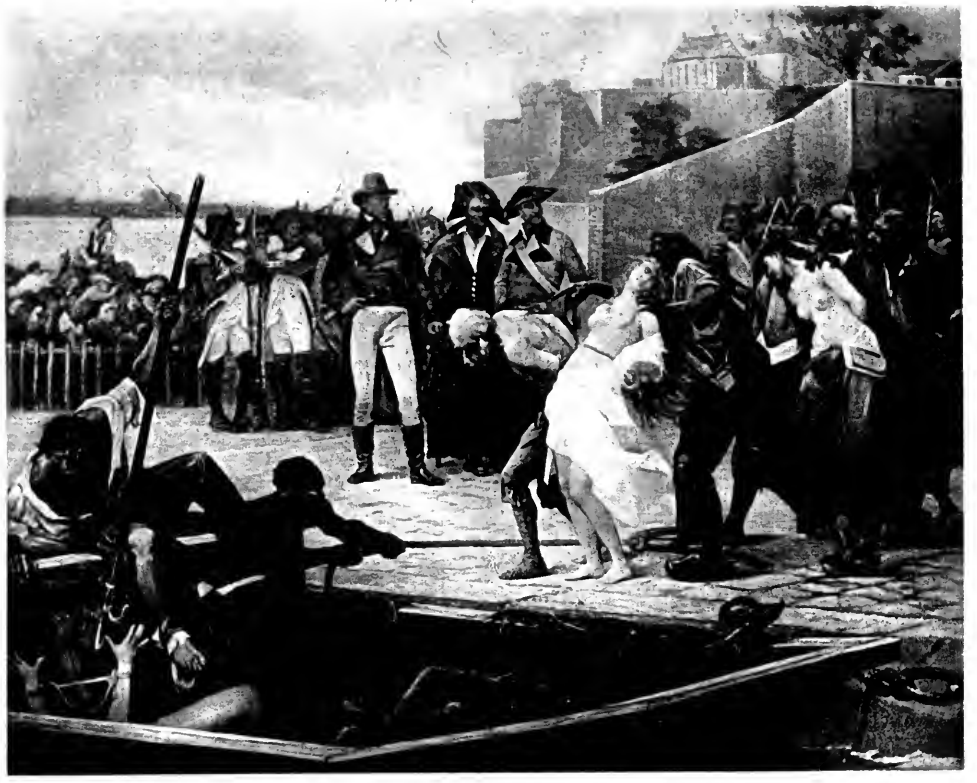

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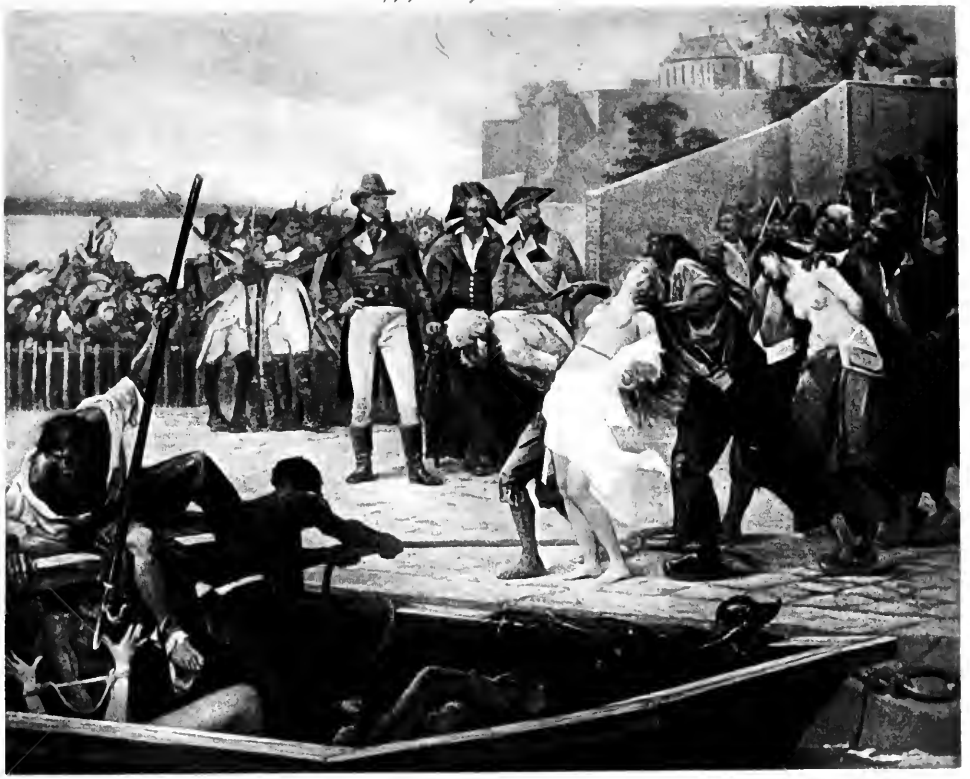

immediately, to entrust me with letters of the greatest importance, for some of the most distinguished members of the assembly, with which I left the palace in triumph, but taking care to be ready with a proper story of my losses.

When I passed the guard-room, I was pitied by the very wretches, who, perhaps, had already shared in the spoils; and who would have butchered me, no doubt, into the bargain, could they have penetrated the real object of my mission. They asked me, if I had been paid for the loss I sustained. I told them I had not, but I was promised that it should be settled.

"Settled!" said one of the wretches. "Get the money as soon as you can. Do not trust to promises of its being settled. They will all be settled themselves soon!"

The next day, on going to the palace, I found the Princess Lamballe in the greatest agitation, from the accounts the Court had just received of the murder of a man belonging to Arthur Dillon, and of the massacres at Nantes.

"The horrid prints, pamphlets, and caricatures," cried she, "daily exhibited under the very

windows of the Tuileries, against His Majesty, the Queen, the Austrian party, and the Coblentz party, the constant thwarting of every plan, and these last horrors at Nantes; have so overwhelmed the King that he is nearly become a mere automaton. Daily and nightly execrations are howled in his ears. Look at our boasted deliverers! The poor Queen, her children, and all of us belonging to the palace, are in danger of our lives at merely being seen; while they by whom we have been so long buoyed up with hope, are quarrelling amongst themselves for the honour and etiquette of precedency, leaving us to the fury of a race of cannibals, who know no mercy, and will have destroyed us long before their disputes of etiquette can be settled."

The utterance of her highness while saying this was rendered almost inarticulate by her tears.

"What support against internal disorganization," continued she, "is to be expected from so disorganized a body as the present army of different nations, having all different interests?"

I said there was no doubt that the Prussian

army was on its march, and would soon be joined by that of the Princes and of Austria.

"You speak as you wish, *mia cara Inglesina*, but it is all to no purpose. Would to God they had never been applied to, never been called upon to interfere. Oh, that Her Majesty could have been persuaded to listen to Dumourier and some other of the members, instead of relying on succours which, I fear, will never enter Paris in our lifetime! No army can subdue a nation; especially a nation frenzied by the recent recovery of its freedom and independence from the shackles of a corrupt and weak administration. The King is too good: the Queen has no equal as to heart; but they have both been most grossly betrayed. The royalists on one side, the constitutionalists on the other, will be the victims of the Jacobins, for they are the most powerful, they are the most united, they possess the most talent, and they act in a body, and not merely for the time being. Believe me, my dear, their plans are too well grounded to be defeated, as every one framed by the fallacious constitutionalists and mad-headed royalists has been; and so they will ever be while

they continue to form two separate interests. From the very first moment when these two bodies were worked upon separately, I told the Queen that till they were united for the same object the monarchy would be unsafe, and at the mercy of the Jacobins, who, from hatred to both parties, would overthrow it themselves to rule despotically over those whom they no longer respected or feared, but whom they hated, as considering them both equally their former oppressors."

"May the All-seeing Power," continued her highness, "grant, for the good of this shattered state, that I may be mistaken, and that my predictions may prove different in the result; but of this I see no hope, unless in the strength of our own internal resources. God knows how powerful they might prove could they be united at this moment! But from the anarchy and division kept up between them, I see no prospect of their being brought to bear, except in a general overthrow of this, as you have justly observed, organized system of disorders, from which at some future period we may obtain a solid, systematic

order of government. Would Charles the Second ever have reigned after the murder of his father had England been torn to pieces by different factions? No! It was the union of the body of the nation for its internal tranquility, the amalgamation of parties against domestic faction, which gave vigour to the arm of power, and enabled the nation to check foreign interference abroad, while it annihilated anarchy at home. By that means the Protector himself laid the first stone of the Restoration. The division of a nation is the surest harbinger of success to its invaders, the death-blow to it's sovereign's authority, and the total destruction of that innate energy by which alone a country can obtain the dignity of its own independence."

CHAPTER XXVI

AFFECTING INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE QUEEN, PRINCESS ELIZABETH, PRINCESS LAMBALLE, AND THE EDITOR—PRINCESS LAMBALLE COMMUNICATES THE INTENTION OF THE QUEEN TO SEND THE EDITOR ON A MISSION TO HER ROYAL RELATIONS—RECEIVES THE CIPHER OF THE ITALIAN CORRESPONDENCE—PRESENTS GIVEN TO THE EDITOR PREVIOUS TO HER DEPARTURE—INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE PRINCESS—SEES HER FOR THE LAST TIME — QUITS FRANCE — CONTRAST BETWEEN THE DUCHESS OF PARMA AND THE QUEEN OF NAPLES ON THE RECEIPT OF HER MAJESTY'S LETTERS—CONVERSATION OF THE QUEEN OF NAPLES WITH GENERAL ACTON

WHILE her highness was thus pondering on the dreadful situation of France, strengthening her arguments by those historical illustrations, which, from the past, enabled her to look into the future, a message came to her from Her Majesty. She left me, and, in a few minutes, returned to her apartment, accompanied by the Queen, and her royal highness the Princess Elizabeth. I was greatly surprised at seeing these two illustrious and august personages bathed in tears. Of course,

I could not be aware of any new motive to create any new or extraordinary emotion; yet there was in the countenances of all the party an appearance different from anything I had ever witnessed in them, or any other person before; a something which seemed to say, they no longer had any affinity with the rest of earthly beings. I will therefore endeavour to convey some idea of the impression which each, respectively, made on me at the moment.

The look of the Princess Elizabeth was perfectly celestial; she seemed as if loosened from every mortal tie, and her soul, dwelling far from the polluted state of earthly vegetation, was already consigned to the regions of immortal bliss, with no thought of worldly cares, but aspirations for the happiness and eternal pardon of those who had made its abode to her and her's so horribly lamentable!

In the air of Her Majesty the Queen shone all the dignity of that heroic spirit, which even the weight of misfortune, irremovable on this side the grave, could not overwhelm. Though her heavenly blue eyes no longer dazzled with those

bursts of fire, which once penetrated into the secret recesses of every heart, and gladdened the soul of every beholder with sympathetic affection; though they were sunken in their sockets, never more to emerge from earthly grief, and turned towards the asylum of future tranquility beyond the earth, yet they still spoke the greatness and supernatural strength of her character; and their splendour, while setting in eternal darkness, was still the brightness of a setting sun.

The Princess Lamballe seemed a beautiful form, animated by some saint-like spirit, with scarcely a consciousness of its own existence, and with no thought but that of consoling those around, and no desire but that of smoothing their path to those mansions of eternal peace to which she had already, by anticipation, consigned herself. She appeared as if, through heavenly revelations, only solicitous to sustain others by the assurances she found so consolatory to herself. Her countenance beamed with a serenity perfectly supernatural, under such circumstances, in one of her weak sex. Her air was elevated and firm, though not presumptuous. The graces that played

about her bespoke her already the crowned martyr of Elysium, rather than the exposed victim of earthly assassins. Her voice was like the tones of angels; her looks—Oh! never shall I forget the glance which told me, "I see before me the mansion of peace. If we meet no more, be it your consolation for my untimely end that I am happy!"

I am conscious of the faintness of my delineation of these three heroic princesses when last I had the honour of seeing them: and even were my powers of description of the highest order, they must have fallen infinitely short of the indelible impression of that ever lamented day! After the numberless kindnesses I had received, the infinite condescensions and liberalities, to find them still, in the midst of such miseries of their own, when in hourly peril of their lives, so solicitous to screen me from danger——. But the subject is too painful: let me go on with the interview.

I have already remarked, that the two august personages who accompanied the Princess Lamballe were in tears. I soon discovered the cause. They

had all been just writing to their distant friends and relations. A fatal presentiment, alas! too soon verified, told them it was for the last time.

Her highness the Princess Lamballe now approached me.

"Her Majesty," observed the princess, "wishes to give you a mark of her esteem, in delivering to you, with her own hands, letters to her family, which it is her intention to entrust to your especial care.

"On this step Her Majesty has resolved, as much to send you out of the way of danger, as from the conviction occasioned by the firm reliance your conduct has created in us, that you will faithfully obey the orders you may receive, and execute our intentions with that peculiar intelligence which the emergency of the case requires.

"But even the desirable opportunity which offers, through you, for the accomplishment of the mission, might not have prevailed with Her Majesty to hasten your departure, had not the wretch Danton twice enquired at the palace for the "little milliner," whom he rescued and conducted safe to the apartments of the Pavilion of

Flora. This, probably, may be a matter of no real consequence whatever; but it is our duty to avoid danger, and it has been decided that you should, at least for a time, absent yourself from Paris.

"*Per cio, mia cara Inglesina,* speak now, freely and candidly: is it your wish to return to England, or go elsewhere? For though we are all sorry to lose you, yet it would be a source of still greater sorrow to us, prizing your services and fidelity as we do, should any plans and purposes of ours lead you into difficulty or embarrassment."

"Oh, mon Dieu! c'est vrai!" interrupted Her Majesty, her eyes at the same time filled with tears.

"I should never forgive myself," continued the Princess, "if I should prove the cause of any misfortune to you."

"Nor I!" most graciously subjoined the Queen.

"Therefore," pursued the Princess, "speak your mind without reserve."

I was, however, so completely overwhelmed by my feelings, that notwithstanding frequent

attempts, I found myself totally incapable, for some time, even to express the gratitude I naturally felt for such unbounded condescension, which did not fail to produce the greatest sensibility on the illustrious personages who witnessed my embarrassment; and when at last my tears permitted me the faculty of utterance, I could only articulate in broken accents.

The Princess Lamballe approached me. I took her hand; I bathed it with my tears, as she, at the same moment, was bathing my face with hers. Sobbing all the while, I replied, "that I was a stranger to fear, except that of incurring their displeasure; that though to quit Paris and their august personages would be a severe sacrifice at a period so critical, yet it must greatly diminish my reluctance to know, that I had the honour to be considered as useful elsewhere. I sincerely hoped they had not been influenced in their wish to remove me from any doubt of my fidelity, as their confidence in me formed the pride of my life; and I added, that the poignant regret I felt at being compelled to withdraw myself, in obedience to their royal commands,

could only be diminished by the flattering prospect that the missions which occasioned my absence would tend to console and render them more happy on my return; a wish that would everywhere accompany me, and would never be extinguished but with my existence."

Here my own feelings, and the sobs of the illustrious party, completely overcame me, and I could not proceed. The Princess Lamballe clasped me in her arms. "Not only letters," exclaimed she, "but my life I would trust to the fidelity of my *vera, verissima, cara Inglesina!* And now," continued her highness, turning round to the Queen, "will it please your majesty to give *Inglesina* your commands."

"Here, then," said the Queen, "is a letter for my dear sister, the Queen of Naples, which you must deliver into her own hands.

"Here is another for my sister, the Duchess of Parma. If she should not be at Parma, you will find her at Colorno.

"This is for my brother, the Archduke of Milan; this for my sister-in-law, the Princess Clotilda Piedmont, at Turin; and here are four

others. You will take off the envelope when you get to Turin, and then put them into the post yourself. Do not give them to, or send them by, any person whatsoever.

"Tell my sisters the state of Paris. Inform them of our cruel situation. Describe the riots and convulsions you have seen. Above all, assure them how dear they are to me, and how much I love them."

At the word *love*, Her Majesty threw herself on a sofa, and wept bitterly.

The Princess Elizabeth gave me a letter for her sister, and two for her aunts, to be delivered to them, if at Rome; but if not, to be put under cover and sent through the post at Rome to whatever place they might have made their residence.

I had also a packet of letters to deliver for the Princess Lamballe at Turin; and another for the Duke de Serbelloni at Milan.

Her Majesty and the Princess Elizabeth not only allowed me the honour to kiss their hands, but they both gave me their blessing, and good wishes for my safe return, and then left me with the Princess Lamballe.

Her Majesty had scarcely left the apartment of the Princess, when I recollected she had forgotten to give me the cipher and the key for the letters.[1] The Princess immediately went to the

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1 Madame Campan, vol. ii., page 176, alludes to the Queen's cipher, and represents very truly its being impossible to detect it; for should the cipher or even the correspondence be lost or taken, neither could be understood by any but the two persons so corresponding.

The cipher, however, which Madame Campan often assisted Her Majesty in copying, and which was selected from Paul and Virginia, was merely for the Paris correspondence, and principally for that of Bertrand de Moleville; different altogether from the one I allude to, and which was only used by the Queen in corresponding with her Italian relations. This is still in my possession, and has been so ever since the unfortunate moment I am now describing.

As this cipher may be a subject of some curiosity to my readers, I annex it. It can only be applied to the Italian language, which has no *k* and no double vowels. It is scarcely necessary to observe that Maria Antoinette corresponded almost exclusively in Italian. If well understood beforehand, with the possession of the key, the deciphering, after a little practice, becomes very easy. For instance, take for a key the word Lodovico; and suppose that you wish to write the ciphers for the words "Maria Antonia, Regina di Francia;" set down the whole line, and immediately over each letter write the separate letters of the key, or word Lodovico, successively, thus—

Key - - L O D O V I C O L O D O V I C O L O D O V I C O L O D

Subject M A R I A - A N T O N I A - R E G I N A - D I - F R A N C I A

Then, in the first alphabet of the large initials of the cipher

Queen's apartment, and returned with them shortly after.

"Now that we are alone," said her highness, "I will tell you what Her Majesty has graciously commanded me to signify to you in her royal name. The Queen commands me to say that you are provided for for life; and that, on the first vacancy which may occur, she intends fixing you at Court.

"Therefore, *mia cara Inglesina*, take especial care what you are about, and obey Her Majesty's

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(see the beginning of the volume) the letter L must be sought, and on the transversal line being traced for M it will be found in the same square with Q, which must be set down; then in the large initials look for O, and A will be found in the small square with T. Put T down, and proceed, in the same manner, with each letter of the key and subject, the result will be—

Q T E Q Y - R A A I F X T - G X T Q H T - Q Q - Q A N F T Q N

On receiving this, the person with whom it has been agreed to correspond by the word Lodovico as the key, will apply the separate letters of the word to decipher it, and taking L of the key large initials, will seek on the transversal lines for the cipher Q which will be found with M; in the same manner O and T produce A; D and E = R; O and Q = I; V and Y = A; I and R = A, &c., so that the deciphering will be

MARIA ANTONIA REGINA DI FRANCIA.

wishes when you are absent, as implicitly as you have hitherto done all her commands during your abode near her. You are not to write to anyone. No one is to be made acquainted with your route. You are not to leave Paris in your own carriage. It will be sent after you by your man-servant, who is to join you at Chalons on the Saone.

"I have further to inform you that Her Majesty the Queen, on sending you the cipher, has at the same time graciously condescended to add these presents as further marks of her esteem."

Her highness then showed me a most beautiful gold watch, chain and seals.[1]

"These," said she, placing them with her own hands, "Her Majesty desired me to put round your neck in testimony of her regard."

At the same time her highness presented me, on her own part, with a beautiful pocket-book, the covers of which were of gold enamelled, with the word "SOUVENIR" in diamonds on one side, and a large cipher of her own initials on the other.

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1 It was a very handsome repeater, set round with diamonds and pearls; and the chain and seals set with beautiful gems.

The first page contained the names of the Queen and her royal highness the Princess Elizabeth, in their own handwriting. There was a cheque in it on a Swiss banker, at Milan, of the name of Bonny.[1]

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1 The greater part of the time I resided in Milan I was entertained at the house of this banker, although the cheque was of no use to me. Payment was refused in consequence of what happened in Paris on the 10th of August; but M. Bonny gave me what money I wanted on my own signature, an apartment in his house, and the use of his table, for all of which he was handsomely remunerated on my arrival at Naples, through the means of Sir William Hamilton, upon whose kindness I was thrown by the loss of a trunk containing all my valuables and money. This disaster occurred between Acqua Pendenti and Monte Rosi. My servant, who generally had his feet on the carriage box containing the trunk, had been sent on before to order horses, that I might reach Rome in the daytime. It was during this interval that the trunk was cut away, that part of the Roman States from the *Malaria* being only inhabited by notorious assassins and common thieves, under the protection of some cardinal or other, as was the practice then. Had it not been for the kindness of the good Duchess de Paoli, who resided at the Fontana de Trevi, I should have been very much embarassed, when I arrived at Rome, to have got on to Naples. Indeed, I must do the Italian nobility the justice to say that I generally met with the greatest hospitality from them everywhere; and even the Duchess de Strozzi, of Florence, when she heard of the accident, wrote to me at Naples, offering her assistance,

Having given me these invaluable tokens, her highness proceeded with her instructions.

"At Chalons," continued she, "*mia cara*, your man-servant will perhaps bring you other letters. Take two places in the stage for yourself and your femme de chambre, in her name, and give me the memorandum, that our old friend the driver may procure the passports. You must not be seen; for there is no doubt that Danton has given the police a full description of your person. Now go and prepare: we shall see each other again before your departure."

Only a few minutes afterwards, my man-servant came to me to say that it would be some hours before the stage would set off, and that there was a lady in her carriage waiting for me in the Bois de Boulogne. I hastened thither. What

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which I declined, though very grateful for such testimonies of esteem from a mere letter introduction.

Though Sir William Hamilton used every exertion in his power with the Roman authorities, to regain my property, nothing more was ever heard of the matter, nor did I recover the most trifling article. Yet the two postillions were known as common thieves, having been detected in attempting the same on another English family, only eight days previous.

was my surprise on finding it was the Princess. I now saw her for the last time!

Let me pass lightly over this sad moment. I must not, however, dismiss the subject, without noticing the visible changes which had taken place in the short space of a month, in the appearance of all these illustrious Princesses. Their very complexions were no longer the same, as if grief had changed the whole mass of their blood. The Queen, in particular, from the month of July to the 2nd of August, looked ten years older. The other two Princesses were really worn out with fatigue, anxiety, and the want of rest, as, during the whole month of July, they scarcely ever slept, for fear of being murdered in their beds, and only threw themselves on them, now and then, without undressing. The King, three or four times in the night, would go round to their different apartments, fearful they might be destroyed in their sleep, and ask, "*Etes vous là?*" when they would answer him from within, "*Nous sommes encore ici.*"[1] Indeed, if, when nature was exhausted,

1 This fact was mentioned to me by a confidential person, who often remained in the apartment during the day, while her highness would herself repose upon a couch.

sleep by chance came to the relief of their worn out and languid frames, it was only to awaken them to fresh horrors, which constantly threatened the convulsion by which they were finally annihilated.

It would be uncandid in me to be silent concerning the marked difference I found in the feelings of the two royal sisters of Her Majesty.

I had never had the honour before to execute any commissions for her royal highness the Duchess of Parma, and, of course, took that city in my way to Naples.

I did not reach Parma till after the horrors which had taken place at the Tuileries on the 10th of August, 1792. The whole of the unfortunate royal family of France were then lodged in the Temple. There was not a feeling heart in Europe unmoved at their afflicting situation.

I arrived at Colorno, the country residence of the Duchess of Parma, just as her royal highness was going out on horseback.

I ordered my servant to inform one of the pages that I came by express from Paris, and requested the honour to know when it would be

convenient for her royal highness to allow me a private audience, as I was going, post haste, to Rome and Naples. Of course, I did not choose to tell my business either to my own or her royal highness's servant, being in honour and duty bound to deliver the letter and the verbal message of her then truly unfortunate sister in person and in privacy.

The mention of *Paris* I saw somewhat startled and confused her. Meantime, she came near enough to my carriage for me to say to her in German, in order that none of the servants, French or Italian, might understand, that I had a letter to deliver into her own hands, without saying from whom.

She then desired I would alight, and she soon followed me; and after having very graciously ordered me some refreshments, asked me from whom I had been sent.

I delivered Her Majesty's letter. Before she opened it, she exclaimed, "*O Dio! tutto é perduto è troppo tardi!* Oh, God! all is lost, it is too late!" I then gave her the cipher and the key. In a few minutes I enabled her to decipher the letter. On getting through it, she again exclaimed,

"*E tutto inutile!* it is entirely useless! I am afraid they are all lost. I am sorry you are so situated as not to allow of your remaining here to rest from your fatigue. Whenever you come to Parma, I shall be glad to see you."

She then took out her pocket-handkerchief, shed a few tears, and said, that as circumstances were now so totally changed, to answer the letter might only commit her, her sister, and myself; but that if affairs took the turn she *wished*, no doubt, her sister would write again. She then mounted her horse, and wished me a good journey; and I took leave, and set off for Rome.

I must confess that the conduct of the Duchess of Parma appeared to me rather cold, if not unfeeling. Perhaps she was afraid of showing too much emotion, and wished to encourage the idea that Princesses ought not to give way to sensibility, like common mortals.

But how different was the conduct of the Queen of Naples! She kissed the letter: she bathed it with her tears! Scarcely could she allow herself time to decipher it. At every sentence she exclaimed, "Oh, my dear, oh, my

adored sister! What will become of her! My brothers are now both no more! Surely she will soon be liberated!" Then, turning suddenly to me, she asked with eagerness, "Do you not think she will? Oh, Maria, Maria! why did she not fly to Vienna? Why did she not come to me instead of writing? Tell me, for God's sake, all you know!"

I said I knew nothing further of what had taken place at Paris, having travelled night and day, except what I had heard from the different couriers, which I had met and stopped on my route; but I hoped to be better informed by Sir William Hamilton, as all my letters were to be sent from France to Turin, and thence on to Sir William at Naples; and if I found no letters with him, I should immediately set off and return to Turin or Milan, to be as near France as possible for my speedy return if necessary. I ventured to add, that it was my earnest prayer that all the European sovereigns would feel the necessity of interesting themselves for the royal family of France, with whose fate the fate of monarchy throughout Europe might be interwoven.

"Oh, God of Heaven!" cried the Queen, all that dear family may ere now have been murdered! Perhaps they are already numbered among the dead! Oh, my poor, dear, beloved Maria! Oh, I shall go frantic! I must send for General Acton."

Wringing her hands, she pulled the bell, and in a few minutes the general came. On his entering the apartment, she flew to him like one deprived of reason.

"There!" exclaimed she. "There! Behold the fatal consequences!" showing him the letter. "Louis XVI. is in the state of Charles the First of England, and my sister will certainly be murdered."

"No, no, no!" exclaimed the general. "Something will be done. Calm yourself, madam." Then turning to me, "When," said he, "did you leave Paris?"

"When all was lost!" interrupted the Queen.

"Nay," cried the general; "pray let me speak. All is not lost, you will find; have but a little patience."

"Patience!" said the Queen. "For two years

I have heard of nothing else. Nothing has been done for these unfortunate beings." She then threw herself into a chair. "Tell him!" cried she to me: "tell him! tell him!"

I then informed the general that I had left Paris on the 2nd of August, but did not believe at the time, though the daily riots were horrible, that such a catastrophe could have occurred so soon as eight days after.

The Queen was now quite exhausted, and General Acton rang the bell for the lady-in-waiting, who entered accompanied by the Duchess Curigliano Marini, and they assisted Her Majesty to bed.

When she had retired, "Do not," said the general to me, "do not go to Sir William's to-night. He is at Caserte. You seem too much fatigued."

"More from grief," replied I, "and reflection on the fatal consequences that might result to the great personages I have so lately left, than from the journey."

"Take my advice," resumed he. "You had much better go to bed and rest yourself. You look very ill."

I did as he recommended, and went to the nearest hotel I could find. I felt no fatigue of mind or body till I had got into bed, where I was confined for several days with a most violent fever. During my illness I received every attention both from the Court, and our Ambassador and Lady Hamilton, who kindly visited me every day. The Queen of Naples I never again saw till my return in 1793, after the murder of the Queen of France; and I am glad I did not, for her agony would have acted anew upon my disordered frame, and might have proved fatal.

I was certainly somewhat prepared for a difference of feeling between the two Princesses, as the unfortunate Maria Antoinette, in the letters to the Queen of Naples, always wrote, "To my much beloved sister, the Queen of the two Sicilies, &c.," and to the other, merely, "To the Duchess of Parma, &c." But I could never have dreamt of a difference so little flattering, under such circumstances, to the Duchess of Parma.

CHAPTER XXVII

TENTH OF AUGUST AT PARIS—MANDAT SLAIN—THE ROYAL FAMILY ESCAPE TO THE HALL OF ASSEMBLY—TRANSFERRED TO THE TUILERIES — IMPRISONED IN THE TEMPLE — FALSE INFORMATION TO GET THE FEMALE ATTENDANTS REMOVED—THE PRINCESS LAMBALLE SEES THE QUEEN FOR THE LAST TIME—HER EXAMINATION BEFORE THE AUTHORITIES — IS TRANSFERRED WITH OTHERS TO THE PRISON DE LA FORCE—MASSACRE OF THE PRISONS—EFFORTS OF THE DUKE OF PENTHIÈVRE TO PRESERVE THE PRINCESS LAMBALLE INNOCENTLY DEFEATED — THE PRINCESS QUESTIONED BY THE BLOODY TRIBUNAL—TAKEN OUT BEFORE THE MOB—RECEIVES THE FIRST STAB FROM A MULATTO WHOM SHE HAD BROUGHT UP — HER HEAD SEVERED FROM HER BODY AND PARADED ON A POLE — THE BODY STRIPPED AND EXPOSED TO INCREDIBLE BRUTALITY—THE HEAD TAKEN BY THE MOB TO THE TEMPLE—EFFECT OF THE CIRCUMSTANCE ON HER MAJESTY—A SERVANT MAID OF THE EDITOR'S DIES OF FRIGHT AT SEEING IT—EFFECT OF THE PROCESSION OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS AND HIS MISTRESS—VISIT OF THE EDITOR TO THE CEMETERY OF LA MADELEINE SOME YEARS AFTER

FROM the moment of my departure from Paris on the 2nd of August, 1792, the tragedy hastened

to its denouement. On the night of the 9th, the tocsin was sounded, and the King and the royal family looked upon their fate as sealed. Notwithstanding the personal firmness of His Majesty, he was a coward for others. He dreaded the responsibility of ordering blood to be shed, even in defence of his nearest and dearest interests. Petion, however, had given the order to repel force by force to Mandat, who was murdered upon the steps of the Hotel de Ville. It has been generally supposed that Petion had received a bribe for not ordering the cannon against the Tuileries on the night of the 9th, and that Mandat was massacred by the agents of Petion for the purpose of extinguishing all proof that he was only acting under the instructions of the mayor.

I shall not undertake to judge of the propriety of the King's impression, that there was no safety from the insurgents but in the hall, and under the protection of the assembly. Had the members been well disposed towards him, the event might have proved very different. But there is one thing certain. The Queen would never have consented to this step but to save the King and her inno-

cent children. She would have preferred death to the humiliation of being under obligations to her sworn enemies; but she was overcome by the King declaring, with tears in his eyes, that he would not quit the palace without her. The Princesses Elizabeth and Lamballe fell at her feet—implored Her Majesty to obey the King, and assured her there was no alternative between instant death and refuge from it in the assembly. "Well," said the Queen, "if our lot be death, let us away to receive it with the national sanction."

I need not expatiate on the succession of horrors which now overwhelmed the royal sufferers. Their confinement at the Feuillans, and their subsequent transfer to the Temple, are all topics sufficiently enlarged upon by many who were actors in the scenes to which they led. The Princess Lamballe was, while it was permitted, the companion of their captivity. But the consolation of her society was considered too great to be continued. Her fate had no doubt been predetermined; and, unwilling to await the slow proceedings of a trial, which it was thought politic should precede the murder of her royal mistress,

it was found necessary to detach her from the wretched inmates of the Temple, in order to have her more completely within the control of the miscreants, who hated her for her virtues. The expedient was resorted to of casting suspicion upon the correspondence which her highness kept up with the exterior of the prison, for the purpose of obtaining such necessaries as were required, in consequence of the utter destitution in which the royal family retired from the Tuileries. Two men, of the name of Devin and Priquet, were bribed to create a suspicion, by their informations against the Queen's female attendant. The first declared that on the 18th of August, while he was on duty near the cell of the King, he saw a female about eleven o'clock in the day come from a room in the centre, holding in one hand three letters, and with the other cautiously opening the door of the right-hand chamber, whence she presently came back without the letters and returned into the centre chamber. He further asserted that twice, when this female opened the door, he distinctly saw a letter half-written, and every evidence of an eagerness to hide it from observation. The

second informant, Priquet, swore that while on duty as morning sentinel on the gallery between the two towers, he saw, through the window of the central chamber, a female writing with great earnestness and alarm during the whole time he was on guard.

All the ladies were immediately summoned before the authorities. The hour of the separation between the Princess and her royal friend accorded with the solemnity of the circumstance. It was nearly midnight when they were torn asunder, and they never met again.

The examinations were all separate. That of the Princess Lamballe was as follows:—

Q. Your name?

A. Marie-Thérèse-Louise de Savoy, Bourbon Lamballe.

Q. What do you know of the events which occurred on the 10th of August?

A. Nothing.

Q. Where did you pass that day?

A. As a relative I followed the King to the national assembly.

Q. Were you in bed on the night of the 9th and 10th?

A. No.

Q. Where were you then?

A. In my apartments at the chateau.

Q. Did you not go to the apartments of the King in the course of that night?

A. Finding there was a likelihood of a commotion, I went thither towards one in the morning.

Q. You were aware, then, that the people had arisen?

A. I learnt it, from hearing the tocsin.

Q. Did you see the Swiss and National Guards, who passed the night on the terrace?

A. I was at the window, but saw neither.

Q. Was the King in his apartment when you went thither?

A. There were a great number of persons in the room, but not the King.

Q. Did you know of the Mayor of Paris being at the Tuileries?

A. I heard he was there.

Q. At what hour did the King go to the national assembly?

A. Seven.

Q. Did he not, before he went, review the troops? Do you know the oath he made them swear?

A. I never heard of any oath.

Q. Have you any knowledge of cannon being mounted and pointed in the apartments?

A. No.

Q. Have you ever seen Messrs. Mandat and d'Affry in the chateau?

A. No.

Q. Do you know the secret doors of the Tuileries?

A. I know of no such doors.

Q. Have you not, since you have been in the Temple, received and written letters, which you sought to send away secretly?

A. I have never received or written any letters, excepting such as have been delivered to the municipal officer.

Q. Do you know anything of an article of furniture which is making for Madame Elizabeth?

A. No.

Q. Have you not recently received some devotional books?

A. No.

Q. What are the books which you have at the Temple?

A. I have none.

Q. Do you know anything of a barred staircase?

A. No.

Q. What general officers did you see at the Tuileries, on the night of the 9th and 10th?

A. I saw no general officers, I only saw M. Rœderer.

For thirteen hours was her highness, with her female companions in misfortune, exposed to these absurd forms, and to the gaze of insulting and malignant curiosity. At length, about the middle of the day, they were told that it was decreed that they should be detained till further orders, leaving them the choice of prisons, between that of la Force and of la Sulpétrière.

Her highness immediately decided on the former. It was at first determined that she should be separated from Madame de Tourzel, but humanity so far prevailed as to permit the

consolation of her society, with that of others of her friends and fellow-sufferers, and for a moment the Princess enjoyed the only comfort left to her, that of exchanging sympathy with her partners in affliction. But the cell to which she was doomed proved her last habitation upon earth.

On the 1st of September the Marseillois began their murderous operations. Three hundred persons in two days massacred upwards of a thousand defenceless prisoners, confined under the pretext of mal-practices against the state, or rather devotedness to the royal cause. The spirit which produced the massacres of the prisons at Paris extended them through the principal towns and cities all over France.

Even the universal interest felt for the Princess Lamballe was of no avail against this frenzy. I remember once (as if it were from a presentiment of what was to occur) the King observing to her, "I never knew any but fools and sycophants who could keep themselves clear from the lash of public censure. How is it, then, that you, my dear Princess, who are neither, contrive to steer your bark on this dangerous coast without running against

the rocks on which so many good vessels like your own have been dashed to pieces?" "Oh, sire," replied her highness, "my time is not yet come—I am not dead yet!" Too soon, and too horribly, her hour did come!

The butchery of the prisons was now commenced. The Duke de Penthièvre set every engine in operation to save his beloved daughter-in-law. He sent for Manuel, who was then Procureur of Paris. The duke declared that half his fortune should be Manuel's if he could but save the Princess Lamballe and the ladies who were in the same prison with her from the general massacre. Manuel promised the duke that he would instantly set about removing them all from the reach of the blood-hunters. He began with those whose removal was least likely to attract attention, leaving the Princess Lamballe, from motives of policy, to the last.

Meanwhile, other messengers had been dispatched to different quarters for fear of failure with Manuel. It was discovered by one of these that the atrocious tribunal[1] who sat in mock

1 Thibaudeau, Hebert, Simonier, &c.

judgment upon the tenants of these gloomy abodes, after satiating themselves with every studied insult they could devise, were to pronounce the word "libre!" It was naturally presumed, that the predestined victims, on hearing this tempting sound, and seeing the doors at the same moment set open by the clerks of the infamous court, would dart off in exultation, and, fancying themselves liberated, rush upon the knives of the barbarians, who were outside, in waiting for their blood! Hundreds were thus slaughtered.

To save the Princess from such a sacrifice, it was projected to prevent her from appearing before the tribunal, and a belief was encouraged, that means would be devised to elude the necessity. The person who interested himself for her safety contrived to convey a letter containing these words: "Let what will happen, for God's sake do not quit your cell. You will be spared. Adieu."

Manuel, however, who knew not of this cross arrangement, was better informed than its projector. He was aware it would be impossible for her highness to escape from appearing before

the tribunal. He had already removed her companions. The Princess Tarente, the Marchioness Tourzel, her daughter, and others, were in safety. But when, true to his promise, he went to the Princess Lamballe, she would not be prevailed upon to quit her cell. There was no time to parley. The letter prevailed, and her fate was inevitable.

The massacre had begun at day-break. The fiends had been some hours busy in the work of death. The piercing shrieks of the dying victims brought the Princess and her remaining companion upon their knees, in fervent prayer for the souls of the departed. The messengers of the tribunal now appeared. The Princess was compelled to attend the summons. She went, accompanied by her faithful female attendant.

A glance at the seas of blood, of which she caught a glimpse upon her way to the Court, had nearly shocked her even to sudden death. Would it had!—She staggered, but was sustained by her companion. Her courage triumphed. She appeared before the gore-stained tribunes.

After some questions of mere form, her high-

ness was commanded to swear to be faithful to the new order of government, and to hate the King, the Queen, and royalty.

"To the first," replied her highness, "I willingly submit. To the second, how can I accede? There is nothing of which I can accuse the royal family. To hate them is against my nature. They are my sovereigns. They are my friends and relations. I have served them for many years, and never have I found reason for the slightest complaint."

The Princess could no longer articulate. She fell into the arms of her attendant. The fatal signal was pronounced. She recovered, and, crossing the court of the prison, which was bathed with the blood of mutilated victims, involuntarily exclaimed, "Gracious Heaven! What a sight is this!" and fell into a fit.

Nearest to her in the mob stood a mulatto, whom she had caused to be baptized, educated, and maintained; but whom, from ill-conduct, she had latterly excluded from her presence. This miscreant struck at her with his halbert. The blow removed her cap. Her luxuriant hair (as if

to hide her angelic beauty from the sight of the murderers, pressing tiger-like around to pollute that form, the virtues of which equalled its physical perfection), her luxuriant hair fell around and veiled her a moment from view.[1] An individual, to whom I was nearly allied, seeing the miscreants somewhat staggered, sprang forward to the rescue; but the mulatto wounded him.[2] The Princess was lost to all feeling from the moment the monster first struck at her. But the demons would not quit their prey. She expired gashed with wounds.

Scarcely was the breath out of her body, when the murderers cut off her head.[3] One party of

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1 This circumstance was related to me by a person, who knew the Princess from her childhood, long before she left Turin.

2 This person followed her remains for a considerable distance, but the loss of blood prevented him from seeing the horrors which ensued. He left France very soon after, and died at Naples. He himself related these particulars to Sir William Hamilton, from whom I had them in 1793.

3 It may not be uninteresting to my readers to learn the peculiar circumstances under which I became possessed of the details which are here recorded.

When I was residing in Paris, in 1803, I felt a vacuum, I thought something seemed wanting or wrong, whenever I let a day pass without paying my devotions to the

them fixed it, like that of the vilest traitor, on an immense pole, and bore it in triumph all over

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Cemetery de la Madeleine, which contained the remains of some of the royal martyrs.

One day, when I was in this sacred retreat, I was much surprised at being accosted by two men. They asked me what I was doing there.

I at first looked at them in silence, but with that contemptuous sternness which spoke more plainly than any language could utter. They repeated their question in a tone of more authority.

It was just at the time when Bonaparte had compelled the Italians to offer him the Consulship of Italy.

I answered that I did not know what right they had to interrupt the living, who was only seeking a quiet retreat among the dead.

"Yes," said they, "but you are seeking curiously among the dead, which induces us to think all is not as it should be. Who are you? What is your business in Paris?"

I told them that I wished to know, before I satisfied their impertinent curiosity, what right they had thus to interrogate me.

"The right of fathoming suspicious appearances," replied they. "We have observed you, madam, often and often. You always come hither alone. Your head and face are invariably concealed."

"For that very reason you should not have disturbed my privacy. Being alone, what can you fear from me? My being veiled is to avoid impertinent curiosity, like that which you now exercise."

Seeing that I was not to be intimidated, they became more tractable, and said, "We do not come here without

Paris; while another division of the outrageous cannibals were occupied in tearing her clothes

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orders. We have long watched your motions. You always stand over a particular grave. What do you seek there? Time has destroyed every vestige; why, when she was put into the ground, God rest her poor soul! there was a hundredweight of lime cast upon her body, that it might the more rapidly consume itself."

"Whose body do you mean?" exclaimed I.—"Whose?" answered one of the men, "Why, do you think me so ignorant as not to know? Ah," continued he, putting a handerchief to his face to dry the tears that were falling. "Ah, I knew that unfortunate Queen! and I knew also her unfortunate friend——"

"The Princess Lamballe?" cried I.

"To be sure I did!"

"Can you give me any information, by which I may be enabled to pay that deplored victim the same tribute of devotion which I have offered to this?"

"Ah! madam!" answered the man, "if I had been able to have found her precious body, I should not now be a police officer. The Duke de Penthièvre offered any money for it, if it could have been found and brought to the curate of the parish, or his chaplain, for burial; but it was impossible to ascertain it from the number of victims that were heaped confusedly one upon another. Manuel, rough as he was, not having succeeded in saving her alive, though the duke had paid him munificently to do so, exerted all his authority to bring the corpse to burial; and having, by his anxiety for its recovery, nearly committed himself to the bloody tribunal of his companions, he was obliged to give up the pursuit. If the murderers had not stripped her

piecemeal from her mangled corpse. The beauty of that form, though headless, mutilated and reek-

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of all her clothes, we should have been able to have identified the body from some part of her linen, but not a rag was left by which she could be distinguished from her fellow-martyrs."

I was chilled with horror at this description, when one of the men said, "Madam, I was one of the late King's gamekeepers, and afterwards employed by that unfortunate Queen in the grounds of Trianon. Often, very often, have I had the honour of presenting Her Majesty and the Princess of Lamballe with bunches of roses and myrtle!"

"Ah!" interrupted the other, the tears standing in his eyes, "God rest their poor souls! There are no such women now in France!"

"Do you indeed think so?"

"Yes, yes," said his companion, "you may believe him, madam. He also was an old servant of the royal family."

While I was thus interestingly engaged with these two men, who had completely overcome my first unfavourable impression, the Duke Serbelloni's carriage drew up, and set that nobleman down at the door of the church.

I should explain that the Duke was a particular friend. I had been indebted to the unfortunate Princess for my introduction to His Grace at Milan, on my first being commissioned to go to Italy. To him also, I owe the first knowledge of my present husband, to whose family he recommended me, when I visited Venice, on the way to Naples, where I had been thrown into a dangerous illness by the fatal intelligence of her highness's murder. But for this event, by which all my future prospects were annihilated, I should

ing with the hot blood of their foul crime—how shall I describe it?—excited that atrocious excess

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never have changed my condition without her consent, though I have never known aught but happiness in the union for which I asked no sanction but my own.

But to quit this digression. The Duke, whom I had not long left with my husband and some others at my lodging in the Hotel Boston, Rue Vivienne, seemed surprised to find me at such a place, and especially in such company.

"Cosa mai fatte qui?" "What are you doing here?" cried he in Italian.

I told him it was one of my daily haunts; when the two men, who knew the Duke, asked, "Sir, will you be answerable for this lady's appearance to-morrow at the office of the police?"

The Duke answered in the affirmative; and we left the place and the men, with whom I should have been happy to have had a longer conversation.

This wish was gratified in a few days. Fouché, being satisfied with the Duke Serbelloni's explanation of my churchyard adventure, sent these very men back to me, with a note, signifying that I had no occasion to appear at his office; but at the same time advising me to abstain from visiting *la Madeleine;* an advice which, *malgré moi*, I attended to.

From this second interview with the men, I gleaned the above details of horror. I fainted during the shocking narrative. I could not listen to learn how this most infamous, most atrocious scene ended; and it has too deeply affected me ever since to allow of my making any further enquiries, as to where the insulted form of this transcendent loveliness and purity had been deposited. But I have every reason to believe that no enquiries could have been of the least avail.

of lust, which impelled these hordes of assassins to satiate their demonaic passions upon the remains of this virtuous angel!

Is there a deed in the history of the most savage nations, which bears a parallel in brutality?

This incredible crime being perpetrated, the wretches fastened ropes round the body, arms, and legs, and dragged it naked through the streets of Paris, till no vestige remained by which it could be distinguished as belonging to the human species; and then left it among the hundreds of innocent victims of that awful day, who were heaped up to putrify in one confused and disgusting mass.

The head was reserved for other purposes of cruelty and horror. It was first borne to the Temple, beneath the windows of the royal prisoners. The wretches who were hired daily to insult them in their dens of misery, by proclaiming all the horrors vomited from the national Vesuvius, were commissioned to redouble their howls of what had befallen the Princess Lamballe.[1]

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1 These horrid circumstances I had from the Chevalier Cléry, who was the only attendant allowed to assist Louis XVI.

The Queen sprang up at the name of her friend. She heard subjoined to it, "la voilà en triomphe," and then came shouts and laughter. She looked out. At a distance she perceived something like a Bacchanalian procession, and thought, as she hoped, that the Princess was coming to her in triumph from her prison, and her heart rejoiced in the anticipation of once more being blessed with her society. But the King, who had seen

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and his unhappy family, during their last captivity; but who was banished from the Temple as soon as his royal master was beheaded, and never permitted to return. Cléry told me all this when I met him at Pyrmont, in Germany. He was then in attendance upon the late Countess de Lisle, wife of Louis XVIII., at whose musical parties I had often the honour of assisting, when on a visit to the beautiful Duchess de Guiche. On returning to Paris from Germany, on my way back into Italy, I met the wife of Cléry, and her friend M. Beaumond, both old friends of mine, who confirmed Cléry's statement, and assured me they were all for two years in hourly expectation of being sent to the Place de Grêve, for execution. The death of Robespierre saved their lives.

Madame Cléry taught Maria Antoinette to play upon the harp. Madame Beaumond was a natural daughter of Louis XV. I had often occasion to be in their agreeable society; and, as might be expected, their minds were stored with the most authentic anecdotes and information upon the topics of the day.

and heard more distinctly from his apartment, flew to that of the Queen. That the horrid object might not escape observation, the monsters had mounted upon each other's shoulders so as to lift the bleeding head quite up to the prison bars. The King came just in time to snatch Her Majesty from the spot, and thus she was prevented from seeing it. He took her up in his arms and carried her to a distant part of the Temple, but the mob pursued her in her retreat, and howled the fatal truth even at her very door, adding that *her* head would be the next the nation would require. Her Majesty fell into violent hysterics. The butchers of human flesh continued in the interior of the Temple, parading the triumph of their assassination, until the shrieks of the Princess Elizabeth at the state in which she saw the Queen, and serious fears for the safety of the royal prisoners, aroused the commandant to treble the National Guard and chase the barbarians to the outside, where they remained for hours.

The head was then taken through the streets. By a singular circumstance it became the cause of

immediate death to one who had been in my employ. The strange event happened as follows:—

My English man-servant and the young girl who had accompanied me from France to Italy were both taken very ill from the violent heat we had suffered from travelling night and day in the month of August, 1792. I was, therefore, obliged to send them both back for the benefit of their native air. They reached Paris on the very day of the massacre. The first thing the girl saw, on alighting from the diligence, was the head of the well-known benefactress of her mistress. The fellow who was bearing it thrust it so near their faces that the long hair of the victim entangled itself on the button of my man-servant's coat, who took a knife and cut the locks to disentangle himself from the head. On his return to Italy he gave me the hair which he thus cut off. I have kept it by me ever since. The poor girl, at sight of the horrid spectacle, gave but a shriek, and died in six hours after she reached the inn!

The horrid spectacle was next exhibited within the Palais Royal. Madame Buffons, the avowed mistress of its royal occupier, was dining with

him. They both started up and ran to the window. On discovering the cause of the tumult, Madame Buffons fainted. The Duke of Orleans, it is said, remarked, "Oh, it is Lamballe's head —I know it by the long hair." Madame Buffons reviving, exclaimed, "Heaven knows how soon mine may be struck off and paraded in the same manner! Send it out of sight. Send it out of the palace, or I shall expire!"

What further became of these precious remains has never transpired. The probability is that, amid the sanguinary cannibal drunkenness, they were cast among the remains of the other victims; for though immense sums were offered, and repeated efforts made to regain them, no traces ever could be discovered.

Ah me! What have I lost in this ill-starred Princess! More, more than even a mother! Oh, that I could but strew flowers over her grave! But even this little consolation has been rendered impossible.[1]

Words cannot express what a void I felt on

1 It was reported that Napoleon, when he became Emperor of France, respecting the virtues of this illus-

returning some years after these horrible calamities to Paris, to find that no trace of the angelic form of my beloved benefactress had been suffered to remain; that no clue had ever been discovered to the sod which enwraps her mutilated body; that there was not even a tombstone to point out the resting-place of her mangled frame. There would have been a happiness even in communing with her spirit over her burial-place. Nothing is more calculated to discipline the human heart than the midnight haunts of the churchyard. What a school for royalty and earthly grandeur! Every sense is there tempered and intellectualized. Love, friendship, paternal and filial sympathies, are all awakened into rational activity by the reflections excited by such a scene. Grief on the green sod knows no deception. How often have I left the sons of mirth and gaiety paying libations to

trious sufferer, ordered, in commemoration of this event, the funeral rites to be performed in the parish where she had been butchered, on the 3rd day of every September. Her birthday would have been on the 8th of the same month. It was certainly doing honour to himself, to cause so just a tribute to be paid to the memory of one who had been the pride and blessing of the country he was called to govern.

Bacchus to pass an hour at the grave of Maria Antoinette, lamenting I could not enjoy the same consolation, and unburthen the anguish of my soul in solemn prayer, over her martyred friend. But she is above the reach of mortals. She is in Heaven; she dwells where virtues like those of a Lamballe can alone find refuge against earthly venom. I well know I shall be harshly dealt with for my weakness in thus pining after the remains of those who exist no longer; and I anticipate the lash of the literary rod. Yet I cannot withhold the tears of grateful recollection. Often have they lifted a load of oppression from my bosom; the scalding drops which parched my cheeks, as they fell tributary to her cruel fate, have given me as much relief as those which, at other times, have dimmed my eyes with laughter at her repartees.

But away, busy, intruding memory! Lead me no further into the fields of melancholy and despair. Long have I trodden on the icy, chilling paths of the neglected tomb — the only remaining solace to my bereavements. Let me withdraw from these dejecting solitudes — if not for my own sake, at least for that of others!

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE MURDER OF THE PRINCESS LAMBALLE ONLY PREPARATORY TO OTHER VICTIMS—DEATH OF THE KING—HIS CHARACTER—SANTERRE—DEATH OF THE QUEEN—HER FRIENDSHIPS AND CHARACTER—DEATH OF THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH—DUKE OF ORLEANS—HIS DEATH—THE DAUPHIN—ANECDOTE OF THE DUCHESS D'ANGOULÊME—CURIOUS PARTICULARS OF ROBESPIERRE, DAVID, AND CARRIÈRE—CONCLUDING OBSERVATION

It now only remains for me to complete my record by a few facts and observations relating to the illustrious victims who a short time survived the Princess Lamballe. I shall add to this painful narrative some details which have been mentioned to me concerning their remorseless persecutors, who were not long left unpursued by just and awful retribution. Having done this, I shall dismiss the subject.

The execrable and sacrilegious modern French Pharisees, who butchered, on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of September, 1792, all the prisoners at Paris, by these massacres only gave the signal for the more diabolical machinations, which led to the

destruction of the still more sacred victims of the 21st of January, and the 16th of October, 1793, and the myriads who followed.

The King himself never had a doubt with regard to his ultimate fate. His only wish was to make it the means of emancipation for the Queen and royal family. It was his intention to have appealed to the national assembly upon the subject, after his trial. Such also was the particular wish of his saint-like sister, the Princess Elizabeth, who imagined that an appeal under such circumstances could not be resisted. But the Queen strongly opposed the measure; and His Majesty said he should be loath, in the last moments of his painful existence, in anything to thwart one whom he loved so tenderly.

He had long accustomed himself, when he spoke of the Queen and royal infants, in deference to the temper of the times, only to say, "my wife and children." They, as he told Cléry, formed a tie, and the only one remaining, which still bound him to earth. Their last embraces, he said, went so to his aching heart, that he could even yet feel their little hands clinging about

him, and see their streaming eyes, and hear their agonized and broken voices. The day previous to the fatal catastrophe, when permitted for the last time to see his family, the Princess Elizabeth whispered him, not for herself, but for the Queen and his helpless innocents, to remember his intentions. He said he should not feel himself happy if, in his last hour, he did not give them a proof of his paternal affection, in obtaining an assurance that the sacrifice of his life should be the guarantee of theirs. So intent was his mind upon this purpose, said Cléry to me, that when his assassins came to take him to the slaughtering-place, he said, "I hope my death will appease the nation, and that my innocent family, who have suffered on my account, will now be released."

The ruffians answered, "The nation, always magnanimous, only seeks to punish the guilty. You may be assured your family will be respected." Events have proved how well they kept their word.

It was to fulfil the intention of recommending his family to the people with his dying breath

that he commenced his address upon the scaffold, when Santerre[1] ordered the drums to drown his last accents, and the axe to fall!

1 In the year 1803, the high roads from Italy and Germany to France were in such a horrid state that some parts of the French territory were absolutely impassable. The toll-keepers had most of them fled from their gates, having been repeatedly beaten by the carters, waggoners, post-boys, and diligence-drivers, for making them pay, though the roads were so bad that vehicles were upset, limbs broken, carriages crashed, and lives lost. Having experienced some very rough travelling, and not wishing to ruin a very handsome carriage, we determined to leave it to be conducted slowly by our servants, and took our seats in one of the diligences to Rheims. We had only travelled a few paces when the diligence stopped, and took up an outside passenger. A very heavy storm came on, and the master of the diligence opened the carriage door to let the outside passenger get in. Two gentlemen, who were seated between us, the moment they saw the stranger's face, started, drew their pistols, jumped out, called the coachman, and swore the passenger should not enter, and that if he even attempted again to take his place in the same vehicle, they would blow out his brains. When the fellow found all resistance vain, he contented himself, after a good drubbing, to be left behind, and walked to his journey's end. The gentlemen having resumed their places in the carriage, we naturally enquired into the cause of all this bustle. We then learned that the man who had been expelled from the coach was the wretch Santerre, who commanded the troops at Paris on the occasion above mentioned, and who so cruelly ordered the drums to beat, to hasten the execution and prevent his dying king's last words from being heard.

The Princess Elizabeth, and perhaps others of the royal prisoners, hoped he would have been reprieved, till Herbert, that real *Père du chêne*, with a smile upon his countenance, came triumphantly to announce to the disconsolate family that Louis was no more!

Perhaps there never was a king more misrepresented and less understood, especially by the immediate age in which he lived, than Louis XVI. He was the victim of natural timidity, increased by the horror of bloodshed, which the exigencies of the times rendered indispensable to his safety. He appeared weak in intellect, when he was only so from circumstances. An overwrought anxiety to be just made him hesitate about the mode of overcoming the abuses, until its procrastination had destroyed the object of his wishes. He had courage sufficient, as well as decision, where others were not menaced and the danger confined to himself; but where his family or his people were involved, he was utterly unfit to give direction. The want of self-sufficiency in his own faculties have been his, and his throne's, ruin. He consulted those who caused him to swerve from the

path his own better reason had dictated, and, in seeking the best course, he often chose the worst.

The same fatal timidity which pervaded his character extended to his manners. From being merely awkward, he at last became uncouth; but from the natural goodness of his heart, the nearest to him soon lost sight of his ungentleness from the rectitude of his intentions, and, to parody the poet, saw his deportment in his feelings.

Previous to the Revolution, Louis XVI. was generally considered gentle and affable, though never polished. But the numberless outrages suffered by his Queen, his family, his friends, and himself, especially towards the close of his career, soured him to an air of rudeness, utterly foreign to his nature and to his intention.

It must not be forgotten that he lived in a time of unprecedented difficulty. He was a lamb governing tigers. So far as his own personal bearing is concerned, who is there among his predecessors, that, replaced upon the throne, would have resisted the vicissitudes brought about by internal discord, rebellion, and riot, like himself? What said he when one of the heterogeneous,

plebeian, revolutionary assemblies not only insulted him, but added to the insult a laugh? "If you think you can govern better, I am ready to resign," was the mild but firm reply of Louis. How glorious would have been the triumph for the most civilized nation in the centre of Europe had the insulter taken him at his word. When the experimentalists *did* attempt to govern, we all know, and have too severely felt, the consequences. Yet this unfortunate monarch has been represented to the world as imbecile, and taxed with wanting character, firmness, and fortitude, because he has been vanquished! The despot-conqueror has been vanquished since! Let the indulgent father and affectionate husband put his hand upon his heart and say, were he now to choose a monarch between the two, whether he would not feel himself safer and happier under a king like Louis?

His acquirements were considerable. His memory[1] was remarkably retentive and well-

1 The memories of kings are, like those of players, always in action and vigorous from hard exercise. This faculty in both cases may be independent of the higher powers of intellect. Actors, though they know not the difference between topography and geography, and cannot

stored; a quality, I should infer from all I have observed, common to most sovereigns. By the multiplicity of persons they are in the habit of seeing, and the vast variety of objects continually passing through their minds, this faculty is kept in perpetual exercise.

But the circumstance which probably injured Louis XVI. more than any other was his familiarity with the locksmith, Gamin. Innocent as was the motive whence it arose, this low connexion lessened him more with the whole nation than if he had been the most vicious of princes. How careful sovereigns ought to be, with respect to the attentions they bestow on men in humble life; especially those whose principles may have been demoralized by the meanness of the associations consequent

tell whether Spain be in Europe or Africa, yet have memories so flexible that they can study a part from morning to night. This makes me fancy the power of retention quite mechanical. The application of memory, must, of course, depend on genius and education; to further prove this, my humble opinion, in the year 1790 I had the honour to be in company with the Prince Maximilian, at Paris, then in the French service; when I came to Munich in the year 1819, His Majesty, then King of Bavaria, did me the honour to recollect even a part of the conversation, as well as remember my person.

upon their occupation, and whose low origin may have denied them opportunities of intellectual cultivation.

This observation may even be extended to the liberal arts. It does not follow because a monarch is fond of these that he should so far forget himself as to make their professors his boon companions. He loses ground whenever he places his inferiors on a level with himself. Men are estimated from the deference they pay to their own stations in society. The great Frederic of Prussia used to say, "I must show myself a king, because my trade is royalty."[1]

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1 Though Frederic was so passionately fond of music and distinguished performers, yet he was very particular as to whom he admitted to his private concerts, and even those who obtained the honour were never received upon terms of personal familiarity. The highest celebrity was the only passport even to an introduction. From this he refused to allow Mademoiselle Schemelling, afterwards the famous Madame Mara, to become a candidate, until one of her patrons, piqued at the denial, caused her to sing to the wind-instruments in the King's anti-chamber. Frederic, much surprised at her voice and execution, asked someone of the band if she understood music. Being answered in the affirmative, he ordered her to be brought into the concert-room. There he set before her one of his flute concertos, which he knew she had never seen before. She

It was only in destitution and anguish that the real character of Louis developed itself. He was firm and patient, utterly regardless of himself, but wrung to the heart for others, not even excepting his deluded murderers. Nothing could swerve him from his trust in Heaven, and he left a glorious example of how far religion can triumph over every calamity and every insult this world has power to inflict.[1]

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sung it off-hand. He instantly engaged her; and she became afterwards that great Mara, whom so many have imitated, but scarcely any have equalled, and certainly none have surpassed.

1 I would not wish to be understood as underrating the claims of genius, or as wishing to dissuade anyone from conferring the high rewards to which it has a right to aspire. I am only speaking of state policy. Talents can never be too much appreciated and patronized. When a proper distinction is observed between the artist and his protector, the patronage confers honour on the one, and advantages on the other; and great men of rank and birth seldom lavish such attentions, without calculating upon an equivalent, either in amusement or in public approbation; but how paltry is the compliment of a dinner, a supper, or wine, for the delight received from superior ability! Therefore let me rather denounce than encourage reserve in the rewards of merit. Any sovereign can draw his sword over the head of an individual and say, "Rise, Cousin Prince! Cousin Duke! Lord! Knight!"—but he cannot with equal

There was a national guard, who, at the time of the imprisonment of the royal family, was looked upon as the most violent of Jacobins, and the sworn enemy of royalty. On that account the sanguinary agents of the self-created assembly employed him to frequent the Temple. His special commission was to stimulate the King and royal family by every possible argument to self-destruction.

But this man was a friend in disguise. He undertook the hateful office merely to render every service in his power, and convey regular information of the plots of the assembly against

facility say, "Rise, Cousin Homer! Cousin Virgil! Cousin Horace!" He would be *cozened* in the attempt. God only can impart those gifts. If the great Creator has thought proper, in his divine wisdom, to distinguish a small class of men from the great mass of speaking animals, surely mortals cannot dispense with admiring those whom Providence has so eminently marked out for their models. But it seldom happens that political and literary distinctions can be reconciled, and thence the inexpediency of potentates making companions and confidants of those whom they admire. Besides, it is rare that the highest desert attains the highest notice. Too often does merit in an humble garb feel the bleak winter in a garret, while the superficial impostor, for a song and a laugh, is gorgeously fed in the sunshine of royal favour, especially if of foreign import.

those whom he was deputed to persecute. The better to deceive his companions, he would read aloud to the royal family all the debates of the regicides, which those who were with him encouraged, believing it meant to torture and insult, when the real motive was to prepare them to meet every accusation, by communicating to them each charge as it occurred. So thoroughly were the assembly deceived, that the friendly guard was allowed free access to the apartments, in order to facilitate, as was imagined, his wish to agonize and annoy. By this means, he was enabled to caution the illustrious prisoners never to betray any emotion at what he read, and to rely upon his doing his best to soften the rigour of their fate.

The individual of whom I speak communicated these circumstances to me himself. He declared also, that the Duke of Orleans came frequently to the Temple during the imprisonment of Louis XVI., but always in disguise; and never till within a few days after the murder of the poor King, did he disclose himself. On that occasion he had bribed the men who were ac-

customed to light the fires, to admit him in their stead to the apartment of the Princess Elizabeth. He found her on her knees, in fervent prayer for the departed soul of her beloved brother. He performed this office, totally unperceived by this predestined victim; but his courage was subdued by her piety. He dared not extend the stratagem to the apartment of the Queen. On leaving the angelic Princess, he was so overcome by remorse, that he requested my informant to give him a glass of water, saying, "that woman has unmanned me." It was by this circumstance he was discovered.

The Queen was immediately apprized by the good man of the occurrence.

"Gracious God!" exclaimed Her Majesty, "I thought once or twice that I had seen him at our miserable dinner hours, occupied with the other jailers at the outside door. I even mentioned the circumstance to Elizabeth, and she replied, "I also have observed a man resembling Orleans, but it cannot be him, for the man I noticed had a wooden leg."

"That was the very disguise he was discovered

in this morning, when preparing, or pretending to prepare, the fire in the Princess Elizabeth's apartment," replied the national guard.

"Merciful Heaven!" said the Queen, "is he not yet satisfied? Must he even satiate his barbarous brutality with being an eye-witness of the horrid state into which he has thrown us? Save me," continued Her Majesty, "Oh, save me from contaminating my feeble sight, which is almost exhausted, nearly parched up for the loss of my dear husband, by looking on him!—Oh, death! come, come and release me from such a sight!"

"Luckily," observed the guard to me, "it was the hour of the general jail dinner, and we were alone; otherwise, I should infallibly have been discovered, as my tears fell faster than those of the Queen, for really her's seemed to be nearly exhausted. However," pursued he, "that Orleans did see the Queen, and that the Queen saw him, I am very sure. From what passed between them in the month of July, 1793, she was hurried off from the Temple to the common prison, to take her trial." This circumstance combined, with

other motives, to make the assembly hasten the duke's trial soon after, who had in the meantime been sent with his young son to Marseilles, there being no doubt that he wished to rescue the Queen, so as to have her in his own power.

On the 16th of October Her Majesty was beheaded. Her death was consistent with her life. She met her fate like a Christian, but still like a queen.

Perhaps, had Maria Antoinette been uncontrolled in the exercise of her judgment, she would have shown a spirit in emergency better adapted to wrestle with the times than had been discovered by His Majesty. Certain it is she was generally esteemed the most proper to be consulted of the two. From the imperfect idea which many of the persons in office entertained of the King's capacity, few of them ever made any communication of importance but to the Queen. Her Majesty never kept a single circumstance from her husband's knowledge, and scarcely decided on the smallest trifle without his consent; but so thorough was his confidence in the correctness of her judgment that he seldom, if ever, opposed her

decisions. The Princess Lamballe used to say, "Though Maria Antoinette is not a woman of great or uncommon talents, yet her long practical knowledge gave her an insight into matters of moment which she turned to advantage with so much coolness and address amid difficulties, that I am convinced she only wanted free scope to have shone in the history of princes as a great queen. Her natural tendencies were perfectly domestic. Had she been kept in countenance by the manners of the times or favoured earlier by circumstances, she would have sought her only pleasures in the family circle, and, far from Court intrigue, have become the model of her sex and age."

It is by no means to be wondered at that, in her peculiar situation, surrounded by a thoughtless and dissipated Court, long denied the natural ties so necessary to such a heart, in the hey-day of youth and beauty, and possessing an animated and lively spirit, she should have given way in the earlier part of her career to gaiety, and been pleased with a round of amusements. The sincere friendship which she afterwards formed for the

Duchess Polignac encouraged this predilection. The plot to destroy her had already been formed, and her enemies were too sharp-sighted and adroit not to profit and take advantage of the opportunities afforded by this weakness. The miscreants had murdered her character long, long before they assailed her person.

The charge against her of extravagance has been already refuted. Her private palace was furnished from the state lumber rooms, and what was purchased, paid for out of her savings. As for her favourites, she never had but two, and these were no supernumerary expense or encumbrance to the state.

Perhaps it would have been better had she been more thoroughly directed by the Princess Lamballe. She was perfectly conscious of her good qualities, but Polignac dazzled and humoured her love of amusement and display of splendour. Though this favourite was the image of her royal mistress in her amiable characteristics, the resemblance unfortunately extended to her weaknesses. This was not the case with the Princess Lamballe; she possessed steadiness, and was governed by the

cool foresight of her father-in-law, the Duke de Penthièvre, which both the other friends wanted.

The unshaken attachment of the Princess Lamballe to the Queen, notwithstanding the slight at which she at one time had reason to feel piqued, is one of the strongest evidences against the slanderers of Her Majesty. The moral conduct of the Princess has never been called in question. Amid the millions of infamous falsehoods invented to vilify and degrade every other individual connected with the Court, no imputation, from the moment of her arrival in France, up to the fatal one of her massacre, ever tarnished her character. To her opinion, then, the most prejudiced might look with confidence. Certainly no one had a greater opportunity of knowing the real character of Maria Antoinette. She was an eye-witness to her conduct during the most brilliant and luxurious portion of her reign; she saw her from the meridian of her magnificence down to her dejection to the depths of unparalleled misery. If the unfortunate Queen had ever been guilty of the slightest of those glaring vices of which she was so generally

accused, the Princess must have been aware of them; and it was not in her nature to have remained the friend and advocate, even unto death, of one capable of depravity. Yet not a breath of discord ever arose between them on that score. Virtue and vice can never harmonize; and even had policy kept her highness from avowing a change of sentiments, it never could have continued her enthusiasm, which was augmented, and not diminished, by the fall of her royal friend. An attachment which holds through every vicissitude must be deeply rooted from conviction of the integrity of its object.

The friendship that subsisted between this illustrious pair is an everlasting monument that honours their sex. The Queen used to say of her, that she was the only female she had ever known without gall. "Like the blessed land of Ireland," observed Her Majesty, "exempt from the reptiles elsewhere so dangerous to mankind, so was she freed by Providence from the venom by which the finest form in others is empoisoned. No envy, no ambition, no desire, but to contribute to the welfare and happiness of her fellow-creatures—and

yet, with all these estimable virtues, these angelic qualities, she is doomed, from her virtuous attachment to our persons, to sink under the weight of that affliction, which, sooner or later, must bury us all in one common ruin—a ruin which is threatening hourly."

These presentiments of the awful result of impending storms were mutual. From frequent conversations with the Princess Lamballe, from the evidence of her letters and her private papers, and from many remarks which have been repeated to me personally by her highness, and from persons in her confidence, there is abundant evidence of the forebodings she constantly had of her own and the Queen's untimely end.[1]

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1 A very remarkable circumstance was related to me when I was at Vienna, after this horrid murder. The Princess of Lobkowitz, sister to the Princess Lamballe, received a box, with an anonymous letter, telling her to conceal the box carefully till further notice. After the riots had subsided a little in France, she was apprized that the box contained all, or the greater part, of the jewels belonging to the Princess, and had been taken from the Tuileries on the 10th of August.

It is supposed that the jewels had been packed by the Princess in anticipation of her doom, and forwarded to her sister through her agency or desire.

There was no friend of the Queen to whom the King showed any deference, or rather anything like the deference he paid to the Princess Lamballe. When the Duchess de Polignac, the Countess Diana Polignac, the Count d'Artois, the Duchess of Guiche, her husband, the present Duke de Grammonte, the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt, &c., fled from Paris, he and the Queen, as if they had foreseen the awful catastrophe which was to destroy her so horribly, entreated her to leave the Court, and take refuge in Italy. So also did her father-in-law, the Duke de Penthièvre; but all in vain. She saw her friend deprived of Polignac, and all those near and dear to her heart, and became deaf to every solicitation. Could such constancy, which looked death in its worst form in the face unshrinking, have existed without great and estimable qualities in its possessor?

The brother-in-law of the Princess Lamballe, the Duke of Orleans, was her declared enemy merely from her attachment to the Queen. These three great victims have been persecuted to the tomb, which had no sooner closed over the last than

the hand of Heaven fell upon their destroyer. That Louis XVI. was not the friend of this member of his family can excite no surprise, but must rather challenge admiration. He had been seduced by his artful and designing regicide companions to expend millions to undermine the throne, and shake it to pieces under the feet of his relative, his sovereign, the friend of his earliest youth, who was aware of the treason, and who held the thunderbolt, but would not crush him. But they have been foiled in their hope of building a throne for him upon the ruin they had made, and placed an axe where they flattered him he would find a diadem.

The Prince of Conti told me at Barcelona, that the Duchess of Orleans had assured him that even had the Duke of Orleans survived, he never could have attained his object. The immense sums he had lavished upon the horde of his revolutionary satellites, had, previous to his death, thrown him into embarrassment. The avarice of his party increased as his resources diminished. The evil, as evil generally does, would have wrought its own punishment in either way. He

must have lived suspected and miserable, had he not died. But his reckless character did not desert him at the scaffold. It is said that before he arrived at the Place de Grêve he ate a very rich ragoût, and drank a bottle of champagne, and left the world as he had gone through it.

The supernumerary, the uncalled-for martyr, the last of the four devoted royal sufferers, was beheaded the following spring. For this murder there could not have been the shadow of a pretext. The virtues of this victim were sufficient to redeem the name of Elizabeth[1] from the stain with which the two of England and Russia, who had already borne it, had clouded its immortality. She had never, in any way, interfered in political events. Malice itself had never whispered a circumstance to her dispraise. After this wanton assassination, it is scarcely to be expected that the

1 The eighteen years' imprisonment and final murder of Mary, Queen of Scots, by Elizabeth of England, is enough to stigmatize her for ever, independently of the many other acts of tyranny, which stain her memory. The dethronement by Elizabeth of Russia of the innocent Prince Ivan, her near relation, while yet in the cradle, gives the Northern Empress a claim to a similar character to the British Queen.

innocent and candid looks and streaming azure eyes of that angelic infant, the dauphin, though raised in humble supplication to his brutal assassins, with an eloquence which would have disarmed the savage tiger, could have won wretches so much more pitiless than the most ferocious beasts of the wilderness, or saved him from *their* slow but sure poison, whose breath was worse than the upas tree to all who came within its influence.

The Duchess d'Angoulême, the only survivor of these wretched captives, is a living proof of the baleful influence of that contaminated prison, the infectious tomb of the royal martyrs. That once lovely countenance, which, with the goodness and amiableness of her royal father, whose mildness hung on her lips like the milk and honey of human kindness — blended the dignity, grace, elegance, and innocent vivacity, which were the acknowledged characteristics of her beautiful mother —lost for some time all traces of its original attractions. The lines of deep-seated sorrow are not easily obliterated. If the sanguinary republic had not wished to obtain by exchange the Generals La Fayette, Bournonville, Lameth, &c., whom

Dumourier had treacherously consigned into the hands of Austria, there is little doubt but that, from the prison in which she was so long doomed to vegetate only to make life a burthen, she would have been sent to share the fate of her murdered family.[1]

How can the Parisians complain that they found her royal highness, on her return to France, by no means what they required in a princess? Can it be wondered at that her marked grief should be visible when amidst the murderers of her family? It should rather be a wonder that she can at all bear the scenes in which she moves, and not abhor the very name of Paris, when every step must remind her of some outrage to herself, or those most dear to her, or of some beloved relative or friend destroyed! Her return can only be accounted for by the spell of that all-powerful *amor patriæ*, which sometimes prevails over every other influence.

1 It is no less singular than true that the wretch Gamin, the King's blacksmith, who had been in the habit of working with Louis XVI., and afterwards betrayed him so infamously to the national assembly, was chosen by that assembly, or some of its regicide members, to prepare the locks and other things necessary for his daughter's departure.

That this passion was paramount in the breast of the Duchess d'Angoulême I am persuaded, from a story related to me of her by her royal highness's aunt, the late Archduchess Maria Christiana, Governess of the Low Countries. "My niece," said the archduchess, "has nothing in her of the House of Austria. She is her father's child—a Frenchwoman every inch of her;" and, to confirm the remark, she mentioned the following circumstance.

The change from the horrible situation from which her royal highness had been so miraculously saved, and the narrow escape, perhaps, from an untimely and ignominious death, to the midst of her mother's imperial relations,[1] and all the splendours of palaces, would, it was imagined, have lighted up her mind with a rapture, like that which must fill the wearied and woe-worn spirit that suddenly awakes in Paradise. To make the transition still more impressive, every

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1 The Emperor and Empress were her first cousins: one the son of Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany, the other daughter of the late Queen Carolina of Naples, and both brother and sister of Maria Antoinette.

device to amuse a youthful mind was put in action; and even the Emperor has been seen gambolling for her diversion, and himself drawing her in a little garden-chair round the gardens of Schoubrunn.

But all was in vain. She was never seen to laugh or even smile during the whole time of her residence there. In her room she kept an urn, with the emblems of death; and much of her time was devoted in prayers before it, to the departed souls of her murdered family.

When Madame de Mackau, who had brought her into Germany, was obliged to leave her and return to France, the young Duchess was literally inconsolable, and would fain have gone back with her. She was remonstrated with, respecting such superabundant patriotism towards the ungrateful country on which she could only look with execration, upon which she answered:—"True, it has been cruel and ungrateful, but still it *is* my country; and I do not deny that I feel the most poignant grief at having left it, and am overwhelmed at the idea of perhaps never more being able to return to it!"

Fate has since decreed that she *should* return to it; and may her native land, to which she has preserved such constancy, through so many cruelties, remember it, and endeavour to atone for what it has inflicted on her.

Before I dismiss this subject, it may not be uninteresting to my readers to receive some desultory anecdotes that I have heard concerning one or two of the leading monsters, by whom the horrors upon which I have expatiated were occasioned.

David, the famous painter, was a member of the sanguinary tribunal which condemned the King. On this account he has been banished from France since the restoration.

If anyone deserved this severity, it was David. It was at the expense of the Court of Louis XVI. that this ungrateful being was sent to Rome, to perfect himself in his sublime art. His studies finished, he was pensioned from the same patrons, and upheld as an artist by the special protection of every member of the royal family.

And yet this man, if he may be dignified by the name, had the baseness to say in the hearing

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of the unfortunate Louis XVI., when on trial, "Well! when are we to have his head dressed, *à la guillotine?*"

At another time, being deputed to visit the Temple, as one of the committee of public safety, as he held out his snuff-box before the Princess Elizabeth, she, conceiving he meant to offer it, took a pinch. The monster, observing what she had done, darting a look of contempt at her, instantly threw away the snuff, and dashed the box to pieces on the floor.

Robespierre had a confidential physician, who attended him almost to the period when he ascended the scaffold, and who was very often obliged, *malgré-lui*, to dine *tête-à-tête* with this monopolizer of human flesh and blood. One day he happened to be with him, after a very extraordinary number had been executed, and amongst the rest, some of the physician's most intimate acquaintances.

The unwilling guest was naturally very downcast, and ill at ease, and could not dissemble his anguish. He tried to stammer out excuses and get away from the table.

Robespierre, perceiving his distress, interrogated him as to the cause.

The physician, putting his hand to his head, discovered some reluctance to explain.

Robespierre took him by the hand, assured him he had nothing to fear, and added, "Come doctor, you, as a professional man, must be well informed as to the sentiments of the major part of the Parisians respecting me. I entreat you, my dear friend, frankly to avow their opinion. It may perhaps serve me for the future, as a guide for governing them."

The physician answered, "I can no longer resist the impulse of nature. I know I shall thereby oppose myself to your power, but I must tell you, you are generally abhorred—considered the Attila, the Sylla, of the age. The two-footed plague, that walks about to fill peaceful abodes with miseries and family mournings. The myriads you are daily sending to the slaughter at the *Place de Grève*, who have committed no crime, the carts of a certain description you have ordered daily to bear a stated number to be sacrificed, directing they should be taken from the prisons,

and, if enough are not in the prisons, seized, indiscriminately in the streets, that no place in the deadly vehicle may be left unoccupied, and all this without a trial, without even an accusation, and without any sanction but your own mandate—these things call the public curse upon you, which is not the less bitter for not being audible."

"Ah!" said Robespierre, laughing. "This puts me in mind of a story told of the cruelty and tyranny of Pope Sextus the Fifth, who, having, one night, after he had enjoyed himself at a Bacchanalian supper, when heated with wine, by way of a *bonne bouche*, ordered the first man that should come through the gate of the *Strada del popolo* at Rome, to be immediately hanged. Every person at this drunken conclave—nay, all Rome—considered the pope a tyrant, the most cruel of tyrants, till it was made known and proved, after his death, that the wretch so executed had murdered his father and mother ten years previously. I know whom I send to the *Place de Grève*. All who go there are guilty, though they may not seem so. Go on, what else have you heard?"

"Why, that you have so terrified all descriptions of persons, that they fear even your very breath, and look upon you as worse than the plague; and I should not be surprised, if you persist in this course of conduct, if something serious to yourself should be the consequence, and that ere long."

Not the least extraordinary part of the story is that this dialogue between the devil and the doctor took place but a very few hours previous to Robespierre's being denounced by Tallien and Carrière to the national convention, as a conspirator against the republican cause. In defending himself from being arrested by the guard, he attempted to shoot himself, but the ball missed, broke the monster's jaw-bone only, and nearly impeded his speaking.

Singularly enough, it was this physician who was sent for to assist and dress his wounds. Robespierre replied to the doctor's observations, laughing, and in the following language:

"Oh, poor devils! they do not know their own interest. But my plan of exterminating the evil will soon teach them. This is the only thin

for the good of the nation; for, before you can reform a thousand Frenchmen, you must first lop off half a million of these vagabonds, and, if God spare my life, in a few months there will be so many the less to breed internal commotions, and disturb the general peace of Europe.[1]

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1 When Bonaparte was contriving the Consulship for life, and, in the Irish way, forced the Italian Republic to volunteer an offer of the Consulship of Italy, by a deputation to him at Paris, I happened to be there. Many Italians, besides the deputies, went on the occasion, and among them, we had the good fortune to meet the Abbé Fortis, the celebrated naturalist, a gentleman of first-rate abilities, who had travelled three-fourths of the globe in mineralogical research. The Abbé chanced one day to be in company with my husband, who was an old acquaintance of his, where many of the chop-fallen deputies, like themselves, true lovers of their country, could not help declaring their indignation at its degraded state, and reprobating Bonaparte for rendering it so ridiculous in the face of Europe and the world. The Abbé Fortis, with the voice of a Stentor, and spreading his gigantic form, which exceeded six feet in height, exclaimed: "This would not have been the case had that just and wise man Robespierre lived but a little longer."

Everyone present was struck with horror at the observation. Noticing the effect of his words, the Abbé resumed:

"I knew well I should frighten you in showing any partiality for that bloody monopolizer of human heads. But you do not know the perfidy of the French nation so well as I do. I have lived among them many years. France is the sink of human deception. A Frenchman will deceive his father, wife,

The same physician observed that from the immense number of executions during the sanguinary reign of that monster, the *Place de Grève* became so complete a swamp of human blood that it would scarcely hold the scaffolding of the instrument of death, which, in consequence, was obliged to be continually moved from one side of the square to the other. Many of the soldiers and officers, who were obliged to attend these horrible executions, had constantly their half boots and stockings filled with the blood of the poor sufferers; and as, whenever there was any national festival to be given, it generally followed one of the most sanguinary of these massacres, the public places, the theatres especially, all bore the tracks of blood throughout the saloons and lobbies.

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and child; for deception is his element. Robespierre knew this, and acted upon it, as you shall hear."

The Abbé then related to us the story I have detailed above, *verbatim*, as he had it from the son of Esculapius, who himself confirmed it afterwards in a conversation with the Abbé in our presence.

Having completed his anecdote, "Well," said the Abbé, "was I not right in my opinion of this great philosopher and foreseer of evils, when I observed that had he but lived a few months longer, there would have been so many less in the world to disturb its tranquility?"

The infamous Carrière, who was the execrable agent of his still more execrable employer, Robespierre, was left afterwards to join Tallien in a conspiracy against him, merely to save hmself; but did not long survive his atrocious crimes or his perfidy. It is impossible to calculate the vast number of private assassinations committed in the dead of the night, by order of this cannibal, on persons of every rank and description. I knew a daughter of this Carrière very well, who was educated by Madame Campan. She is married to an Italian, and if ever the hand of God marked "Beware of the descendants of the guilty!" she, poor woman, and her children, are woeful living examples. Her bodily infirmities, though a young and well-looking woman, are of the most disgusting nature, and have baffled the art of all the physicians in France and Italy. When attacked, she is distorted in the most frightful and hideuos manner. Her children, every one of them, are disgustingly deformed, with scarcely the resemblance of human features.

My task is now ended. Nothing remains for me but the reflections which these sad and shock-

ing remembrances cannot fail to awaken in all minds, and especially in mine. Is it not astonishing, that in an age so refined, so free from the enormous and flagitious crimes which were the common stains of barbarous centuries, and at an epoch peculiarly enlightened by liberal views—the French nation, by all deemed the most polished since the Christian era, should have given an example of such wanton, brutal, and coarse depravity to the world, under pretences altogether chimerical, and after unprecedented bloodshed and horror, ending at the point where it began!

The organized system of plunder and anarchy, exercised under different forms more or less sanguinary, produced no permanent result beyond an incontestible proof that the versatility of the French nation and its puny suppleness of character utterly incapacitate it for that energetic enterprize without which there can be no hope of permanent emancipation from national slavery. It is my unalterable conviction, that the French will never know how to enjoy an independent and free constitution.

The tree of liberty unavoidably in all nations

has been sprinkled with human blood; but when bathed by *innocent* victims, like the foul weed, though it spring up, it rots in its infancy, and becomes loathsome and infectious. Such has been the case in France; and the result justifies the Italian satire:

"Un albero senza fruta
Baretta senza testa
Governo che non resta."

O France! for what misdeeds hast thou to atone, for what execrable crimes! Within thy cities the earliest rudiments of my education and my first permanent impressions were received. Thou art almost my country, the scene of my first interests and attachments. But thy enormities overshadowed my youth, blighted and neutralized my prospects, steeped my riper age in grief, and harassed my maturity with disappointment. Thou hast left me nothing but reminiscences of wrong and insult to those to whom thou and I both owed so much; and my present condition amid thy rapacious children convinces me that thou art devoid of liberality, incapable of justice, saturated with the dregs of the worst species of

barbarism, and art only subdued somewhat in thy infernal propensities by the uplifted arm of the nations that surround thee!

Pardon me, generous reader, if, when I touch on this cruel, cruel subject, I raise a voice too clamorous for the common ear. Grant me your indulgence should I chance to be overswayed by the impetuosity of emotions, necessarily kindled by recollections of the dreadful misrule of a lawless horde of plunderers. It were impossible to touch unmoved upon scenes which rise around me in colours of blood and forms of havoc, the most terrific that ever sickened the human mind with deadly horror, even were they *disconnected* with the angelic Princess, whose condescensions for me began to assume more of the mother than the friend; but when gratitude mingles with the natural excitement of recollections so overwhelming, language can afford no expressions adequate to what I feel.

But I must endeavour to calm this anguish. I think I hear some one expostulate with me thus: "Oh! after a lapse of so many years, surely your good sense—the philosophy for which you have

been so much prized—the preservation of your health—the duty you owe to a beloved husband and family—ought in some degree to efface these impressions, and restore you to resignation and tranquility."

The remonstrance is just. Yet I cannot always exercise that fortitude within myself to which I might counsel others. To dwell on such events in terms of calm serenity is a task beyond my forbearance, and I trust my fervour will be forgiven. I have no interest in what I have transcribed or stated. I can never be blessed in this world with a sight of the august queen who forms the leading subject of my narrative, and can expect nothing from her relations, who did so little for her during the last moments of her miserable life. But I have undertaken the task of vindicating her, as far as my humble abilities and authentic information would allow; and posterity will judge between her and the foul wretches who have steeped themselves in her blood, after having so relentlessly persecuted her before they took her life, and pursued her name with villainous slanders when they had no longer power over her person.

Of that part of my work which belongs to my illustrious patroness and most deplored friend, it would be presumptuous in me to speak. Concerning what I myself have written, I have but one word to say. Accuracy has been my sole ambition. I do not court a place in the Temple of Fame, and shall be more than satisfied by being thought worthy of the glorious distinction of admittance into the Temple of Truth.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF FRANCE

VOLUME II

	PAGE
MARIE-ANTOINETTE	*Fronts.*
PALACE OF THE TUILERIES	64
THE DAUPHIN AND HIS SISTER, THE DUCHESSE D'ANGOULÊME	96
ROBESPIERRE	144
THE DROWNINGS AT NANTES, 1793	240
THE INTERROGATION OF ROBESPIERRE	320